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THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID

## TRANSLATED INTO LYRICK-VERSE.

BY

## GEORGE WITHER.

PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.
1881.

# The Spenser Society.


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By GEORGE WITHER.

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To the MAIESTIE of the moſt Virtuous and high-borne Princeſſe

# ELIZABETH

PRINCESSE *of* Great Britaine, QVEENE *of* Bohemia, COVNTESSE *of the* Palatinate *of the* Rhyne &c.

Moſt excellent Princeſſe.

I *May faile in Vulger* Titles; *But, in my valuation of your heroïcal Virtues, I cannot be deceaved. Therfor, I am the less curious in common* Attributes. *For, thoſe* Accõplishments, *which in my repute, are your greateſt glorie, are well manifeſt in that, which is the greateſt temporall honour; even in thoſe* Virtues, *which have conquered a Kingdome for you, in the harts of many millions of people: And procured you thouſands of affectionate ſervants (who never ſawe your Majeſtie) Not only in your owne Territories, and in the Dominions of your Freinds; But, in the Citties*

*& Kingdomes of your Enimies also: And, they who are vnwilling to confesse this, to give you honour; have honored you, in discovering it by their envy.*

*Among those, who are in Affection, your* Ma.[ties] *loyall servants, I am one: and, in my owne Country, great multitudes have tooke notise of a speciall* Obligation, *which I had, above many others, to honor & serve you. For, I do hereby most humbly, & thanckfully acknowledge; that, when my over-forward* Muse *first flutterd out of her neast, Shee obtained the preservation of her endangered* Libertie, *by your gratious favour: and perhaps, escaped also, thereby, that Pinioninge, whith would have marred her flieng forth, for ever after.*

*Which extraordinary Clemencie (in so great a* Princesse, *to a person so vndeservinge) did not only much magnify your noblenes, in the opinion of others; but so chayned my hart also to the love of your princely Goodnes; that (allthough I was hitherto compelled to smother my vnprofitable thanckfulnes in my breast, because I wanted meanes to discover it according to my desires) I have ever since, bene spiritually present with your* Ma.[tie] *(& with God, for you,*

*you, by my Prayers) in all your* Afflictions, *&* Exaltations. *And, faine I would have effected ſomething, which might have witneſſed, that I had a* Hart, *though not a* Fortune, *to be ſerviceable in the beſt manner.*

*My* Muſe, *was the hopefulleſt meanes I had of this ambition; & by her, I, awhile promiſed myſelf, ſome healp. But (after I came to better vnderſtanding) I preceaved, her over-early* Flights *into the world, had (in her prime growth) ſo ſpent thoſe tymes of opportunity whereby she should have enabled her ſelf, for brave Attempts; that shee could never be ſtrong enough, to make wing halfe ſo high as my* Deſires.

*Yet, by your* Ma.ties *royall* Father, *of bleſsed Memorie (who, a litle before his death, was pleaſed to honour mee with his gratious reſpect) I was commanded to perfect a* Tranſlation *of the* Pſalmes, *which he vnderſtood I had begunn; & by his encouragment, I finished the ſame about the tyme of his* Tranſlation *to a better Kingdome. Wherein, God ſoe enabled mee, that many have well approoved thereof; and, I, latelie reſolving to make it publike (wanting other Teſtimonie of my thanckfulnes (conceived it would be no dishonour to your* Ma.tie

*if before the ſame, I convayed your beloved* Name *to that Nation, who ſo dearlie affect you.*

*But, when I had well conſidered thereon I thought it would be a very pertinent complement, ſo to doe. For, they were* Afflictions *or* Deliverances *from* Afflictions, *which were occaſions of every* Pſalme: *Therfore, none but they who have bene afflicted, cann relish the ſweetnes, or vnderſtand, the depth of theſe* Raptures; *And therfore alſo, they who come neareſt in their Chriſtian ſuffrings to thoſe whome they perſonated, shall beſt feel, & vnderſtand their meaning. In which (if I be not more a ſtranger to your* Highneſſe, *then I thinck I am) you have bene honored aboue all the kings & princes of the world: &, in my opinion you have had more occaſion to make perſonall Application of theſe* Hymnes *vnto your ſelfe, then any of them.*

*And, there is no shame* (moſt excellent Princeſſe) *in the* Croſſe *of* Chriſt. *For, the higheſt honor cõſiſteth not in wearing a* crown; *but, in a Crowne that hath many* Thornes *in it*; *& the more* Thornes *the more honorable. Though the ſonns of men, do skoffingly turne this* glory into shame, & ſeek after Vanities;

ties; *yet, they* [illegible] Christ Iesus *in his* [illegible] *deepest of his* [illegible] (*in my Observation* [illegible] *then many other. For* [illegible] *which are* [illegible] *to* Christ, *& his* [illegible] *fewe passages,* [illegible] bers, *but* (*even in my* [illegible] Ma. *may apply them* [illegible] *dant on him. And God* [illegible] *do not think, that* [illegible] Empresse *of the world.*

*And, because it is the greatest honour to come so near, both to the* Type *& the* Prototype, *of our suffrings, as your* Ma. *hath done, &, to* beare so many marks *of the* Lord Iesus. *Because also, some shifting Mouthes have mentioned these* Glories *to your* [illegible]; *I will to your Praise repeat some fewe out of these many which are applicable to your* Ma. *&, they shal be such, that most will confesse, they are the very same Afflictions, whereof (as a type of* Christ) *king* David *complained.*

He, was exalted by *God*; &, yet, cast downe. He was annointed *king*, & yet enioyed not the *Kingdome.* He was driven

from his owne poſſeſſions, & compelled to ſoiourne in a forraigne Land. *Kings* & *Rulers*, were confederated againſt him. He, was remooved from his *Kindred*; & his *Acquaintance* were ſett far off. His enimies were powrefull, & too ſtrong for him. His adverſaries were multiplied: *Yea*, they inſulted over his calamities; & *many judged his cauſe ſo bad, that they pronounced him* forſaken of God. The *proud*, forged lies againſt him. Falſe witneſſes layd things to his Charge which he knew not. *Princes*, ſate & ſpake againſt him. *The* mighty, perſecuted him without a Cauſe. They had almoſt conſumed him vpon earth. They waited to deſtroy him. The *Bands* of the wicked robbed him. They ſpake of peace vnto him when they purpoſd warr. Trouble, & anguish, tooke holde vpon him: &, he was perſecuted, when God had ſmitten him. The Vngodly reioiced in his Adverſity; & cryed *There, there, ſo wee would have it.* He was reproched of his Neighbours. He was the ſcorne of fooles. The Drunckerds made ſongs of him. They ſaid he was caſt downe, & ſhould never riſe againe: *And many*

*many other ſuchlike paſsages, there are, which my memory confuſedly retaines. In all which, (together with your* Roiall Conſort,) *you have beene a partaker, in ſuch meaſure, as Chriſtians of inferior* Degree, *cannot communicate in the like Suffrings, in the ſame ſenſe.*

*Nor are theſe things, only, Appliable vnto your* Highneſſe *in an extraordinary manner; But, all thoſe* conſolations, Hopes, Deliverances, *promiſes of* Mercye, Favours *enioyed, Reſolutions of* Praiſe, & Thankſgiving, *with others of this nature, throughout the* Pſalms; *are in a ſinguler manner, pertinēt alſo to you: & (no doubt) ſo applied, by your* Ma: *in your owne hart, as occaſion is offred.*

*Which, when I had conſidered (for, your* Highnes, *as a glorious Member of* Chriſt Ieſus, *is often in my ſerious & retired thoughts) And, I, remembring alſo, that, long ſince, I voweda Pilgrimage to your* Ma.tie *(ſo ſoone as I could be furnished with ſome* Preſēt) *I thought this my endevour would not be impertinētly preſented: therefore, I thus prepared the ſame; &, am now come, to accomplish my* Vowe, *Which I humbly deſire, may be acceptable to your* Matie *I doubt not, but you often peruſe this* Booke *in other* Tranſlations. *Yet, theſe* Meditations,

*may, perhaps, occasion (either now, or hereafter) some vse or application of them, to your extraordinary comfort. Howsoever; It is, in my owne esteeme, the best* Iewel, *that I have: and, if it were answerable to my humble Affections, it would be the richest that ever was presented to a* Princesse.

*But, lest my over-long* Epistle *become tedious, I will* thinck, *by my selfe, what, I have more to* Say; *craving pardon for thus presuminge, vpon my hopes of your Acceptation; and, for my conceiving it possible, that (after so many yeares) the memory of his* Name *should be retained, with your* Highnesse; *who hath, in all this time, produced vnto your veiwe, no Testimony that he retaines any Memoriall of the benifites, which he long agoe receaved, by your favour I distrust not, the obtaining of that which I desire; for, my hart tells mee I am thanckfull; Some live, who have heard mee professe it; God, is witnesse of it, every time I come vnto him for my owne Soul; And I am, in all that I am.*

Your MAIESTIES

*Most humble*

and

Long-professed servant

GEORGE WITHER.

# A Preface to the Reader.

THis Tranſlation, *long ſince, finished in blurred papers (and often called for) I, lately, made legible to others: & it had my leave, to ſeek a publike* Paſſe *into the world: which if it merrit to obtaine; Be the fault theirs who shall oppoſe it. I waited long, to ſee a more exact* performance: *But, none appearing, anſwerable to the dignitie of our* Engliſh-Muſes, *I have ſent forth my* Eſſay, *to provoke others, to diſcover their endeavours, on this* ſubject; *that, choice being had, the beſt might receive the beſt Approbation.*

*I have had more care, to ſuite the Capacitie of the* Vulger, *then to obſerve thoſe* Critiſciſmes *which arride the* Learned: *yet, I hope, with ſo much deſcretion, that the beſt* Iudgments *shall have no cauſe to deſpiſe it. For, though the Language be plaine, it is ſignificant; & ſuch a Dialect as is likely to continue vnchanged, when fantaſticall expreſſions will growe as vnfashionable as our clothes. It is alſo breifer, by above a fourth Part, then the* Tranſlations *which I have yet ſeene, in any language of* Europe: *and preſerves, likewiſe, the words of the* Proſe; *the fulnes of the* Sence, *& the relish of the* Scripture phraſe, *as well as any of them. VVhich, conſidering how much other vulger Tongues have ignorantly bene preferred before ours, (how difficultly the* Hebrewismes *are coutracted; how much the often* Tranſition *from one* Matter, *& from one* Perſon *to another, interrupts breife knitting of things together; & how much the frequent* Rimes, *& other things conſiderable in* Lyrick Tranſlations, *interrupt ſuch Breifnes) is a great honour to our* Language: *Eſpecially, ſeeing my Brevitie, hath made no Pſalme obſcurer; But rather, ſo eaſie to be vnderſtood, that ſome* Readers *have confeſſed, it hath bene inſteed of a* Comment *vnto them, in ſundry hard places.*

*If*

# A preface

*If you expect ſuch elegant-ſeeming* Paraphraſes, *as are compoſed by thoſe, who ſelecting eaſy and Paſsionate* Pſalmes, *have trimmed them vp with Rhetoricall Illuſtrations, (ſutable to their fancies, & the changable garbe of Affected* Language) *I ſhall deceave your expectation: For, I have purpoſely avoyded thoſe Deſcants, & confined my ſelf to the grave, & ſimple* Language *of the* Text: *And I was thereby the better kept from wandring after mine owne ſenſe, as in their* Circumlocutions *they have done. Beſide; their* Verſions *are fitted rather to be* Read, *then* Sung: *which giveth a greater Libertie to the* Tranſlator. *For, though it be moſt gracefull in a reading-*Poeme, *when the Period is caſt, ſometime into one parte of the* Line *or* Stanza, *and ſometime into another: Yet, in a Lyrick Compoſition, where the ſame* Staff *is often reiterated to one* Tune; *the* Periods, *and words of the ſame* Quantity, *muſt be alwaies obſerved in the ſame Places. For, if there be not allwaies a decent pawſe in the Matter, when the Tune is ended; or, if in the ſinging, the naturall quantity of the word be adulterated; or, if wee be not carefull, that a* full-point *fall not, where the Tune is in the height of a continueng ſtraine; It will ſound verie abſurdly to a iuditious eare: as may appear, by offring to ſing ſome of thoſe Compoſures, which are plauſible in Reading.*

*I have vſed ſome, varietie of Verſe; Becauſe,* Prayers, Praiſes, Lamentations, Tryumphs, *and ſubiects which are* Paſtoral, Heroical, Elegiacall, *and* mixt *(all which are found in the* Pſalmes) *are not properly expreſt in one ſort of* Meaſure. *Yet, reſpecting thē who cannot attaine to many* Tunes, *I confined my ſelfe to ſuch kinds of Verſe as I found in the old* Pſalmebooke; *fitting them in ſuch manner, that every* Pſalme *in this* Booke, *may ſung to ſome* Tune *formerly in vſe, either in the ſingle, or in one of the double* Tranſlations.

*And*

*And, becauſe ſome will thinck to examine my* Verſion *by the Proſe* Tranſlations, *I doe here inform them; that the* Language *of the* Muſes, *in which the* Pſalmes *were Originally written, is not ſo properly expreſt in the proſe dialect as in verſe: &, that there is a poeticall emphaſis, in many places, which requires ſuch an alteration in the* Grammaticall *expreſsiō, as will ſeeme to make ſome difference in the iudgment of the Common Reader; whereas, it giveth beſt life to the* Author's *intention; & makes that perſpicuous, which was made obſcure, by thoſe meer* Grammaticall Interpreters, *who were not acquainted with the proprieties, & Liberties, of this kinde of writing.*

*I do likewiſe inform them, that I have not alwaies vſed the* Metaphor *which is in the* Original; *but, otherwhile (tendring the vulger capacity) do expreſſe it, by what it ſignifies. For, the* Hebrewiſmes, *being in ſome places obſcure (as where the* Tongue *is interpreted,* Glorie; *and in many other ſuchlike perticulers) I do vſe, expreſſions beſt agreeable with our* Engliſh *Dialect, & the vulger Capacity.*

*Moreover, when the Repetition of the ſame* word *or* Clauſe; *Or when two or three* Synonama's *togither in one ſentence as (*Heare, give ear, attend*) or, where either a* Periphraſis, *or a* tranſpoſition *of ſome words, ſeemes not ſoe gracefull in* Engliſh, *as in the* Hebrewe; *nor ſo powrfully to expreſſe the meaning of the* Holy-Ghoſt, *by the ſame* Idioms *of ſpeach: I have not ſuperſtitiouſly tied my ſelfe to the* Hebrewe *phraſe, nor to any ſtrict Order, or number of words (except ſome* Myſtery *ſeemed thereby touched vpon) but, vſing rather brevitie where* Circumlocution *appeared needles, & affecting the Dialect moſt proper to our owne* Tongue; *I labored to deliver the meaning of the* Originall Text, *as powrefully, as plainly, & as breefly, as I could,*

*For*

*For that Cause, I have not everie where observed the same* Tense; *But, used the* pretertense, *the* Present-tense, *& the* Future-tense, *indifferently, one for the other, in some Actions attributed to God. For, most things, which God is said in this booke, to* have done *for his people, or against his enimies; he* now doth, *&* will doe hereafter. *That, also, which he* will doe, *he may be said to* do now, *& to* have done heretofore; *because, all time is* present *with God. Nevertheles, I have herein taken such care; That I confounded not* Historie *&* Prophecie; *But, in those places, have religiously observed the proper* Tenses; *& wheresoever els, I found it material, so to do.*

*And, whereas, I perceaved that this particle FOR, is not alwayes, a* Causual; *Nor this particle BUT, an* exceptive, *in every place; But (as YEA, NAY, & other such like words in our* English*) sometime rather inserted as* supplements, *only, becomming the Dialect, (or meerly customary) without any material significancy, according to their ordinary vse; And, finding that those* Particles, *in the* English, *did in some places, either obscure the sense, or make lesse powrefull the expression thereof, by interrupting a natural connextion of the sentenses; I have there, waved or quallyfied, the vse of those words.*

*For like Reasons, I have in some places, kept the* Person *vnchanged, throughout the* Psalme, *which is sometime varyed in the* Hebrewe *(as in the* 13 *&* 104 *Psalmes) But, with such heed, that where any worke (according to the* Schoole *distinction* Ad intra, *or* ad Extra*) seemes more proper to one distinct* Persõ *of the* Trinity, *thē to the other (or where els it is Materiall) I have retained the* Person *according to the* Originall.

*And, in regard some abuse the propheticall* Imprecations, *as if* David *had given exemplary warrant of Cursing*

*ſing their enimies, I have (to prevent that prophanation) otherwhile expreſſed that by the* Future tenſe, *which many do trāſlate by the* imparative moode; *whereby, thoſe paſſages, the more planely appear, prophetically intended. In all which, let what I have done, be duely weighed, (not rashlie condemned) by thoſe who shall by ſome proſe* Tranſlations, *examine my* Paraphraſe. *For, I hope I have preſerved the lawful freedomes of an* Interpreter, *in all theſe things: Seeing, I have not therein followed my owne opinion only; but the warrāt of beſt* Hebrew Grammarians, *the Authoritie of the* Septuagint, *&* Chaldeā paraphraſe, *the example of the auntient & of the beſt moderne proſe* Trāſlators, *together with the generall practiſe & allowance, of all orthodoxe* Expoſitors.

*Before every* Pſalme *I prefixe a ſhort* Preface, *partly declaring the* Scope *&* vſe *thereof; not thereby limiting either their* Scope *or* vſe. *For, every* Pſalme *is divers waies vſefull, according to the ſeverall parts it hath; or according to the many Ages, Eſtates, & neceſsities of the* Church; *or her particuler members. But, that, which I have intended in my breef Preſaces, & in thoſe Meditations after the* Pſalmes; *is, to shew the vnlearned, how to make ſome good* vſes, *of thoſe many, to which they ſerve.*

*Much more might be ſaid as conſiderable (if it would not make this Preface overlarge) for, ſo it fares with ſome of us, that when wee have taken much paines to doe well, wee muſt take as much more to prevent miſconſtructions; & thinck our double paines, well rewarded, if at laſt, wee may eſcape without a miſcheef. But (how ever I shall be cenſured) I cann be well pleaſed when I have recollected my ſelfe: &, though I ſeeke to avoide* Rubbs *that are caſt into my way; Yet, I can skip over them, or contemn them, if I find it more troubleſome, then profitable, to remove them.*

*Though others may performe this, more exactly; yet,*

*Goodmen*

# A Preface to the Reader.

*Goodmen will confesse, I have bene honestly employed herein, & attempted an honorable* work. *But, if I have soe endeavoured; That it manifestly appeareth to be better, then, what the partialitie of this Age will accept, (and that* Mumpsimus, *must still be preferred before* Sumpsimus*) Then, this* Worke, *shall become the* Iudge *of those partiall Iudges; And, to their disgrace, gaine esteeme, hereafter, in despight of their envy.*

*I regard the Censorious approbation of none, but such, as are (in their understanding, at least) both* Divines *and* Poets: *For, they, only, are competent Iudges, who knowe how much the* Phrases *or* Mysteries *confine the* Translator; *what* Proprieties *are to be observed in both* Languages; *& what Liberties, & restraints, belong to a* Lyrick-poem.

*And, ——— but, I will now say no more save this; If I have pleased my* Readers, *I am glad: if not; Yet, I am glad, I have honestly endeavored it. And, (being assured my labour shal not all be lost) I will sing, & be Merry, by my* selfe, *in the Vse of this* Translation, *vntill others please to sing it with mee; or, vntill a more exact* Version, *shall be produced, & allowed.*

Fare well.

THE

## Pſalme. I.

*It shewes wherein* Happines *consiſteth ; Illuſtrates the preſent and future eſtate both of the* Iuſt *&* *vniuſt ; and comforts the* Righteous *both by declaring Gods approbation of their* Way. It may be ſung for an incoragment in the right Path. &c.

THe man is bleſt, who neither ſtraies,
Where Godles counſellers haue gone,
Nor ſtandeth in the Sinners waies,
Nor ſitteth on the Scorners throne.
For, in Gods Lawe his pleaſures be ;
Theron, he day & night beſtowes.
And, therfore shal be like a tree
Which near vnto the riuer growes.
2. His fruites, in ſeaſon, he doth give,
Green leaues he shal for euer wear :
All things he takes in hand shall thrive
But, thus the Sinner doth not fare.
For, Wicked men with e'vry winde,
Like duſt or chaff, are blown aſide,
And therfor shall no ſtanding finde,
When they their Judgment muſt abide,
3. Nor place, nor fellowship haue they,
Among thoſe men that are vpright :
For, God approooves the Juſt-mans way
But, Sinners path-waies perish quite.

*Grant oh mercifull God, that shunning all the* paths *&* ſeats *of impietie, we may exercize & reſt our ſelves in the true love & practiſe of thy* Law, *& that (being planted in thy* Church, *& refreshed by the living waters of thy* Word) *wee may florish to our comfort & in due time, ſo*

*fructifie to thy glorie, that we may be numbred among thine* Elect; *be iuſtified in the general* judgment; *& become partakers of eternal bleſſednes in the kingdome of heaven, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our lord*, Amen.

Another of the ſame.

BLeſt is he, who neither ſtraies
Where the Godles man miſguideth,
Neither ſtands in ſinners waies,
Nor in Scorners chair abideth:
But, in Gods pure Lawe delights,
Thereon muzing, daies & nights.
2 Like a tree ſett near the ſprings,
He doth alway freshlie florish,
Still, his fruits he timely brings,
And his leaf shall neuer perish:
Ev'rie thing shall proſper to,
Which he vndertakes to do.
3 Thus, the wicked shall not fare,
But, be like ſuch duſtie matter,
As the whirl-winde here & there,
On the ſpacious earth doth ſcatter:
Nor shall they withſtand their doomes,
When the day of Judgment comes.
4 Neither haue they place, or ſtay,
In the righteous congregation:
For, God knowes the Juſt-mans waie,
With a gratious approbation:
But, thoſe paths that Sinners tread,
To aſſured ruine lead.

Pſa. 2.

*It is a* prophecie *of* Chriſt *& his kingdom, Act. 4. declaring the vaine furie of his* Oppoſers, *the wrath of God againſt them; his eternall* Decree *concerning that* King; *& the powre & extent of his kingdom. &c. it ex-*

*exhorts Kings, & ſubiects alſo, to fear and ſerue him.* It may be ſung to encreaſe Faith amid the Churches perſecutions &c.

WHat mooves the Gentiles to repine?
  What makes the people foolish growe,
That Earthlie Kings do thus combine,
  And Rulers meet in Counſell ſo?
The Lord, & his beloved *Chriſt*,
Rebelliouſly they diſobay:
His powre (ſay theſe) let vs reſiſt
  And break, & caſt their cords away.
2 But, God who ſitts in heav'n aboue,
Their foolish purpoſe will deride:
His anger shall their torment proue,
  And, them, in wrath he then shall chide,
Ev'n I' *(ſaith God)* my King did place
Vpon my holy *Syon* hill.
And, by the *Lord*, what vttred was
  To me (ſaith *Chriſt*) now ſing I will.
3 Thou art my Sonn begot by me
This day; and (if thou make demande)
The gentiles I will give to thee,
  And make thee King of e'vry land.
An yron ſcepter thou shalt ſway,
And (if thy Lore they followe not)
Thou shalt compel them to obay
  Or break them like an earthen pott.
4 Then Kings be wiſe; & Rulers lerne
To ſerue the Lord, with awfull joy:
Yea, kiſſe the *Sonn*, leſt wroth he turne
  And ouerthrow you in your way.
For, when his wrath inflamed growes,
(Though but a little moou'd he ſeem)
Then bleſt are all who shall repoſe

Their conſtant hopes, & faith in him.

*Bleſſed* Sonn of God, *begotten before all time (and by thy* Father, *appointed to be* King *over the whole world) let thy* Kingdom *come, & all the oppoſitions of thy adverſaries be turned to thy glorie, let thy grace enable vs to pluck downe that* Antichriſt, *which the* world, *the* fleſh *or the* Devil *shal ſeek to ſet vp againſt thee in the* Tēple *of our harts; that wee yealding due obedience to thee & thy commands, may eſcape thy burning indignation, ſincerely embrace* thy Goſpell, *& with awful ioy perſevere in the way leading to that felicity which is prepared for thoſe who put their truſt in thee. Amen.*

Another of the ſame.

SUch uproars mad, why do the Gentiles make?
What follies do the people doate upon?
Earths Kings conſpire, & Rulers counſel take,
Againſt the *Lord*, & his *Anointed-one.*
Oh come! & let us break their bands (they ſay)
Come, let vs caſt from vs, their cords away.
2 But God in heav'n deriding their deſigne
Shall (vexing them) his minde in wrath declare:
Who e're (ſaies he) repines this King of mine
On *Syon* ſitts; 'twas I that plac'd him there.
And, what the Lord himſelf, to me hath told,
(Concerning him) I purpoſe to vnfold.
3 Thou art my ſonn, this day begot I thee;
Demand therfore (he ſaid) & I will giue
The Gentiles, thine inheritance to be;
And rule of all the world thou shalt receiue.
An iron mace, thou shalt vpon them lay;
And break them like a sherd of potters clay.
4 Therfore yee Kings & Rulers be more wiſe:
Come ſerve the *Lord* your God, with awfull ioy.

And

And kiſſe the *Sonn* ; leſt, if his wrath ariſe,
You be deſtroid, & perish from the way.
For, when inflam'd his burning anger growes,
Right bleſt are all who truſt in him repoſe.

Pſa. 3.

A pſalm of David when he fled from Abſolom his Son. *It myſtically Phrophecied the multitude of* Chriſts *foes*; *their bitter cenſures*; *the great love of God*; *the effects of* Prayer; Chriſt *his* Death; & Reſurrection; *the confuſion of his* Adverſaries, *&c. the ſafety of his* Elect. *&c.* It is vſefull to ſtrengthen faith in our temptations *&c.*

MY foes, how many Lord are they!
What ſwarmes of them there be!
And of my ſoul, how many ſay,
In God no part hath he!
Yet thou art, Lord, my praiſe, my gard;
Thou didſt my head vprear:
And from thy holy-hill, haſt heard,
What my entreaties were.
2 I lay & ſlept, & ſafe aroſe;
Becauſe thou brought'ſt me ayd:
And though tenn thouſands me encloſe,
I will not be afraid.
Riſe, Lord my God; & from all foes
Me ſafe, now alſo, make:
Their Jaw-bone ſmite, & let thy blows
The teeth of Sinners breake.
3 For, ſaving health, alone to thee,
To thee, oh Lord, pertaines:
And whoſoe're thy people be,
Thy peace on them remaines.

*Sweet* Ieſu *who being cauſleſly compaſſed about with all thoſe innumerable emnities & perſecutions which wee de-*

*ſerued, didſt nevertheles (truſting in the powre of thy* God head) *ly down without fear, ſleeping (as it were) in the midſt of them by a voluntary* Death, *& wake againe the* third day, *by the ſame powre, to the confuſion of thy foes: Grant we pray thee, that the multitude of our corporall & ſpirituall enimies never make vs deſpaire of thy mercy; but that in all troubles & temptations, we reioicing & truſting in thy love, may be kept harmles; & confeſſe that our* ſalvation, *is by thee only, who liveſt and raigneſt world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 4.

To the cheefe muſician on Neginoth a Pſalm of David. *It vpraides thoſe who deride the* Truth, *& exhorts to* faith *&* Repentance. *The common wish of* world-lings, *& the deſire alſo of a* faithful-ſoul, *is here expreſſed.* It ſerves to confirme vs againſt the ſcornes of Atheiſts, & meer carnal men. *&c.*

OH God my Righteouſnes, give ear;
  Enlargd I was by thee:
My humble ſuite, now alſo, heare,
  And pitty take on me.
Vaine Sonns of men, how long will yee
  My glorie thus abuſe?
Though lies you ſeek, aſſured be
  That God the juſt will chuſe.
2 Yea God will hear me when I cry,
  Fear therfore to offend;
And, on your bedd ſerch privatly
  Your thinckings, & amend.
Make Righteouſnes your ſacrifize,
  On God, aſſurance place.
For worldly Goods, the world-ling cries,
  But grant me, Lord, thy grace.

3 For,

3 For, thou my hart haſt joyed more
  Then corne & wine's encreaſe:
Thou mak'ſt me ſafe, & I, therefore,
  In thee will ſleep in peace.

*Oh thou* fountaine *of all righteouſnes, & free* juſtifier *of thine* Elect, *ſeeing, by thy* common grace *we are ſome-what enlarged from our natural bondage; grant a full deliverance from all our corruptions, by thy ſpeciall favour. Let neither frailties, diſcouragments, nor alurements, incline vs to* vanitie: *But, ſo cauſe vs to conſider whome thou* chuſeſt, *that with a filial fear we may refrain from ſinn; & having our inward man renewed, as well as our outward actions reformed, we may offer the true* ſacrifize *of* righteouſnes, *Encourage vs alſo through, aſſurance of thy favour, that contemning the deſire of* world-lings, *& reioicing more in thy gratious aſpect, then in al temporal advantages, we may ly downe to ſleep our laſt* ſleep *without horror; & reſt in the firme hope of a glorious Reſurrection.* Amen.

Pſa. 5.

*To* the cheef muſician on Neginoth a Pſalm of David. *It beſeecheth audience of God, for ſundry reſpects; & prayeth that he would ſubvert his* Adverſaries, *& be mercifull to his* Church. It may be vſefull when we are oppreſſed by the enimies of Chriſt, for his Cauſe *&c.*

LOrd, weigh my thoughts, my words attend,
  My King, my God, encline thine ear:
My ſuites I will to thee commend,
And thou my voice betime shalt hear.
  I will, oh Lord, betimes ariſe,
  And pray, & wait for thy ſupplies.
2 For, thou in ſinn haſt no delight,

No evills, in thy dwellings be;
The foole abides not in thy ſight,
The wicked are abhord of thee.
  Thou root'ſt out all who falſehoods prate,
  And bloud, & guile, in man, doſt hate.
3 But, I, in thy abounding grace,
Thy houſe will viſite in thy fear,
And worship in thy holy-place;
Oh teach me, Lord, thy Juſtice there:
  Unto my vewe, thy way diſcloſe,
  Becauſe of them, that are my foes.
4 Their words & thoughts are falſe & naught:
Their throte is like a gaping graue:
Therfore, oh God, let them be caught
And fall by what they plotted haue,
  Yea, ſeeing they thy foes haue binn,
  Expoſe them to their ſwarmes of ſinn.
5 But, chear vp thoſe who truſt in thee,
That ſuch as well thy name affect,
May, ſtill, therin triumphant be,
And joy that thou doſt them protect.
  For Lord, the juſt thou ſhalt reward;
  And, sheild-like, make thy grace their gard.

*Oh, ſoveraigne* Lord God, *make vs both timely & diligent ſeekers of thy grace. Let the due conſideration of thy* perfections, *& of our natural* unworthines *cauſe vs humbly to attend on thee; vnfainedly frequenting thy* Congregation; *& there, truly ſerving thee according to thine owne* ordinance. *Inſtruct vs fully in thy* way, *leſt our ſpirituall adverſaries draw vs into error: Let our experience of their malice & ſubtility, keep vs the more cautious: Let them be taken in their owne* ſnares *to thy glorie, & let the* faithfull *alwaies reioice in thy protection, through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our* Lord. Amen.

Pſa. 6.

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To the cheef muſitian on Neginoth vpon Sheminith a Pſalm of David. *It bewailes the miſeries & corruptions of the humane nature, & with penetential expreſsions emplores Gods mercy &c.* It may be ſung when oppreſſed by our ſinns & infirmities, we haue invoked God, & received comforts:

LOrd, in thy rage correct me not;
To me, oh! do not roughly ſpeake,
Nor chide me when thy wrath is hott
But, pitty me, for I am weake.
Oh Lord, vouchſafe to cure my paines;
For, through my bones, the torments goe:
My hart is vext, & much complaines,
Good God! how long shal this be ſoe?
2 Returne, & help my ſoul oh Lord;
Mee, let thy meer compaſſion ſaue:
For, who in death shall thee record,
Or give thee praiſes in the grave?
With groanes I tire; & in the nights
My bedd in flouds of teares doth ſwim;
Through in-ward greefs, & foes deſpights,
Mine eies decay, my ſight growes dimm,
3 But, Sinners, now depart fro mee:
God heares my ſuite, my plaint, my crie;
Which let my foes with blushing ſee,
And vext, & greeu'd, my preſence fly.

*Moſt awfull* God, *ſpeake favourably to vs, in this day of thy offered* grace, *leſt in the day of thy wrathfull* indignation *we be caſt into hell fire. Behold our* frailties, *our* torments, *& our horrible* diſtempers: *Obſerve into how great perills our deſperation may caſt vs, & have mercy (oh lord) have mercy vpon us miſerable offenders. Purify*

*our poluted* flesh; *enlighten our bleared* eyes; *cure our wounded* harts; *chear our afflicted* ſpirits; *revive our fainting* ſoules, *&ᵃ chaſe away all our malitious* accuſers; *that we (eſcaping the* dungeon *in which thy praiſe is forgotten) may magnify thy mercies in the* land of the living; *to the vexation of malignant ſpirits, &ᵃ to the honor of thy* name, *for euer &ᵃ euer.* Amen.

Pſa. 7.

Shiggaijon of David which he ſung to the Lord, concerninge the words of Chush the Benjamite. *It is the Complaint of an* innocent, *vniuſtly accuſed, &ᵃ referring himſelf to be iudged according to his innocency.* It may be vſed, when the true Church or any members thereof, are ſlandered by their foes &c.

LOrd God, on thee I do depend,
  Me, from the ſpoiler ſave:
Leſt Lion-like my ſoule he rend
  When I no helper have.
For, if oh Lord my God, in this,
  My hands found guiltie be;
If I rewarded him amiſſe
  That was at peace with me.
2 Nay, I to him did mercy shewe
  Who ſought my cauſeles blame;
Els, let my foe my ſoule purſue
  And ouertake the ſame.
Yea, let hlm tread (when down I fall)
  My life into the clay;
And, in a duſt-heap, there-withall.
  Mine honor let him lay.
3 Oh Lord! thy ſelfe, in wrath advance,
  For, wroth my ſpoilers be:
According to thine ordinance,

Ariſe

Ariſe, & judge thou me.
That multitudes to thee may come,
(For their ſakes) great appear:
Yea judge them Lord, & giue me doome
As iuſt, ag I am clear.
4 Confounde the ſinners wickednes;
But, ſtill, the juſt maintaine:
For, thou (oh God of righteouſnes)
Canſt ſerch both Hart & Reine.
God is my sheild, & he protects
The Godly from decay.
His doomes are juſt, & he corrects
The wicked ev'ry day,
5 Except they turne, his blade he whetts,
A bowe, ſtill bent, he hath:
He, shafts for perſecutors getts,
And inſtruments of death.
For, lo; with miſcheeues being bigg,
They firſt conceive a ſinn;
Next, bring forth lies; then pitt-falls digg,
Where, they themſelues fal in.
6 Thus, on their heads, their miſcheeus all
Do iuſtly tumble downe;
And wicked mens deviſes fall
On their devizers crowne.
For which, the juſtice of the Lord,
I'le ſtrive to glorify;
And, will, in ſongs of praiſe, record
The name of God, moſt high.

Eternal God, *defend us from ſlanderous accuſations, & from that roaring* Lion *who is alway ready to devour vs: And, though our accuſers are often ſo malitious, that in reſpect of them we may have ſome appearance of innocency; yet, cauſe vs ſo to acknowledg our ſelves guiltie in thy ſight, that*

*that we may be Iuſtifed by the* righteouſnes, *which we have by imputation from thy dear* ſonn ; *for, we have no* Innocency *but his* ; *No* Saviour *but he* ; *nor dare we* (*in our greateſt puritie*) *appeare any where, but at the* Throne *of thy* mercy, *which let us, who ſeek the ſame, alwaies obtain*; *& let the ſeveritie of thy iuſtice, fall only on our Adverſaries who deſpiſe thy grace*; *that both in* mercy *&* iuſtice, *thou maiſt be magnifyed for euer & euer.* Amen.

Pſa. 8.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Gittith a Pſalm of David. *It ſings the glory, powre, and dominion of* Chriſt ; *& magnifies the love of God in the admirable exaltation of the humane nature, by the incarnation of his Sonn &c.* It may be vſed, to praiſe God for the great priveledges which we haue receaved thereby.

HOw famous, Lord, our God, appears
Throughout, the world, thy glorious Name?
Above the height of all the Sphears,
Thou ſpreadſt the ſplendor of thy fame.
The mouths of babes, thy powr to show ;
And ſucklings tongues, thou didſt ordaine :
To ſtopp the mouth of ev'ry foe ;
And, their avengings to reſtraine.
2 When on the heav'ns I fixe mine eye,
And moone & ſtarrs (thy creatures) heed ;
Why careth God for man (think I)
Or why regardeth he his ſeed !
He was below thine Angells plac'd,
And, higher, now advanc'd is he :
To rule thy works, him raiſd thou haſt,
And, at his feet, all creatures be.
3 O're heards & flocks, in ſtall & folde,
O're cattell which at randome goe,

The

The ſov'raigne place he now doth holde
And, over foules & fishes, to.
Yea, rule throughout the ſea, he bears,
And over all within the ſame :
How famous, Lord our God, appears
  Throughout the world, thy glorious Name !

*Moſt glorious* Lord God, *thou ſo lovedſt the humane nature, that it pleaſed thee to be made man ; by the mouths of babes & ſucklings magnifienge thy great powre ; & by humbling (as it were) of the* Deitie *for a tyme, to exalt the* Manhood *for euer. For this thy vnexpreſsible humiliation, & incomprehenſible favour, we ſubmiſsively proſtrat our ſoules, and bend the knees of our bodyes to the honor of thy* Name ; *beſeeching thee, that as all other creatures are obediently ſubiected to thy* Sonns *Dominion, ſo wee may truly ſubmit our wills to his good pleaſure; & in* Act, word & thought, *be thanckful for our many priveledges, by his bleſſed* Incarnation, Reſurrection, & Aſcention, *now & for euer*, Amen.

Pſa. 9.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Muth-labben a pſalm of David. *Herein, the faithfull praiſe God, for many good cauſes, & exhort others to do the ſame.* It may be vſed, to praiſe the Lord, for his manyfold mercies vouchſafed to his Church ; &, for his juſt judgments on their foes. &c.

NOw, Lord, with all my hart, & voice,
  Thy wondrous works I,le magnify :
Of thee, I'le ſing ; Of thee, reioice ;
And praiſe thy name (oh God moſt high)
  For, thou didſt put my foes to flight ;
  They fell, & fled out of thy ſight.
2 My lawfull cauſe thou doſt vpholde ;

Thou

Thou ſit'ſt enthron'd, thou judgeſt right;
The Gentiles, are by thee contrould;
The wicked, thou deſtroieſt quite:
  And, thou their names away doſt blot,
  For evermore, to be forgot.
3 Thy ſlaughters, now, thou cruel Foe,
Are to an end, for ever, brought;
Thoſe Townes which thou did'ſt overthrowe,
Are nameles now, & out of thought:
  But, God ſtill ſitteth on his throne,
  Preparing judgment thervpon.
4 The world, he shall vprightly doome;
And, juſtly judge the nations all.
The pore, when times of trouble come,
He gardeth, like a caſtle wall.
  And, they who ſeek & know his name,
  Are ſafe, by truſting in the ſame.
5 To God, therfore, in *Syon* ſing;
To nations all, make known his deeds:
For, when to light, he blood will bring,
He poremens wrongs, & criengs, heeds.
  Now alſo, Lord, thy grace I crave:
  Oh! mark what woes, & foes I have.
6 Thou ſav'ſt me from the gates of hell
That I thy praiſe, with chearfull voice,
  To *Syon's* daughters may reveal,
And in thy ſaving-health rejoice.
  The Gentiles, had a pitt-fall wrought;
  But, they themſelves therin were caught.
7 Their Nets haue their owne feet en-ſnar'de,
And, God is by his iudgments knowne;
The Sinners hands have trapps preparde,
Whereby themſelves were ouerthrowue. Shiggaijon. Selah.
  Thus, downe to hell the wicked goe,

As

As, all who feare not God shall doe.
8 There is a time to minde the pore,
Their hope shall not, for ever, faile;
To judge the Gentiles Lord, therfore,
Ariſe, and let no man prevaile.
The Nations fright, vntill they ſee,
That they are men as others be. *Selah.*

*VVe haue oftenexperience, oh* God, *that by thy favour all oppreſſions, inſultings, & ſecret cruelties, shall come to an end; and that thy* Mercies, *& thy* Juſtice, *shall everlaſtingly continue, both for the ſavegard of thy ſervants, & to reward the wicked, according to their deſerts. Let this experience, therfor, be alwaies remembred when we are perſecuted or afflicted, & let our confidence be ever ſo fixed vpon thee, that we may neither be diſcouraged in* Adverſitie, *nor forgetfull in* proſperitie, *to magnifie thy mercies; but, be readie vpon all occaſions, to glorifie thee, both for the ſuppreſſion of our foes, & for all our other deliverances, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord. Amen.*

Pſa. 10.

*The Pride, Crueltie, Prophaneſſe, & fraude of* Antichriſt, Atheiſts, & Hipocrites *is deſcribed: God is invoked to redreſſe it: his Dominion acknowledged, & his mercifull regard of the afflicted is, confeſſed.* It may be vſed, when we are oppreſſed by temporall or Spirituall Oppreſſors.

THy face, oh Lord, why doſt thou hide,
And ſtand aloofe, ſo farr?
Lo, Sinners, meerely out of pride,
The Spoile of poremen are.
Inſnare them, by their owne deviſe,
For, of their Luſt they boaſt
And praiſe thoſe Freindes to Avarice,

Who-

VVhome God abborreth moſt.
2 Their ſcornefull eies regard not thee,
Their hartes do thee denay.
Too high for them thy judgments be ;
Stil greeuous is their way.
They ſnuff, & ſleight their greateſt Foes,
And (come what miſcheeves will)
Within their hartes, they doe ſuppoſe,
That they shal proſper ſtill.
3 Their mouthes, with curſings overflowe ;
Their tongues, lie, ſwear, & vaunt :
The pore to catch & overthrowe,
Obſcured paths they haunt.
They watch, unſeene, for ſimple-men,
To ceaze them vn-aware.
They lurck like Lions in their denn,
And ſlielie them inſnare.
4 To catch the pore, by lowlie shewes,
Their ſtrength, doth help them on,
They think in hart, that God nor vewes,
Nor careth what is done.
But, riſe oh Lord, thy powre to ſhowe,
Leaue not the pore forgot.
For, why ſhould Sinners ſleight thee ſoe
And think, thou mind'ſt them not ?
5 Thou ſee'ſt, yea ſee'ſt their wickednes,
That punishd it may be :
And loe, the pore & Fatherles,
Commit their Cauſe to thee.
Lord God (their helper) break the ſtrength
Of ev'ry wicked-one ;
Serch out their ſinnes, & thou (at length)
Shalt cauſe them to have none.
6 Our everlaſting king thou art,

Thou,

Thou, from the Realme likewiſe,
Haſt forc'd the Gentiles to depart,
And heard the poremans cries.
Their harts thou shalt eſtablish to,
And hear & judge, the pore;
That, earth-bred man, the Orphanes foe,
May them oppreſſe no more.

*Almighty* God, *ſeeing our ſafetie conſiſteth in thy loving preſence, be thou near at hand, to defend & aſſist in all extremities. Abate the malice & wickednes of our foes, & let their pride, fraude, & crueltie, make vs the more heedfull that we depart not willingly out of thy* protection. *Vouchſafe alſo, ſo to raigne in our ſoules, to the ſuppreſsion of all intruſions, that (our affections being ordered by illuminated* Reaſon, *& ſanctified by* Grace*)* Chriſt *may have the ſole* dominion *there; &, that we may ſincerely embrace him with our whole* harts; *honor him with all our* faculties; *confeſſe him with our* tongues; *& glorify him by our* works, *together with thee, oh* father, *& the bleſſed* Spirit, *now & for ever.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

LOrd, why ſtandeth thou ſo farr?
Why at need, am I forſaken?
Poremen, wrondg'd by Tirants are;
Let them in thoſe guiles, be taken,
Which by them contrived were.
2 For, in boaſt, the Sinner ſayes;
That, his longings he poſſeſſeth:
He, the Covetuous doth praiſe,
(And their practiſes he bleſſeth)
Though the Lord abhors their waies.
3 Proud & loſtie lookes, hath he,
God, nor ſeeking, nor beleeving:

All his Courſes greevous be ;
And thy judgments *(paſt conceivinge)*
  Are too high for him to ſee.
4 With contempt he ſleights his foes,
Fearing neither falls nor ſliding :
From his mouth much curſing flowes,
Vnderneath his tongue, ſtill hiding,
  Miſcheef, ſinn, & guilefull showes.
5 In blinde paths, he lurks & pries,
Harmles men to ſpoile & murther :
At the pore he darts his eyes,
And (unſeene) his drifts to further,
  Like the denned lion, lies.
6 He doth watch the pore to ſpoile,
Whome he ſnares & ouerthroweth :
For, to take him in his toyle,
He with humble crowchings boweth,
  Ceazing him by force, the while.
7 Then, in hart, thus muzeth he ;
God shall ſleightly paſſe it over :
Hide his face, & never ſee :
But, riſe Lord, thy ſtrength diſcover,
  That the meek aven'gd may be.
8 Let not Sinners mock thee ſoe,
As if thou didſt nought regard it :
Lo ; thou ſee'ſt, yea ſee'ſt them do
Spightfull wrong ; &, to reward it,
  Thou shalt ſet thy hand there-to.
9 Thou, art poremens hopefull ſtay,
Orphanes helper, in oppreſſion :
Break the Sinners armes I pray,
Serch thou after his tranſgreſſion,
  And, then, purg it all away.
10 God who reignes for evermore,

From

From his land, the Gentiles driueth;
Hears, & chears, & helps the pore;
And, the Orphane ſo reviveth,
That, he feares not, as before.

Pſa. 11.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalm of David. *The faithful ſoule (being tempted to deſpaire) makes faſt the Anchor of his Hope by conſidering Gods powre, his love to ſuch as truſt in him, & his hatred to their vnfaithful adverſaries &c.* It may be vſed, to comfort vs in deſperate temptations, & imminent perills.

IN God, my truſt is placed ſtill;
Then, wherefor do you ſay,
That, as a bird vnto the hill,
My ſoul should fly away?
For, loe, their bow the wicked bend,
And arrowes they prepare,
That they, vnſeene, their shafts may ſend,
At ſuch as needie are.
2 If overthrowne the Ground-works lie,
What cann the beſt men do?
Gods holy ſeat, is heav'n on high,
And he muſt look therto.
Man-kinde, with cloſd, & open eyes,
(Ev'n righteous men) God prooues;
And, him he doth, in ſoul, deſpize,
That wicked Courſes loves.
3 For wicked men, the Lord prepares,
(And raines into thir cupp)
A ſtorme of brimſtone, fire, & ſnares,
Which they muſt ſwallow up.
But, being in himſelf vpright,
He, juſtice doth affect;

And, godly men, have in his ſight,
A looke of good reſpect.

*Permit not oh* God! *the accuſings of our* conſciences, *nor the bitter cenſures of others, (whether iuſtly or vniuſtly pronounced) to overthrow our hopes of thy* Mercy. *Let not the* groundworks *of our faith be vndermined by any* Temptation; *but, ſeeing thou ſercheſt the ſecrets of our harts, & findeſt that (raked vp among our many frailties & corruptions) there are yet vnquenched in our ſoules, the* ſmokings *of that* fire, *which was firſt kindled by thy* grace; *Re-inflame, we pray thee, our ſpiritual affections to* thee *& thy lawe. That, when malitious offenders receive the bitter* draught *prepared for them, we may thanckfully take the* Cupp of Salvation, *& reioice in thy gratious ſavours, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 12.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Sheminith, A Pſalme of David. *The elect are prayd for; The circumvention & inſultings of the wicked are mentioned, with a promiſe of redreſſe; & the ſtabilitie of Gods word is declared.* It may be vſed when hereſie, or prophaneſſe beginnes to ſpread. *&c.*

HElp Lord; for, no Good man is left:
All faithfulnes is quite bereft,
And from the race of men departs:
They, lies vnto their neighbours, tell;
Vpon their lippes, faire ſpeaches, dwell.
When falſhood lurketh in their hearts.
2 But, God ſhall cut their lipps that gloze,
And, pluck away the tongues of thoſe
Who proudly make their vauntings, thus:
Wee of our tongues will maſters be;
Our lipps are ours, & who is he

That

That ſhall have Lord-ſhip over vs?
3 But, I (ſaith God) will now ariſe,
Ev'n for the ſighengs & the cries
Of thoſe that wrong'd or greeved are:
And, I will them in ſaftie ſett,
Beyond their powre, who in their nett,
The poremans footſteps would enſnare,
4 Gods wordes refinde, the Teſt will bide,
Like ſilver ſeav'n tymes purifide;
And, God will keep them ever true:
Though, for a while, men lewd & baſe,
Do ſitt in honors higeſt place,
And, ev'ry where their folly ſhewe.

*Conſider (oh* Lord*) the general vnfaithfulnes which now overpreads the whole earth; Obſerve the falshood, pride, hypocriſie, & insolences of the* Adverſaris *of Truth; Behold the ſuffrings of thy ſmall* flock; *Convert or confound their oppreſſors; fulfill thy gratious promiſes made to the* pore in Spirit; *preſerve thy* word *from being made fruſtrate or perverted, by thoſe wicked-ones, who are now exalted, both in* church *& commonwealth, to thy dishonor; and (when they have acted their follies, during the tyme which thou shalt permit) let thy purified* word *prevaile to the purging of this corrupt world, & to the encreaſing of the number of thy* elect, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 13.

To the Cheef Muſitian a Pſalm of David. *It expreſſeth hartie longinges after ſpirituall Conſolations, & shews the perplexties of a ſoule, ſeeking reſt in her owne Counſells &c.* It may be ſung, when feeling our natural defects, & the malice of our foes, we deſire the comforts of the Holy-gloſt &c.

HOw long forgetſt thou mee!
Shall thus obſcured be
Thy cheerful face, oh Lord, for aye?
Still, in my ſoul, ſhal I
Perplext, & muzing lie,
With hart oppreſſed all the day?
2 My God! ſhall ſtill my foe,
Iuſult vpon me ſoe?
Hear, & mine eyes enlighten thou:
Els, death wil me ſurprize;
And then mine enimies,
Will ſay; we have prevailed, now.
3 For, they who malice mee,
Will Ioy my fall to ſee:
But, Lord, thy mercies I will minde,
I'le in thine ayde rejoice,
And praiſe thee, with my voice;
Becauſe, to me thou haſt bene kinde.

*Dear* God; *vnſufferable is a* troubled ſpirit *ſeeking reſt in it ſelfe. Or in any thinge without thee. when thou art abſent, the preſence of all temporall conſolations doe but encreaſe torment*; *& vnles thou ſpeake peace to our ſoules all thy creatures help to aggravate our* afflictions. *Revive therfor our hartes by thy ſweet preſence*; *Enlighten the* eyes *of our mindes that we* ſleep *not in ſinn, & ſo chear vs by the light of thy* Countenance *that our foes inſult not over vs: but grant rather, that we reioicing in thy* Saluation, *may both live & dy with Comfort, to the honor of thy bleſſed* Name. Amen.

Another of the ſame.

OH Lord, how long wilt thou drawe back,
And hide thy face fro me?
How long ſhal I ſelfe-Counſell take

And,

And, greev'd in ſpirit be?
How long ſhal my oppreſſors thrive,
And, I their ſcornings beare?
Leſt, of my life, it me deprive,
Behold, oh Lord, & heare.
2 For, els my foes will ſay, in boaſt,
That I the foile have had,
And, they who now afflict me moſt,
Will of my fall be gladd.
But, in my hart, are hopes of thee
Which health & joy will bringe;
And, thou haſt dealt ſo wel with mee
That I thy praiſe will ſing.

Pſal. 14.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It sheweth mans general corruption, & our natural eſtate before we become regenerated by Gods eſpeciall Grace &c.* We ſhould ſing it to minde vs, what we are of our ſelves, & how much we ſhould deſire a Renovation.

THe foole, his God in hart denayes;
And, quite corrupt mankinde is growne:
Their walkings are in hatefull waies;
Vpright, or good, there is not one.
The Lord, from heav'n declinde his eye,
And, all the ſonns of men he ſcannd!
That he from thence might ſerch & trie,
Who did him ſeek, or vnderſtand.
2 But, all of them corrupted were,
All men beſide the way are gone;
He ſaw not one deal juſtlie there,
Not one man good; oh no, not one.
So bruitiſh are Tranſgreſſors all,

That they like bread my people eat:
On God, (likewiſe) they never call;
And, therefor is their terror great.
3 For, God preſerves the faithfull ſeed,
Ev'n them who righteous waies affect;
And, though his Counſel none doth heed,
Yet, God, the poreman will protect.
Would we Gods ayde from *Syon* had,
Which muſt his folke, from thraldome bringe!
For, *Iacob* would therof be glad,
And Iſr'el ſhould rejoice & ſing.

*Acknowledginge (oh! moſt gratious* Redeemer*) our general corruption, & that in vs there is no goodnes; we humbly beſeech thee (by the* Salvation *promiſed out of* Syon*) to deliver us from our ſpirituall* captivitie; *& ſo to ſanctify our poluted* nature, *that our* terrors *may be removed; our* lives *amended; thy evangelical* counſells *hartelie embraced; and that we (becomming true* Iſraelites *in whome there is no guile) may at laſt be ſaved by thy* Mercie, *& reioice among the faithfull in thy new* Jeruſalem, *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 15.

A Pſalm of David. *It queſtions & anſweres, who shal be admitted into Gods famelie (to wit) ſuch as are ſanctified in thought, word, & deed, &c.* It is vſefull to inform vs, what our Converſations ought to be, who profeſſe our ſelues to be of God's houſhold.

LOrd, who ſhall reſt within thy tent,
Or on thy holy hill?
But, he that's trulie innocent,
And ſheweth mercy, ſtill.
Whoſe hart emploies a truth-full tongue;
And none by ſlander greeves:

Who

Who neither doth his neighbours wronge;
  Nor lies of them beleeves.
2 Who ſavours thoſe that feare the Lord,
  And, ſinners doth abhor:
Who ſhifts not from his promiſ'd word,
  Though to his loſſe he ſwore.
Who putts not coine to griping loane,
  Nor takes a wicked fee,
He, doubtles, is a bleſſed one,
  And, ſhall vnmooved be?

Fleſh & bloud, *oh* God, *is neither able to fulfill thy lawe, nor to enter into the kingdome of heaven before it be purged & ſanctified by the pretious* body & bloud *of thy dear* Sonn. *Seeing, therfor, thou requireſt that both our* outward & inward *man ſhould be conformable to that example of perfect* Righteouſnes *which he hath left who is gone up, before (into thy holy* Tabernacles, *to prepare manſions for all who deſire to be followers of him) make vs we beſeech thee, ſo obedient to the diſcipline of the* Catholick Church *(his dwelling place on earth) that we may have his* righteoſnes *imputed; & be kept immovable in thy ſavour, vntill we ſhalbe tranſlated to thoſe heavenly* habitations, *where thou liveſt & raigneſt world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 16.

Michtam of David. *It is a literal prophecie of* Chriſt. Act. 2. 25. *& it hath relation to the communion of ſaints, The ſole mediatorſhip of* Chriſt, *his reſurrection, & his ſitting at the right hand of God, &c.* It is uſefull to confirm vs in theſe articles of our faith afore mentioned, *&c.*

SAve me, oh Lord; for, I haue laid
My truſtfull hope, alone, on thee:

And, to thy ſelf, my Soul hath ſaid,
That thou (oh Lord) her Lord ſhalt be.
My goods, to thee are nothing worth :
But, in their vſe I will declare,
That I affect thy Saints on earth ;
  And, ſuch as well-deſervers are.
2 All they who ſerve another God,
Shall gaine encreaſe of greefs & blame ;
Their drinck-oblation ſtaind with bloud,
I'le nor prefer, nor ſpeake their Name.
God is my birth-right, & my ſhare ;
He fills my Cupp ; maintaines my Lot ;
Faire portions, my diviſions are,
  And pleaſant places I have gott.
3 The Lord be praiſd, who wrought it ſo :
For, he in this, did me advize.
My Reines, by night, inform'd me to ;
And, God I place before mine eies.
Who ſtands at my right-hand ſo near,
That, me no fears of chaing moleſt :
It both my heart & voice, doth cheare :
  My fleſh likewiſe, in hope doth reſt.
4 For, Lord, thou neither wilt permit
That left in hell my ſoul ſhould lie ;
Nor wilt thou ſuffer in the Pitt,
Thy holy-one to putrifie.
But (through lifes path-way) me ſhalt bring,
Where, in thy ſight (at thy right hand)
All Ioyes, and each delightfull thinge
  For ever, & for ever, ſtand.

*Grant, oh* Lord, *our ſoules may ſo truly affect thee, that thy pore* members *may reap the fruites of our charitable affections. Let vs continue ſo conſtant alſo, in thy true worship, that all our offrings may be made acceptable by the mediation*

*mediation of* Chriſt Ieſus, *and that we may inherit our* portion *with him* : *So, his bleſſed* Soul & body *(againſt which nor* hell *nor* corruption *could prevaile) ſhall drawe after him, our* ſoules, *out of the* hell *of an* afflicted conſcience, & *our* bodies *from the graves of* ſinn, & mortalitie, *to enioy with him, a ioyfull reſurrection at his* right-hand; & *the fullnes of all pleaſures, in thy glorious preſence, for evermore.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

PReſerve me Lord; for, I on thee depend;
And, for her Lord, my ſoul profeſſes thee.
Though to thy ſelf, my wealth no profit lend,
Thy Saints on earth, my love ſhall therby ſee.
But, they ſhall feel their ſorrow ſtill encreaſed,
Whoſe offrings are to other Gods addreſſed.
2 Their bloudie-drinck-oblation to preſent,
Or, with my lipps ſo name them I diſdaine:
Thou art my Lott, where with I am content;
Thou art my cupp, a portion ſhalt maintaine.
To me, the Lines a goodly ſhare divided;
And praiſd be God, that me ſo well hath guided.
3 My reines likewiſe, inſtruct me in the night:
Before mine eyes, the Lord ſtill ſeemes to ſtand;
And, ſure, I ſhall preſerved be vpright,
Becauſe, the Lord remaines at my right-hand.
It glads my hart; with joy my tongue now ſingeth;
And, hopefull reſt, vnto my fleaſh it bringeth.
4 For why; my ſoul thou ſhalt not leave in hell,
Nor let thy holy-one corruption ſee:
But, vnto me, thy path of life reveal,
Which thither tends, wher joies perfections be;
Ev'n thither, where at thy right hand attending,
Thoſe plæſures are, which never shall haue ending.

Pſa. 17.

Pſa. 17.

A prayer of David. *It perſonates* Chriſts *members in perſecution deſiring ſuccour, & comforting thē ſelves in hope of the bleſſed viſion of God, after their Reſurrection; &c.* It is vſefull, when we have cōſidered the quality of our foes, & by faith applyed vnto our ſelves, the innocency of Chriſt, with an affection therevnto.

LOrd, hear my cauſe, my ſuites, my cries,
Which from vnfained lipps doe flowe;
To rightfull things decline thine eyes,
And, from thy ſelf, let ſentence goe.
My ſecret thoughts are in thy ſight;
Thou vew'ſt them, in the darkeſt night.
2 Thou trid'ſt my fault, & foundſt it none;
For, from offence I kept my tongue:
And (as for things by others done)
My words preſerved me from wrong.
Oh! be thou pleaſd my courſe to guide;
And ſtay my feet, leſt els they ſlide.
3 On thee I call; for thou wilt hear:
Lord, hear, & my complaint attend.
Let thy great love to me appeare,
And thy right-hand my life defend;
Ev'n that right-hand which from their foes,
Gards them, who truſt in thee repoſe:
4 From Tiraunts, me beſeiging round,
From Sinners, who my harme aſſay,
Lord, as thine eye-ball keep me ſound;
And, over me, thy wings diſplay.
For, they with fatt, quite round are clad;
And, haughtie braggs, their mouths have made.
5 Me, in my waies, they have withſtood,
And ſought about with downe-caſt eyes,

Like

Like lions (when they hunt for food)
Or lions whelp, which lurking lies.
  But, riſe, reſiſt; and foile them Lord:
  From Sinners, gard me, by thy ſword.
6 Lord, from thoſe world-lings gard thou me,
Who in this life, their lot receive;
Who full of wealth, and children be,
And for their babes large portions leave.
  To wake from ſinn, & looke on thee,
  In thine owne forme, contenteth mee.

*Accept oh* Lord, *our weak endeavours, & ſo teach us to moderate our* thoughts, *to govern our* tongues, *& to order our* converſations; *that no temporal or ſpirituall adverſarie, may iuſtly accuſe or harm vs. Take us into thy ſpeciall* protection; *becauſe, our foes are powrfull, cruel, & deligent in ſeeking our deſtruction: but, above all, keep vs from the poluted converſations & affections, of thoſe whoſe belly is their God, and whoſe portion of happines, is in this life; that when we shal awake out of our* graves, *we may appear in thy* righteouſnes; *reioice in our happy* lot; *& be fully ſatiſied in the fruition of thee, who liveſt & raignſt world without end.* Amen.

Pſa 18.

A Pſalm of David the ſervant of the Lord, who ſung vnto the Lord, the words of this ſong, when the Lord delivered him from the hand of al his foes, and from the hand of Saul. *It myſticallie declareth Gods maieſtical proceeding in the work of our redēption.* And it may be vſed to praiſe God for our deliverances, by the Incarnation, reſurrection, & exaltation of Chriſt; & for the benifits which we receive thereby.

I Love the Lord; for, my ſupport,
  My horne of health, is he:

My

My Rock, my truſt, my Sheild, my fort,
  And, oft hath helped me.
He merrits praiſe; for, when I cry
  Me, from all foes he ſaves;
Though wrapt in pangs of death, I lie
  And plungd in ſorrowes waves?
2 Yea, when by death & hell en-ſnar'd,
  I ſought the Lord, in fear;
My God, within his Temple heard,
  And my complaints did hear:
Earths ground-work ſhook to feel his yre;
  The trembling hills, did quake:
His noſtrills ſum'de, his mouth breath'd fire,
  Which burning-coales did make.
3 Then, downe he came, & heavn he bow'd
  His feet thick darknes hid.
A flieng Cherube he beſtrode;
  The winged windes, he ridd.
A duſkie fogg, his Cov'ring was;
  Dark waters were his tent;
Before the brightnes of his face,
  Clouds, fire, & hayle, he ſent.
4 The Lord, from heav'n did alſo make
  His thunders to be heard:
Yea, when that great Almighty Spake,
  Both fire & haile appear'd:
His darts, on ev'ry ſide he threwe,
  Till they diſperſed were:
His burning Lightninghs, flaſhing flewe,
  And cauſed them to fear.
5 When he did frown, a dreadfull blaſt
  He from his noſtrills blow'd,
Which, vp the ſeas lowe Depths did caſt,
  And, Earths foundations ſhow'd.

Then

Then downe he ſent, & from among
  Great flouds, advanced me;
And from thoſe foes that were too ſtrong;
  He likewiſe garded me.
6 They in my Cares did me prevent;
  But, ſtill, God was my hope:
He, for his love-ſake, ſuccour ſent,
  And gave me larger ſcope.
The Lord, my Righteouſnes obſerv'd.
  His ſavour he beſtow'd;
And, as mine innocence deſerv'd,
  So, he his mercy ſhow'd.
7 For, in Gods wayes my walkings were,
  From him I have not ſtept;
Still in my ſight, his iudgments are,
  And I his lawes haue kept.
In him, I iuſtifide became;
  For, I did leave my ſinn:
And, as I iuſt & righteous am,
  Rewarded I haue binn.
8 As he my hands did guiltles finde,
  He, ſo did me requite:
For, to the meek the Lord is kinde,
  To righteous men vpright.
Among the pure, he will be pure,
  And, on the froward frowne.
The poreman he will make ſecure,
  And, pluck the proud-man downe.
9 My Darknes, God ſhall brightnes make;
  My Lampe, enlight he ſhall.
By him, I through an Army brake,
  And overleap'd a wall,
Gods way is right, pure is his word;
  He ſaves if ſought he be:

For

For, who is God, except the Lord,
  Or who cann ſave but he?
10 About my Loines, he ſtrength did binde,
  He, ſett my path-way ſtreight:
He, made my feet out runn the Hinde,
  And rais'd me to this height.
My hands to fight, my Armes to bend
  A bowe of ſteel, he taught;
His Buckler, he to me did lend,
  And, ſaving-health it brought.
11 His right-hand hath ſupported me,
  His love hath made me great;
My ſtepps, by him enlarged be,
  And, ſafe my feet are ſett.
I did perſue (yea tooke) my Foes,
  And ſlewe til all were ſlaine.
They fell downe wounded by my blowes,
  And could not riſe againe.
12 For, he (to fitt me for the war)
  With powre, did me indue,
And, thoſe who my oppoſers are,
  Beneath my feet he threwe.
To conquer them, who mee envide,
  Me, ſtrong enough, he made.
They cride, and (though to God they cride)
  Replies, nor helps, they had.
13 Then, as the duſt which whirl-windes toſſe,
  So ſmall I them did beat;
And threw them forth as myrie-droſſe,
  Which lies about the ſtreat.
Thus, from the peoples vp-roares freed,
  I (through his grace) became:
And, now to be the Gentiles *Head*;
  By him, advanc'd I am.

14 A-

14 A nation ſhall my Servants be,
which knowes me not as yet:
Aſſoone as they have heard of me,
Themſelves they ſhall ſubmit.
The ſtranger ſhall ſtand out no more;
But, in his Bullworks feare:
Oh praiſe the living Lord, therfore;
Aloud, Gods praiſe declare.
15 Let God, my ſaving-health, be praiſd,
By whome to paſſe it came,
That, I above the people raiſd,
And thus avenged am.
Above all them that me oppoſe,
He doth exalt my throne;
And, ſaveth me from all my foes,
Ev'n from the Cruel-one.
16 Among the gentiles, now, therfore
I'le thanck him for the ſame;
My ſong ſhall be for evermore,
In honor of his Name.
His king, & his anointed-one
He glorioufly hath freed;
And, everlaſting mercie ſhown
To David & his ſeed.

*Vouchſafe, moſt gratious Lord, according to thy accuſtomed mercie, to be ſtill our* Protector; *& let thy* Name *be alwaies glorified for the miraculous deliverances of thy* Church, *now & in al Ages; eſpecially from the great worke of mans generall* redemption. *Inſtruct vs in the ſpiritual* warfar; *enable vs againſt all our viſible & invisible* foes; *ſubdue vnto vs all our owne rebellious* Affections; *deliver vs out of all our* ſuffrings; *Give vs victorie over everie* temptation: *Encreaſe thy kingdome by the calling of thoſe, who are not yet thy* People; *And make vs vnfainedlie*

*thanckful vnto thee for theſe, & all the reſt of thy mercies through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord*, Amen.

Pſal. 19.

To the cheef Muſition a Pſalme of David. *It declares the vniverſal preachiug of Gods* Divinity *by the* book *of his* Creatures, *& it is a* prophecie *of the generall publication of the* Goſpel, *Rom.* 10. *It ſheweth alſo the properties, of the divine* word. *It* may be uſed to praiſe God for the priveledges which we have by his word; &, as a prayer for ſanctification. *&c.*

GOds glorie, ſhines among the Spheares;
The heav'ns, his handie-works diſcloſe;
Their daylie ſpeach, his powre declares;
And e'vry night, his wiſedome ſhowes.
Their language, in al tongues is found;
Their Line, about Earths globe, doth runn:
Through-out the world their words do ſound;
And, there's the Pallace of the Sunn.
2 He Bride-groome-like, refreſh'd appears,
When he forgoes his lodging place;
Or gyant-like, when vp he rears
And chears himſelf, to runn a Race.
His Iorneies, are from thence begun,
Ev'n where, the bounds of heav'n are ſett;
And, he quite round the world doth runn,
Refreſhing all things with his heat.
3 God's Rule is plaine, & ſoules convarts;
His witnes firme, & maketh wiſe:
His lawes are juſt, & glad our hearts;
His Precepts pure, & clear our eyes.
His blameles Feare is vn-confin'de,
Both true & right, are all his doomes,
More worth then gold (ev'n gold refin'de)

More

More ſweet, then hony in the combes.
4 Moreover, they thy ſervant warne,
By keeping them, he profit winns:
But, Lord, his guilt who cann diſcerne?
Oh! therfor purge my ſecreat ſinns.
From daring Crimes, thy ſarvant ſave,
And, let them bear no ſway in me:
So, I the leſſe rebuke ſhall have,
And, from the great-offence, be free.
5 Oh! when I ſpeake, let ev'ry word,
And ev'rie muzing of my hart,
Be pleaſing in thy ſight, oh Lord,
For, though my ſtrength, & ſaviour art.

*No excuſe is left, oh mercifull* Father, *if we be ignorant of thee, or vnconformable to thy* will: *for, by the* book of thy Creatures, *it was long-ſince declared vnto the whole* world, *which* Text, *being corrupted by humane* Inventions, *thou didſt explaine it againe in the volumes of the* Prophets; *Since then, it was more illuſtrated by the writings of the* Apoſtles; *And the prime ſcope of all theſe* Bookes, *thy bleſſed* Spirit *daylie preacheth & interpreteth throughout the world, by ordinarie or extraordinarie meanes. The powre, truth, puritie, ſweetnes, & profitabelnes of this* divine word *wee do, or muſt, confeſſe alſo, to be evident, Nevertheles (becauſe wee have much wilful ignorance, & many ſecret corruptions, we humbly pray thee, ſo extraordinarilie to enlighten our* darknes, *& to purge our concealed* polutions, *that (we being illuminated & ſanctified by the* holie-ghoſt) *the* vnpardonable Sinn *may be avoided, & we made acceptable to thee in* Chriſt Ieſus. *Amen.*

Pſa. 20.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It is*

*a prayer for ſpirituall graces, with a proteſtation of affiance in God; & it miſtically toucheth the Preſt-hood & royal dignity of Chriſt &c.* It may be vſed to deſire Gods acceptance of vs in his Sonn; & may ſerve, in ſome caſes, as a prayer for chriſtian princes and paſtors. *&c.*

THe Lord, at need, vouchſafe thee grace,
Let Jacobs God, thy cauſe defend,
Protect thee from his holy-place,
And, ſtrength to thee from Syon ſend.
Thy guifts, let him remember, ſtill,
Let him accept thy Sacrifize, *Selah.*
Thy harts requeſt, let him fulfill,
And, proſper all thou ſhalt deviſe.
2 We wil reioice thy peace to ſee,
And in Gods name our Enſignes wave,
When al thy ſuites are granted thee:
For, God (I know) his Chriſt will ſave.
By his right-hand's almightie force,
God hears vs from his holy-hill.
Some truſt in charrets, or in horſe,
But, we Gods Name remember, ſtill.
3 In that regard, we raiſed are,
And ſtand upright, when they do fal.
Oh! let the king, our prayers hear,
And ſave vs, Lord, when we do call.

*Aſsiſt vs mercifully oh* God, *in all our* Afflictions; *Accept the* Sacrifiſe *offred for vs by* Chriſt Ieſus, *the* high-preiſt *of our ſoules*; *& in his* Mediations, *grant vnto vs, all our faithful petitions*; *That ſo (renouncing al temporall Aſſurances, & truſtinge only in thy defence) we may ariſe from thoſe ſinns, into which many fall without repentance*; *and that we may be made partakers of thy* Salvation, *with our kinglie* Mediatour, *who liveſt & raighneth*

*raighneth with thee oh* father, *& thy* holy-ſpirit, *world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 21.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalm of David. *It is a literal prophecie of the kingly dignitie of* Chriſt, *mentioninge ſome of his royall prerogatives, &c.* It may be vſed as a thanckfull commemoration of the preheminence of our ſpirituall king. *&c.*

LOrd, in thy ſtrength, how joies the king?
And, of thine aide, how glad is he?
His harts deſires, in ev'rie thing,
Have bene beſtow'd on him, by thee *Selah.*
With bleſſings, thou didſt him prevent,
With pureſt gold, thou cowud'ſt his head,
To ask for life, was his intent;
And, he of endles life, hath ſped.
2 Through thy defence he famous growes,
And, is to high preferment reard;
On him, thy bliſſe-evernal flowes,
Thy gratious lookes his hart have chear'd.
Through thy meer love, the king ſhal ſtand
Still firme, if he on thee repoſe.
And, Lord, thy hand (ev'n thy right-hand)
Shall ſerch, & finde out all thy foes.
3 As ovens, hot with flames, will do,
So, thou ſhalt ſcorch them in thyne yre:
And, in thy wrath conſume them ſo,
As if they burned in the fire.
Yea, thou ſhalt from the race of man,
Root out their fruite, & pluck their ſeed;
Becauſe, to wrong thee, they begann,
Although they could not act the deed.
4 Thou ſhalt expoſe them (as it were)

A Marke, within thy ſhooting place ;
Thy ſtringed ſhafts thou ſhalt prepare
And, Stick thine Arrowes in their face.
Thus, be thou ſtill exalted, Lord,
By thine owne powre, thy trophies raiſe :
And then, with joye wee will record
Thy Matchles might, in ſongs of praiſe.

*Bleſſed be thy Name, oh* God, *for that high preferment which thou haſt vouchſafed the* Manhood, *by aſſuming the fame to thy* Deitie, *& by beſtowing theron a* ſoveraigntie, *over al the reſt of thy Creatures. Give vs* humility *to aſcribe al the glorie therof to* Chriſt Ieſus ; *Hear all our petitions in him; Teach vs by his example, ſo to truſt in thee, that we may obtaine the* priveledges *of his glorious* kingdome, *& become partakers of that Life-eternal to which he aſcended. So; eſcaping thoſe terrible Iudgments which thou inflicteſt on thy malitious foes, we shall behold their confuſion, to the exaltation of thy* powre, *to whome be all* honor *&* glorie, *now & for evermore.* Amen.

Pſa. 22.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Aijleth Shahar A Pſalm of David. *It is a prophecie of Chriſt his paſsion, vnfolding divers paſſages thereof, & mētioning alſo the calling of the Gentiles, &c.* It may be ſung to commemorate the Paſſion, & ſome other miſteries of our Redemption, *&c.*

WHy haſt thou, oh my God, my God,
Why haſt thou me forgone?
Why, nearer is not thy abode ;
To hear & help my mone?
Vnheard of thee, I cry whole daies ;
Whole nights the ſame I doe ;
Yet, thou art Iſr'els cheefeſt praiſe,

And

And, thou art holy to.
2 Our fathers did on thee depend,
And, thou didſt them ſecure:
They cride, & thou didſt them defend;
Their faith did them aſſure.
But, I, pore worme, an Abiect am,
No man, but one forlorne:
The people make of me their game,
Their proverb, and their ſcorne.
3 When me they vewe, their heads they nod,
Make mouths, & jeering, ſay;
God was his hope, now then, if God
Him loves, him ſave him may.
But, thou didſt gard me in the wombe,
Thou didſt convay me thence:
At nurſe, my hope thou didſt become,
And, keptſt me everſince.
4 Er'e-ſince my birth, my God thou art;
My truſt is all in thee:
Oh! do not far fro me depart,
For, perills compaſſe mee.
Strong Bulls (ev'n herds of Baſhan race)
Beſet me round about:
They ſtand wide-gaping in my face;
Like Lions, roaring-out.
5 Like water, I am pour'de aſide;
My bones are ſtrain'd apart:
Ev'n potſherd-like, my ſtrength is dride;
Like wax, diſſolues my hart.
Vnto my Iawes, my tongue is glew'd;
For, thou didſt me confound,
With cruel doggs I am perſu'de;
By Sinners, cloſed round.
6 My hands & feet, they nailed faſt;

My bones apparant were :
Vpon my veſture, lots they caſt,
My garments they did ſhare.
Thine ayde, therfore, no more delay,
But, Lord my ſtrength, draw near,
Cauſe not the ſword, my ſoul to ſlay,
Nor doggs to rend my dear.
7 Me, from the mouthes of Lions, garde,
As I, in former daies,
From hornes of vnicornes was heard :
So, I will ſing thy praiſe.
Thy fame, I'le in thy church record,
My brethren being there.
Oh ! praiſe him yee that fear the Lord,
And Jacobs offpring are.
8 Him, oh yee ſeed of Iſr'el, fear ;
For, he doth nor deſpize
Afflicted ſoules, nor ſtop his eare,
Nor turne from them his eyes.
But, when thy crie, their cries are heard ;
For which, his praiſe I ſing :
And, in great throngs, where God is feard,
My vowes to him I'le bring.
9 The meek ſhal feed till they are full,
And praiſe the Lord therfore.
All yee, who ſeek him in your ſoul,
Shal live for evermore.
The worlds far ends, to minde ſhall call
Their dutie to the Lord :
And, he of heathen kingdomes, all,
Shall ſee him ſelf ador'de.
10 For, his the kingdome is, indeed,
All nations, ruleth he.
Earths fatlings on his bread ſhal feed,

And

And, thanckful they ſhalbe.
Yea, they ſhall all before him bowe
Whoſe lodging is the grave,
For, none but he hath powre enough,
The ſoul from death to ſave.
11 A feed, whome he ſhall count his owne,
Shal then, to God returne;
And, make his Acts of Juſtice known
To people yet vnborn.

*Oh! thou glorie of* Iſrael, *& the hope of all who truſt in thee; ſeeing by a* voluntarie humiliation, *thou haſt in thine own perſon felt the bitternes of* reproches, *the cruelitie of* perſecuters, *the sharpnes of* povertie; *the extream torments of the* fleſh, *the ſtrongeſt Agonies of the* ſoul, *and every* horror *which may affright vs, (when in our greateſt* tryalls *&* temptations *we ſeem (as it were) vtterly for ſaken both* of God *&* man*) remember (oh remember) thine owne* paſſion, *& have mercie vpon vs.* Hear *vs, when we crie*; help *vs, when we can crie no longer: And when all our ſtrength faileth, let thy powre pluck vs out of our tormenters Iawes; that we & they whom thou haſt promiſed to collect from al* places *&* Ages *of the world, may meet in thy heavenly* kingdome, *to glorify thee, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 23.

A Pſalm of David. *The Chriſtian ſoul acknowledgeth Chriſt her paſtor enritching, feedinge, reioicinge, reforming, beautifieng her, & providing for her an eternall habitation, in his owne preſence &c.* It may be ſung to praiſe God for the benifits herein mentioned, &c.

THe Lord my Paſtor daignes to be,
I nothing, now, ſhall need:
To drinck ſweet ſprings he bringeth mee,

And on green Meads to feed.
For his Name-ſake, my hart he glads,
He makes my wayes vpright:
And, I, the vale of deaths black ſhades,
Cann paſſe, without affright.
2 Thy ſtaffe, thy preſence, & thy rodd,
My joyfull comforts are,
And, thou before my foes (oh God)
My Table ſhalt prepare.
Oyle on my head, pour'd out thou haſt,
My Cupp doth over-flowe,
And thou, on me, whilſt life doth laſt,
Thy favours wilt beſtowe.
3 Yea, Lord, thy goodnes & thy grace,
Shall alwayes follow me:
And, in thy houſe, my dwelling place
For evermore ſhall be.

*Keep vs, oh thou faithfull* Sheapherd of our ſoules, *that the* Devil *take vs not out of thy* ſolde, *nor entiſe vs from thy* paſtures *by faire aluremens. Setle vs in thy* Church, *Refreſh vs by thy* Spirit, *Inſtruct us by thy* Sacraments, *Guide vs by thy* example, *reforme vs by thy fatherly* correction, *& ſo comfort vs by thy* preſence; *that we may acknowledge, there is no need of thoſe beggerly aſsiſtances whereon* worldlings *depend; and, that we may walke without repininge, through the afflictions of this* life; *& without fear, through the ſhaddowes of* Death, *to thoſe manſions, which thou haſt appointed for thy choſen* flock; *in the kingdome of heaven.* Amen.

Pſa 24.

A pſalme of David. *It deſcribes the largnes of Chriſts inheritance, & shewes who are members of his* Church. *Then, by a poetical* proſopopeia, *the everlaſting Gates are*

*are ſummoned to give paſſage for the* Aſcention *of that glorious* King, It is vſed, in commemoration of the Aſcention.

THe Earth's the Lords, with her encreaſe;
  The world, & all her goods:
He founded it vpon the ſeas,
  And layd it on the Flouds.
What man is he that ſhal have grace
  To climbe the hill of God?
Or Who ſhall in his holy-place,
  Obtaine their free abode?
2 Sure, they whoſe hands are innocent,
  Whoſe meanings are vpright.
Whoſe harts to folly are not bent,
  Who ſwear, without deceit.
Such, gaine from God, a bleſſed meed,
  And, from their ſaviour grace:
And, ſuch (oh Iacob) are their feed
  Who truly ſeek thy face.
3 Yee Gates, lift vp your heades on high,
  (Yee dores which laſt for aye)
The king of glory paſſeth-by,
  Vnclofe, & give him way.
Who is the king of glorie? tell,
  Oh tell! who might he be?
The Lord, who doth in ſtrength excell,
  That glorious king, is he.
4 Yee Gates, aloft your Arches heave,
  (Yee dores that have no ende)
Vnto the king of glorie, give,
  Free paſſage to aſcend.
Who is the king of glorie? ſay'
  Oh ſay! who might he be?
The Lord of Armies in aray,

That

That glorious king is he.

*Seeing thou haſt evidently declared, oh* Chriſt the Kinge of glorie, *who they are whome thou wilt admit into that* kingdome *whither thou art aſcended; and who are truly of that* ſpirituall ſeed, *to whome thy promiſes appertaine. Grant, we beſeech thee, that we may make our* Election *ſure, by the workes of* regeneration, *&c not be deluded by the falſe perſwaſions of a fruitles* faith. *So, all thy Creatures, shall give both way, and aſsiſtance, to our* Aſcention *after thee; to whome with the* father *&c* holy ſpirit, *be aſcribed all praiſe, powre, &c glorie, now &c for evermore.* Amen.

Pſa. 25.

A Pſalme of David. *It containeth many petitions of an afflicted penitent Soul; declares the excellence of the Lawe of Grace, &c the priveledges of the regenerate &c.* It may be vſed when we are dejected by the ſight of our guiltines, & are truly penitent, *&c.*

I Lift my ſoul to thee;
My truſt in thee is plac'd:
Oh let me, Lord, nor ſcorned be,
Nor by my foe diſgrac'd.
But, keep reproches all
From thoſe who thee attend,
And, let on them Confuſion fall
That without Cauſe offend.
2 Thy waies to me me impart,
Let me thy Truth be taught;
For, thou, oh God, my Saviour art:
Whome I have alway ſought.
Be ſtill, to me as kinde
As thou of old haſt binn;
And, bear thou not thoſe faults in minde,

Which

which I have erred in.
3 But, grace to me afford,
Ev'n for thy goodnes ſake;
As thou art good, & gratious, Lord,
On me compaſſion take.
Direct al thoſe that ſtray,
In iudgment, guide the meek,
And, them informe thou in thy way,
That humbly, thee de ſeeke.
4 For, Truth & Mercie, Lord,
Are found in all thy wayes,
By ev'ry one who keeps thy word,
And thy Commands obayes.
Remit (though great they are)
My ſinns, for thy Name ſake,
And, ſuffer him who thee doth fear,
His choſen-path to take.
5 Then, eaſd his hart ſhal growe,
His ſeed the Land ſhal fill,
And, he that feares the Lord, ſhall know
His Counſells, & his will.
Myne eyes attend on thee,
That thou maiſt me releaſe:
In mercie, Lord, returne to mee
Forlorne & in deſtreſſe.
6 My greefs enlarged are;
Oh come, & me releeve,
My ſorrowes heed, regard my care,
And all my ſinns forgive.
Obſerve, oh Lord, my foes;
Marke how abuſ'd I am;
And (ſince I truſt in thee repoſe)
Defend my ſoul from ſhame.
7 Yea, keep thou me vpright;

Be-

Becauſe, I hope in thee :
And, from all wrongs, & all deſpight,
Let Iſr'el ſaved be.

*Remember not, oh* Lord, *our offences ; but of thy meer Mercie blot out all our tranſgreſsions. Let neither the follies of our* youth, *nor the greatnes of any other ſinns, deprive vs of thy wonted* compaſſion. *Conſider our weaknes, our ſuffrings, & the condition of our* adverſaries, *as motives of thy pittie ; That our ſinns beinge remitted, our fetters vnloſed, and thy ſecrets (even the miſteries of* Saving-grace*) revealed ; wee may in true meeknes, follow him, who is the* way, *the* Truth, *and the* Life ; *& be kept by thy ſpeciall* Grace *from all future ſinns & dangers, vnto our lives end.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

ALoſt, I raiſe my ſoul, oh Lord, to thee ;
And I in thee alone, my truſt have placed.
By thoſe therfore, that ſeek to miſcheeve me,
Oh, let me not be ſhamed, nor diſgraced.
Confound not thoſe who ſeek to do thy will ;
But, ſhame thoſe mē that Cauſeles have offended,
Direct thou me in thy Truths pathway, ſtill ;
For (Lord my health) on thee I have attended.
Eternall God, in mercie, thinck on me,
As it hath bene of old, thy gratious faſhion :
Forgot, let all my youthfull errors be ;
For thy love ſake, Remember thy compaſſion.
Great is thy grace, & great thy Iuſtice, Lord :
Therfor, thy waies to ſinful men thou ſhoweſt
Healp to thee meek, thou doſt, likewiſe, afford
Whē he is iudgd ; & guid'ſt him where thō goeſt.
In all thy waies, both Truth & Mercie be,

For

For ſuch, as have thy league, & word obſerved :
Keep therfor, Lord, thy grace in ſtore for me ;
(For thy nameſake) though I have ill deſerved,
Let thoſe, in whome thy ſacred feare is found,
In their deſired pathway, Lord, perſever.
Make true content, in all their ſoules abound ;
And, let their ſeed, poſſeſſe the land, for ever.
No man oh Lord, who ſtands in fear of thee,
Shall from thy league or Counſels, be debarred.
On thee, therfore, mine eyes attending be,
That from the net, my feet may be vnſnared ;
Pleaſd be, in love, to viſit me againe ;
For, lo, deſpis'd I am, & ſore deſtreſſed.
Quit me, from all my ſorrowes & my paine ;
For, my hart-greefs (oh Lord) are much encræſed.
Regard my wants ; Behold, & mark my woes ;
Remitting all wherin I have offended.
See, See, oh Lord, what numbers are my foes ;
And, what deſpights to me they have intended.
To help & ſave my ſoul, entreated be :
Thou art my Garde, oh ! keep me vndiſgraced,
Vpright, & pure ; becauſe, I truſt in thee :
And, from all Cares, let Iſr'el be releaſed.

Pſal. 26.

A Pſalm of David. *It ſetts downe ſome marks of the true* church *&c of her members ; & perſonates her, iuſtifieing her ſelf againſt the ſecret imputations of her foes (from whome she deſires to be diſtinguisht) &c.* It is vſefull for thoſe members of Chriſt, who are falſly accuſed. *&c.*

GIve ſentence, now, oh Lord, with me ;
For, I have walk'd aright ;

And,

And, ſince I have relide on thee,
  Preſerve me ſtill vpright.
Proue thou my hart & Raines, oh God;
  Search there, what thou canſt finde:
For, I the Paths of Truth have trodd;
  And, bear thy love in minde.
2 With wicked men I have not ſate,
  Nor with diſſemblers gone:
Prophane Aſſemblies I do hate,
  And ſhunn the ſinners throne.
With hands waſh'd clean in ſimplenes,
  I'le round thine Altars goe;
And there; in ſongs of thanckfulnes,
  Thy wondrous works I'le ſhowe.
3 For, I that place affect, oh God,
  Where thou ſo much art ſam'de:
Therfor, with ſinners, thirſting blood,
  Oh! let me not be nam'd.
Their hands (their verie righthands) be
  with bribes, & miſcheefs fraught:
But, Lord, redeeme & pitty me;
  For, I truths Paths have ſought.
4 In ſtedfaſt waies, with fixed feet,
  Firme ſtanding, I poſſeſſe:
For which, where great Aſſemblies meet,
  I, will the Lord confeſſe.

*Give vs grace, oh* Lord, *ſo to avoide the* ſocietie, & *practiſes of wicked men; that neither our* conſciences *may accuſe vs, to be willfully guiltie of their crimes, nor thou condemn vs for* hypocrites, *when thou ſercheſt & iudgeſt the ſecrets of our harts. Ioine to the puritie of* manners, *a ſincere* devotion; *that* honeſty & Religeon (*being knit & married together in our ſoules by thee) may never be divorced. Let our* zeal *alſo to thy houſe*

*houſe, & our Love to thy Service, be ſuch as may diſtinguish vs from prophane* worldlings; *& ſo linck vs by* charity *to thy faithfull* members, *that we may continue thine to our lives end.* Amen.

Pſa. 27.

A Pſalme of David. *It expreſſeth confidence in God, & a longing to enioye the priveledges of his ſanctuarie. It vowes alſo to ſeek & ſerve him; deſires Gods aſsiſtance, & exhorts to faith & perſeverance &c.* It is vſefull, for all Chriſtians, to theſe purpoſes.

GOd is my light, my health mine Ayde;
My lifes defence: whome ſhould I fear?
When wicked foes my death aſſayd,
They tript, & fell, & ruinde were.
I, therfor, will not faint, nor fly,
Although an hoaſt beſeigeth me;
If God, will not this boone deny,
For which, I'le now a ſuiter be.
2 Ev'n that he grace to me afford,
My life-time in his houſe to ſpend;
To vewe the beautie of the Lord,
And in his Temple to attend.
For, in his Tent, when dangers threat,
In ſecret, he ſhould me encloſe;
Vpon a Rock, my footing ſet,
And, raiſe my head above my foes.
3 Then, in God's houſe, a Sacrifiſe
Of praiſes, I would alſo give:
Hear therfor, Lord; & let my cries
A gratious Anſwere, now receive.
When thou doſt bid me ſeek thy face;
*Thy face I'le ſeek*, my hart replies:
Reiect not therfor, nor diſgrace,

E Thy

Thy Servant who on thee relies.
4 Oh Lord, who didſt my ſoul preſerve
When, me my parents did forſake;
(Becauſe of them who me obſerve)
Now, plaine to me, thy path-waies make.
Yea, from the pleaſure of my foes,
Protect me Lord: for, lo; with lies,
Falſe witneſſes do me oppoſe;
And, cruel words they do deviſe.
5 That, had I not beleef to ſee
Gods grace (within that land of bliſſe
Where endles life ſhal granted be)
My ſoul had fainted, long e're this.
Attend thou ſtill vpon the Lord,
And faint thou not (*who e're thou art*)
Attend I ſay, vpon the Lord;
And, he ſhall fortify thy hart.

*It is an vnſpeakable favour oh Lord, to live where wee may peaceably aſſemble in thy* houſe, *& obtaine thy comfortable preſence in thy bleſſed* word *&* Sacraments. *How many, oh* God! *how many? are deprived of this conſolation? And, oh how long? & with how little ſenſe of our* happines, *have wee enioyed this great* bleſſing? *Grant vnto vs, we beſeech thee, more thanckfulnes, leſt thou iuſtlie withdrawe thy abuſed* grace; *Give in due time, this great* Beniſit, *to all who vnſainedlie deſire it for thy glorie: In the mean while, vouchſafe them patience, to ſuſtaine their* burthen *without fainting; & let the hope of that, which is prepared for thie* ſaints, *in the* Land of the living, *ſtir vp them & vs, to a faithfull performance of our whole dutie towards thee, through the aſſiſtance of thy* holy-ſpirit, Amen.

Pſa. 28.

A Pſalme of David. *It craves Gods aſsiſtance, imprecate*

*cates his Iudgments againſt the wicked, profeſſeth aſſurance in the divine protection, & aſcribes glorie, & powre, & thancks, to the Almighty, &c.* It may be vſed as a prayer, and proteſtation of our faith in perſecution.

OH Lord My ſtrength, I crie to thee,
Give eare, & Silence do not keep:
Leſt, not vnlike to thoſe I be,
Which downe deſcend, into the deep.
Obſerve my Cries, & what I pray,
When to thine Arke, my hands I rear:
With ſinners, pluck me not, away,
Who ſpeake of peace, yet purpoſe warr.
2 Give them what their ill deeds require;
As they deſerve, ſo them reward.
For their lew'd works, pay them their hire,
Becauſe, thy works they nought regard.
Yea, ſeeing they thy works deſpize,
Deſtroy them, never to be raiſd:
But, hear my ſuite, & heed my cries,
And be thou, Lord, for ever praiſd.
3 For, thou art, Lord, my ſheild, mine ayde;
My ſtrength, of whome I hopeful am:
Therof, my hart is well apaid,
And, of thy praiſe, my Songs I frame.
Thy Chriſt, thou alway ſhalt protect:
Thou art his rock; &, ſav'd by thee,
Thine heritage & thine Elect,
(Bleſt, fedd, & magnifide) ſhall be.

*Immortal* God, *ſo manie & ſo great perills do alway threaten vs, that we are ſtill at the brinck of deſtruction; & vnles thou be gratious, we shall ſoone be ſwallowed vp. Hear vs therfor, when we cal on thee, in the Mediation of* Ieſus Chriſt; *& gather vs not among* Hypocrites, *or*

*notorious* Malefactors; *But, when they shal receive their due reward, who by a diſſembled* Vnitie, *trouble the peace of thy* Church, *or dishonor thy* Name, *by* Atheiſme *or prophanes; let vs reap the fructe of our* hopes, *to our ioyfull exaltation among thine* elect, *& to the glorifieng of thy* Mercie, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 29.

A Pſalme of David. *It miſtically expreſſeth the powre of Gods voice (or evangelical word) over all ſorts of people, in all places.* It may be vſed to praiſe God, for having thereby *(according to this prophecie)* converted thoſe, who were naturally as obdurate as trees, mountaines, feilds, & brute-creatures.

A Scribe, yee Mightie, to the Lord,
  Aſcribe al powre & fame:
Let him be in his houſe ador'd,
  And, honor yee his Name.
The Lord, commandeth, with his voice,
  The ſeas, & greateſt Floud;
And, when the thunder makes a noiſe,
  It is the voice of God.
2 With powre, the God of glorie, ſpeaks,
  And, awfull are his words.
His voice, the ſtrongeſt cedars breaks,
  That *Libanon* affords.
Eu'n *Libanon* & *Shirion* to,
  He makes to ſtart (through feare)
As Vnicornes & Bullocks do,
  That yonge & frightful are.
3 God's voice, between the flames doth flie,
  God's voice, the Deſert ſhakes:
God's Voice, doth *Cadeſh* terrifie,
  The Hinde, it Calfeles makes.

Yea,

Yea, with his Voice, the thickeſt grove,
  To plaineſt veiwe he laies;
And, in his Temple, thoſe things move
  All tongues, to ſing his praiſe.
4 The Lord, likewiſe, doth in the Floud
  An endles rule poſſeſſe;
And, bleſſeth al the Folke of God,
  With fortitude, and peace.

*Honor & praiſe, be given to thee, oh* Lord God, *for the powrful preaching of thy* word, *let the ſound of thie voice be ſtill in our eares. When we* rage *like a troubled* ſea, *let it* calme *vs; VVhen we are like over-loftie* Cedars, *let it* humble *vs; when we are as vnmoveable as* mountaines *(in our owne* opinions*) let it* ſhake *vs; when we are wanton like young* Bullocks, *let it tame vs; when we are as* rude, *or* barren *as a* wildernes, *let it* civilize *& make vs fructful; when we are* pregnant *with anie, miſcheef, let it make our conceptions* abortive; *when we are enſnared among, the thick* buſhes *of* ignorance, *or worldlie* Cares, *let it diſcover a paſſage out of* error, *& diſentangle our harts from carnall* affections: *that, the whole world may be ſubiected vnto thee; & that we & al tongues may praiſe & magnifie thy* Name, *for ever & ever* Amen.

Pſa. 30.

A Pſalm or ſong of the dedication of the houſe of David. *It ſeems a thancksgivinge for the reſurrection of Chriſt, whoſe true houſe or Temple, was his* Body. *It confeſſeth Gods gratiouſnes, & mans weeaknes, &c.* We may vſe it, when, ariſing from our ſinns, we reſolve to dedicate our ſelves as tēples to the holy-ghoſt.

LOrd God, thy praiſe I will declare;
  For why, thou me haſt magnifide?
My foes inſultings thou did'ſt bar,

And, ſav'dſt me, when for help I cride.
Yea, from the dungeon & the pit,
Thou keptſt my ſoul & life, oh Lord;
Let all thy ſaints (remembring it)
With praiſe, thy holines recorde.
2 Thy wrath, abides not long in thee,
But, in thy favour, life appears;
And, joy ſhall in the morning be,
Though, over-night, there may be teares.
In my advancement, once I ſayd,
That nothing ſhould my foot remove;
Becauſe, my mountaine thou hadſt laid
So firmelie, Lord, by thy meer love.
3 Yet, when thy face thou didſt but hide,
I quickly was oppreſt, againe;
And, then, to thee againe I cride;
And in my crie, did thus complaine.
What profit will my bloud afford,
When, I, ſhal to the grave deſcend?
Oh! cann it ſing thy praiſes, Lord?
Or cann the duſt thy truth comend?
4 Lord, hear, & pittie take on me;
To ſuccour me, thy help employ:
That, chang'd to ſongs, my ſighes, may be;
My mourning-weeds to robes of ioy.
So, I, for ever, with my tongue
Will praiſe the, (oh my God my Lord)
And, in a never-ending ſong,
Thy mercies, thanckfully record.

*Sweet* Ieſu, *ſo great are thy* Mercies, *that in a night thou converteſt into* trivmphs, *the moſt deſperate* Affli-ctions; *yea, in the very moment of greateſt horrors, thou ſtrangly infuſeſt vnexpreſſible ioyes: yet, ſuch is our corrup-tion, that vpon thy* favours, *we often build thoſe falſe* aſ-ſuran-

ſurances *which beget more* pride *then* thanckfulnes; *& ſo, we are iuſtly shakē againe frō our confidence; that (makinge the foundation thereof more firme (by true* humiliation *grounded meerly on thy* mercies*) we may ſtand inmoveable for ever. Oh! grant, that by meditating thy* voluntarie-humiliation *we may deſcend to the true* Annihilation *& renouncing of our ſelves, & that by virtue of thy* Burial *&* Reſurrection *we may eſcape the Dungeons of the* Grave *&* Hell; *Change the* mourning-garmēt *of our flesh, into the* robes *of immortalitie, & praiſe thee for thy mercies, world without end,* Amen.

Pſa. 31.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalm of David. *It perſonates Chriſt & his Church in perſecution; containes a large intermixture of many petitions, complaints &c, & admirably ſets forth the varietie of affections, incident to a ſoul, working out ſalvation with fear & trembling.* It is vſefull in great agonies & afflictions of minde, *&c.*

BEcauſe, I do on thee depend,
(That ſham'd I may not be)
Lord, in thy Iuſtice me defend,
And, quickly hear thou me.
Be ſtill my rock, my walled-bowre;
And, me vouchſafe to ſave:
For, thou art my defenſive towre,
And, all the ſtrength I have.
2 Be pleaſ'd (for my nameſake) to come
And be my hopeful ſtay;
Direct thou me, & pluck me from
Thoſe netts my foes do lay.
Thou art my ſtrength, & vnto thee
My ſpirit I commit:
For, thou Lord God of Truth, art he
Who haſt redeemed it.

3 I, them abhorr who lies approve;
  But, Lord, I truſt in thee:
And of thy grace, & in thy love,
  My whole reioicings be.
For, me thou didſt from cares diſcharge;
  Thou knew'ſt my ſoul in woe:
My fettred feet thou didſt enlarge,
  And keptſt me from my foe.
4 Have mercie, Lord, for I am vext;
  Mine eies with greef decay:
In ſoul & flesh, I am perplext;
  Greef, waſts my life away.
My yeares, with ſigheng, ſhortned are;
  My ſight, to faile beginns:
My bones conſume, my ſtrength doth wear;
  And, al is for my ſinns.
5 My ſcornefull foes do me vpraid;
  My neighbours, more then they:
My freinds, to ſee me are afrayd,
  And, far they fly away.
As one long dead, (vnthought vpon)
  Ev'n pot-ſherd like, I fare.
I ſlander'd am of many a one,
  And, round me, terrors are.
6 Yet (when to take my life fro me
  They plotts againſt me layd)
Relieng ſtill, oh Lord, on thee,
  Thou art my God, I ſayd,
Thou know'ſt the times, when me to take
  From my perſueng foes:
Therfor, to me (for mercie ſake)
  Thy cheerfull face diſcloſe.
7 Lord, let me not be made aſham'd,
  Becauſe, thy help I crave:

But

But, let the wicked be deſam'd,
  And, ſilenc'd in the grave.
Their lieng lips, for ever cloſe,
  Who murmur in deſpight,
Diſdainfull words, in ſcorne of thoſe,
  Whoſe courſes are vpright.
8 Oh! what great favours wilt thou ſhew,
  To ſuch as honor thee.
And bring to paſſe, in publike vewe,
  For them that faithfull be?
Thy ſecret preſence ſhal prevent
  The Tyrants hautie wrongs;
And, they ſhall in thy privie-tent
  Avoyd the ſtrife of tongues.
9 Praiſe God; for, when I raſh lie thought,
  That I quite loſt had binn;
Me, to a warlike Towne he brought,
  And, honord me therein.
My ſuites, & cries, he likewiſe heard:
  Yee ſaints of his, therfore,
The Lord your God, with good regard,
  Love, honor, & adore.
10 The faithfull, he doth keep from harme,
  And their proud foes contemn.
Be bolde: & he your harts will arme
  Who put your truſt in him.

*Our ſinns (oh* Lord) *bring on vs many great afflictions: They conſume our* fleſh, *blinde our* eyes, *rott our* bones, *fright our* harts, *& afflict our* conſciences: *They cauſe vs to bevprayded, ſcorned, betrayed, & perſecuted, by our* foes; *They make vs to be envyed, contemned, reproched, & abuſed among our* neighbours; *They occaſion, that we are miſcenſured, forſakē, yea & forgotten of our beſt affected* freinds; *and (which is worſt of all) they bring on vs thy*

 diſplea-

diſpleaſure, *&c make vs almoſt deſperatly to forſake thee. Deliver vs (oh deliver vs) from theſe* evills: *but eſpecially from the* ſinns *which occaſion them. Thou art our ſole refuge, &c the God into whoſe hands we have committed our* ſpirits: *So embolden vs therfor, in thy* grace, *that we, &c the reſt of thy* Saints *(ſeeing how great favours thou beſtoweſt on all them that fear thee) may praiſe thy* Name, *for ever &c ever,* Amen.

Pſa. 32.

A Pſalm of David Maſchil. *It shewes the free forgivenes of ſinn by grace,* Rom, 4. 6. *The danger of hidinge, the benifit of confeſsing our ſinns, and the powre of timely prayer; It exhorts alſo, that we do not brutishly abuſe the grace of God &c,* It ſhould be ſung, to remember vs of Gods mercies, *&c* of theſe duties, &c.

A Bleſt eſtate, that man is in
Whoſe crimes the Lord forgives, & hides:
Ev'n he, to whome God laies no ſinn,
And in whoſe hart no fraud abides.
Till I, my faults, did open lay,
My bones with paine were tired out:
Thy hand oppreſt me night and day,
And, I became like Summers drought.
2 My Treſpas, I reveald therfore:
I ſhewd my ſecret faults to thee;
And vowd to hide my ſinns no more:
So, thou, their guilt forgaveſt me.
For this: the Iuſt, on thee ſhall call,
At ſeaſons when thou maiſt be found:
And he ſhall have no harme at all,
Though mighty Flouds encloſe him round.
3 Thou art, oh Lord, my hiding-place,
Wherein, (when peril greateſt growes)

From

From dangers, thou ſhalt me releaſe,
And, me with ſongs of health encloſe. *(Selah.)*
*Thus, thou doſt alſo ſeem to ſay:*
I will inſtruct thee with mine eye,
And, ſo inform thee in the way;
That thou ſhalt never walk awrie.
4 Then, be not like the Horſe or Mule,
That void of vnderſtanding be;
Which thou with Bitt, & Raines, muſt rule,
Leſt, els, they fling, or fall on thee.
The Sinners plagues grow more & more;
But, they finde grace, who truſt in God.
Let juſt, & righteous men therſore,
With Shouts, proclaime theyr joye, abrode.

*It is not, oh gratious* Redeemer, *our* Innocencie, *or any good which of our ſelves we can performe, that iuſtifies vs in thy ſight; but thy* free grace, *thy* hiding, *&ᵃ thy* not-imputing *our ſinns. That, which thou expecteſt &ᵃ acceptest from vs, toward the procuring of this favour, is nothing els but humble* ſoules, *contrite* ſpirits, *vnfaigned* harts, *&ᵃ ſincere* confeſſions; *which, thou thy ſelf alſo, muſt prepare &ᵃ help perfect in vs, or we shall never perform them: no, though al the dangers &ᵃ torments of the world were before our eies. Take therfor, from vs, our brutish ignorance; curb our head-ſtrong* wilfulnes; *Rain our vnbridled* appetites; *inſtruct vs, by thy favorable aſpect; &ᵃ, ſo guide vs by the bridle of* reaſon, *&ᵃ religeous awe; that (we being governed according to thy* will*) thou mayſt be found of vs in all troubles, at all ſeaſons; &ᵃ, we reioice in thy mercy, for ever &ᵃ ever,* Amen.

Pſa. 33.

*It exhorts to praiſe* God; *declares who are moſt obliged therevnto; In what manner we should performe this dutie, &ᵃ for*

*& for what principall cauſes &c.* We ſhould often uſe it to put vs in minde how much we are obliged to praiſe God, &c.

YE Righteous, in the Lord reioice :
For, praiſe with Godly men doth ſute :
Praiſe God with Pſaltry, Harpe, & Voice,
And on the twice-five-ſtringed Lute,
To him, new ditties, ſing & play ;
And tune them to the loudeſt kay.
2 For, God is righteous in his word,
His Actions, ful of truth appear :
His Bounty, all the world hath ſtorde :
His Darlings, Truth, & Iuſtice are.
The Heav'ns were form'd when he but ſpake ;
His breath, did all their Armies make.
3 The ſeas huge waves, aloft he rear'd,
The Deeps, as vp in ſtore, he layd :
Oh ! let him through the world be fear'd,
And make Earths-dwellers all afraide.
For, his Commandings are fulfill'd ;
And all is done as he hath will'd.
4 God, makes the Gentiles proiects vaine,
And, brings the Peoples plotts to nought :
But, his decrees, for aye remaine,
And, everlaſting is his thought.
Moſt ſurely bleſt therefore are thoſe,
Whome for his owne, the Lord hath choſe.
5 For, God from heav'n doth caſt his eye,
The Sonn's of meu to veiwe & knowe :
Yea, from his dwelling-place on high,
He marketh all on earth belowe :
Their hearts, alike, he ſhapeth to,
And heeds, ev'n ev'ry work they do.
6 Great Armies cannot ſave a kinge,

No

No ſtrong-mans powre his life preſerves,
The ſtrength of horſe, vaine ſuccours bringe;
But, thoſe who fear him, God obſerves:
And, whoſoe're on him depends,
From dearth, & death, he them defends.
7 Our ſoul vpon the Lord ſhall waite,
Who hath our ſheild & ſhelter binn;
And, he ſhall be our harts delight;
Becauſe, his Name, we truſted in.
Oh! let vs Lord, ſtill ſuccour'd be,
As we repoſe our truſt in thee.

*Bleſſed* God! *at thy* word *al things were created, & by thy* providence *they are ſtil governed. Thou haſt faſhioned the harts of all men, to be in ſome meaſure capable of thy* grace; *& obſerveſt how they emploie that* Talent. *Thy eternal* decree *remaines firme; & therfor, theie whome thou* chuſeſt *ſhall be bleſſed for ever. Neither their owne ſtrength, nor any powre (but thine) is able to keep them ſafe: Thou therfor, on whome their ſoul waiteth, ſhalt prevent the* famine *of that which is the meanes of their* preſervation; *& therby, keep them from* totall *or* final-falling. *Lord, make vs, to reioice in this vnſpeakable* mercie. *Encreaſe our* faith, *& continue vs in the meanes whereby we are to make our* Election *ſure. VVe beleeve it is alreadie granted; & yet we praie for it, becauſe it is our dutie; & becauſe we cannot chuſe but praie for that, which we beleeve, & hope, to obtaine, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord,* Amen.

Pſa. 34.

A Pſalme of David when he changed his behaviour before Abimeleck, who drove him away & he departed. *It ſeems to typefy Chriſt, who being (as it were) diſguiſed by taking our nature, & infirmities, became therby contemptible to the great-ones of the world.* We ſhould ſing it to

it to praiſe God, for diſcovering to vs, what is hid from the worldly wiſe, &c.

NOw ſhall the Lords, eternal praiſe,
The ſubiect of my ſong be made:
My Soul ſhall ſing it, all her daies;
The meek ſhall hear it, & be glad.
Let others come, & ready be,
To ioine in praiſing of his Name:
For, when I cti'de, he helped me;
And kept away my feared blame.
2 He lightneth ſuch as him obſerve,
And, no diſgrace vpon them falls:
He heares the pore, and will preſerve
From all his troubles, when he calls.
His Angell-gards, will them encloſe,
Who, of his God head, awfull be:
Therfor, his goodnes, vnto thoſe
Who truſt in him, come Taſt, & See.
3 Yea, fear the Lord, yee Saints of his:
For, he to ſuch will al things grant.
The Lions whelps their food may miſſe,
But, they that ſerve him, nothing want.
Yee Children come, attention give;
And I will teach th'Almighties ſeare,
How, yee long time on earth may live,
And, gaine a bleſſed-being, here.
4 Your tongues from ſlandrous words preſerve,
Diſſembling, let your lipps eſchewe;
Ill deeds avoid, good works obſerve,
Seek peace, & after it perſue.
For, God beholdeth ſuch as thoſe,
And heares the Righteous when they pray:
But, wicked men he doth oppoſe,
And, roots their Name & Fame away.

5 The

5 The Lord, will hear the Righteous crie;
From dangers he will them aſſure;
He, to the broken hart is nigh,
And, wounded Spirits, he will cure.
Although the Iuſt hath many greeves,
The Lord ſo helps, that they are gone;
In all his troubles, him releeves,
And keeps him ſound, in ev'rie bone.
6 By ſinn, the ſinners death is wrought:
He ſhall not thrive, that hates the Iuſt.
But, God his ſervants lives hath bought;
And, faileth none that in him truſt.

*Hear vs oh merciful* God, *in our preſent neceſſities, and preſerve vs from thoſe future evills which we may iuſtlie fear. Enlighten our* vnderſtandings, *rectifie our* affections, *guide our* tongues, *ſanctifie our* actions, *cure our deſeaſed* bodies, *& heal our wounded* ſoules. *Let thine* Angells, *gard vs; let thine owne* eyes, *watch over vs; and let vs be ſo inſtructed in thy* fear; *that when our lion-like* adverſaries *are emptie, we maie be filled with thy* goodnes, *& delighted in thy* ſweetnes: *Grant, alſo, that when their memorial perisheth, we (being preſerved ſound both in* ſoul *&* body) *may enioie the promiſed bleſſing of* long-life, *even of* life-eternall *in thy heavenlie* kingdom, *for ever & ever*, Amen.

*Another of the ſame.*

AT al tymes with my tongue I'le bleſſe the Lord;
To ſing of him I never will forbear,
But, in my Soul, his praiſe with mirth record;
And publiſh what the meek ſhall ioy to hear.
Come, therfor, helpe his praiſes to declare;
To magnify his Name, let vs agree.
Diſcharg'd I was, by him, of all my fear;

And

And, when his ayde I ſought, he ayded me.
Enlightned are their eyes that look on him;
And, no diſgrace or ſhame, or thoſe cann fall:
For, he in all their troubles helpeth them;
And hears the pore, when he on him doth call.
God's Angell-gards, round thoſe that fear him, be
Encamped ſtill to keep them from their Foes.
His greatnes, and his goodnes, taſt, & ſee;
For, all are bleſt, who truſt in him repoſe.
In him, let all his Saints, confine their fear;
For, povertie from ſuch reſtrained is.
Kept hungry, oft, the whelps of Lions are,
But, they who fear the Lord, no goodnes miſſe.
Let me from you (yee babes) attention gaine;
That, I the fear of God to you may ſhowe.
Mark alſo this (all yee that would attaine
Long life on earth, & happie daies, to knowe)
No ſland'rous tales envre your tongues to tell;
And, let your lipps diſſembling ſpeach eſchewe:
Of wicked words beware; Vprightly deal;
Enquire our Peace, & after it perſue.
Plac'd are Gods eyes, vpon the Righteous race;
He to their cries, an open ear doth lay:
Quite oppoſite to ſinners, is his face;
And from the land, he rootes their name away.
Right willingly, the Lord inclines his ear,
To hear, & ſave the righteous, when they cry.
Sinn-wounded ſoules, & harts that broken are,
He never ſhunns; but, vnto ſuch is nigh.
Though many greefs, vpon the Godly fall,
The Lord, will ev'ry one of them remove.
Vnbroke, ev'n all his bones, preſerve he ſhall;
But, ſinn, the death of ſinful men ſhal prove.
Whoe ſo doth hate the Iuſt, ſhall hated be,

For

For, God his faithful ſervants wil redeem,
Yea, all their ſoules from thral he ſetteth free,
And leaveth none, that put their truſt in him.

Pſa. 35.

A Pſalm of David. *It containes divers petitions, & prophetical Imprecations, concerning the Adverſaries of* Chriſt, *& of his members; & perticulerly mentioneth ſome of thoſe miſuſages which he ſuffred by the Iewes &c.* We may properly ſing it, when we commemorate the Paſſion *&c.*

WIth ſuch oh Lord, as me oppoſe,
Vouchſafe to plead my right;
And, pleaſed be to warr on thoſe,
Who now againſt me fight.
Both ſheild & Buckler, take in hand;
Riſe, for my help, I pray:
Bring out the ſpear, & for me ſtand,
In my Perſuers way.
2 Say to my ſoul; Thy health, I am;
And, bring to ſhameful wrack,
All thoſe who ſeek my death or ſhame;
Yea, ſham'd repell them back.
Let them before God's Angell fly,
As chaff, before the winde;
Let them before God's Angel fly.
Through paths, vnſafe & blinde.
3 Since pitts they digg'd; &, therein ſnares
For me, vniuſtly, laid;
Let them be ſlaine at vn-awares,
In their owne trapps, betraide.
Then, Lord, in thee, my ſoul ſhal ioy;
Thy help, my mirth ſhall be:
And, all my bones, oh Lord, ſhal ſay,

That none cann equall thee.
4 Thou ſav'ſt thee pore, & men oppreſt,
From thoſe that are too ſtrong:
Thou free'ſt the pore, who are deſtreſt,
From ſuch as do them wrong.
Falſe witneſſe roſe, & charged me
With words I never ſayd;
And, that my ſoul might ſpoiled be,
They, Good with Ill, repaide.
5 Yet, when great ſicknes them oppreſt,
In ſack-cloth cladd, I mourn'd:
I faſted; &, into my breſt,
My prayers back return'd.
I greev'd for them, as men bemone
A Brother or a Freind;
And ſadly walk'd, as when that one
Bewailes his Mothers end.
6 But, when my greefs did me beſett,
Their Merry-meetings were:
The baſer ſort, in private mett,
And, none did ſcofs forbear.
Yea, at their Feaſts, in mock of me,
The Scorners gnaſh'd their teeth.
No longer, Lord, ſpectator be,
But, ſave my ſoul from death.
7 My Darling, from the Lion ſave:
So, thy great love, oh Lord,
Where many folk their meetings have,
I'le to thy praiſe record.
Oh! let not thoſe who me deſpize,
Deride my pore eſtate;
Or, lear on me with ſcornful eyes,
Whome they vniuſtly hate.
8 They ſeek not Peace, but Projects lay

For

For them that peacefull be :
With gaping mouthes, A H ! H A, ſay they,
Our wiſh, we now do ſee.
Thou ſaw'ſt it ; Therfor, make no pawſe,
Nor abſent, long, abide :
But, wake, ariſe, & let my cauſe
By thee, Lord God, be tri'de.
9 Lord, judge me in thy righteouſnes,
That they deride not me ;
And ſay in hart, this Fall of his
Is that, which wee would ſee.
Oh ! never give them cauſe to ſay,
We have devour'd him quite ;
But, ſhame, & root them out, for aye,
That in my harme delight.
10 Let them, with ſhame, & ſcorne, be cladd ;
That have my ſoul deſeas'd :
And, let them trivmph & be gladd,
Who in my cauſe are pleaſd.
*The Lord be prais'd*, let all men ſay,
That wiſh thy Servants Peace :
And, with my tougue, I'le all the day,
Extol thy Righteouſnes.

*Oh bleſſed* Redeemer ! *let thy gratious aſsiſtance be alwaies readie to garde vs from the furious malice of our Foes : And, ſeeing their condition is not hidd from thee, let thy iudgments be executed vpon all thoſe who shall continue vnrepentant in their wickednes ; that thy* Juſtice *may be glorified, as wel as thy* Mercie. *Make vs, alſo, mindful (oh Chriſt) from what height of glorie, thou didſt voluntarilie humble thy ſelfe ; to what extream contempt thou wert abaſed ; how vnkindlie, yea, how deſpightfully handled (even by thoſe for whoſe Redemption thou wert pleaſed to deſcend) And, by thy example teach vs to be humble,*

*patient, & charitable in our ſuffrings; that bearing thy* croſſe, *& imitating thy* virtues; *we may be pertakers of thy* exaltation, *who liveſt & raigneſt, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 36.

To the cheef Muſitian, a Pſalm of David the ſervant of the Lord. *It mentions the impiety & corruptions of the wicked. It declareth alſo, the infinite Love, mercie, ſweetnes, & Iuſtice of God &c.* It may be ſung to bring to conſideration, God's goodnes, whē the over-flowings of vngodlines circumvent vs?

MY hart, within me, ſayes;
That, Sinners fear not God:
And, their ſelf-pleaſing courſe, diſplaies
Their hatefull guilt abrode.
Their words, are wicked wiles;
Nor wiſe, nor juſt are they:
Vpon their bedds they ſtudy Guiles,
And, curſed is their way.
2 The heav'ns, thy Mercy fills;
Thy Truth doth reach the ſkye:
Thy juſtice, Lord, or'e-topps the hills,
And, deep thy judgments lie.
Thou ſav'ſt both man & beaſt;
For, Lord, thy grace excells;
And, vnderneath thy wings, in reſt,
Man-kinde ſecurely dwells.
3 With daineties of thy houſe,
They ſhall repleniſh'd be;
And, ſtreames of bliſſe, they ſhall carowſe:
For, Life doth flowe from thee.
Thy light is, Lord, our light:
Therfore (where thou art knowne)

Prolong

Prolong thy grace, that men vpright,
  May make thy works, their owne.
  4 Let not the foot of pride,
  Oppoſe, or hinder me;
Nor let me be remoov'd aſide,
  By hands that wicked be.
  For, thence the overthrowe,
  Of Sinners, firſt begann;
And, when they fell, they fell ſo lowe,
  That, riſe they never cann.

*VVee confeſſe (oh Lord) that by the corruption ſtill remaining in our owne harts, we are plainlie informed, how* Sinn, *being firſt conceived in* thought, *will at laſt break forth into publike* Act, *if thy great Mercie prevent not. Vouchſafe vs, therfor, not onlie thy common* grace, *which thou ſpreadeſt over all; but be pleaſed alſo, to diſplaie over vs, the wings of thy ſpecial* Mercies, *that being nourished in thy houſe with ſpiritual* Banquet *(ſuch as thy* word, *thy* Sacraments, *& the* Illuminations *of thy* Spirit) *we may eſcape the falling into thoſe offēces from which there is no riſing againe; Let thy Saving-grace, be extended alſo to thoſe who yet know thee not, to the multiplieng of thy* Elect, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 37.

A Pſalm of David. *It propoſeth many counſells, & experimental Arguments, to move vs, not to be offended at the Proſperitie of world-lings, & to perſuade a patient perſeverance in well-doing &c.* It is vſefull, to keep vs contented with our eſtates, & hopefull in all temptations, & afflictions &c.

AT Sinners, take thou no offence,
  Nor vex thy ſelf, at ſuch as they:
  For, they ſhall ſoone be ſwept from hence,

And, like the graſſe conſume a way.
Beleeve in God, & live vpright;
So, where thou dwell'ſt, thou ſhalt be fedd:
And, if in him, thou take delight,
Of all thy hopes, thou ſhalt be ſpedd.
Commit thou, to the Lord, thy way;
Truſt him, & all ſhall well be done:
Thy Iuſtice ſhall out-ſhine the day,
Thy judgment, paſſe the ſunn at noone.
Delight in God; his leaſure bide;
And, fret thou not that others thrive;
But, thy diſpleaſure lay aſide;
Leſt, thou offence, by vexing give.
Expect awhile, & thou ſhalt ſee
The wicked fall; & men vpright
Poſſeſſors of the land to be,
When Sinners dwellings vaniſh quite.
For, meek-men ſhall poſſeſſe the land,
And, peace enioy (at full) therein;
Though wicked men, do them withſtand,
Conſpire, & gnaſh their teeth, & grinn,
God, ſees & mocks the Sinners end.
His Blade, in vaine he drawes to ſmite,
He ſhall his Bowe as vainely bend,
To ſlay the pore, & men vpright.
His Blade, ev'n his owne hart ſhall gore;
His bowe ſhall breake; and, that ſmall ſhare
The Right'ous hath, ſhall profit more
Then all their heaps, that wicked are.
It ſhall be foe; becauſe, the Lord
(Who breaks their arme, that are vniuſt)
To Godlie-men, will healps afford,
Which never ſhall deceive their truſt.
Knowne to the Lord, are all their waies;

Their

Their heritage will alwaies laſt.
They ſhall not feare in ev'll-daies:
Nor emptie be, when others Faſt.
Lewd men (& they who parte have tooke
Againſt the Lord) ſhall, then, become
Like fatt of Lambes, or like the ſmoke,
Which melts, or quite away doth fume.
Much, borrowe thoſe; but, never pay.
The Righteous lends, & mercie ſhewes.
Where he doth bleſſe, right bleſt are they;
Where he doth curſe, a curſe enſues.
No courſe he takes, but God will guide
His feet; & in his waye delight:
He falls not quite, although he ſlide;
Becauſe, God holds him, ſtill, vpright.
Olde-age & youth, I now have ſeene,
Yet, ſaw no Iuſt-man, or his ſeed,
Forlorne or begg; For, they have beene
So kinde; that they finde healp, at need.
Proceed thou in this way, therfore,
Depart from Sinn, tread virtues path;
That thou maiſt live for ever more:
For, God, in Iudgment, pleaſure hath.
Quite, roots he out the Sinners race;
But, ſtill, his ſaints preſerved are.
The Land, they fully ſhall poſſeſſe;
And, ſafelie dwell, for ever, there.
Right fitt; for, they diſcreetly talke,
The Lawe of God, they ponder, ſtill,
And in their waies, directly walke;
Though Sinners wait, their life to ſpill.
Still, therfor, God will them defend,
And, clear them, when arraign'd they be.
If thou, likewiſe, on him attend,

God, in the Land, will proſper thee.
The Sinners fall, thine eye ſhall veiwe :
For, I have ſeene them, like the Bay,
Spread wide, and make a goodlie ſhewe
Then, ſuddenly conſume away.
Veiwe thou the Iuſt ; Obſerve them all ;
For, peace their later daies attends :
But, wicked men togither fall ;
And, miſcheef brings them to their ends.
Which comes to paſſe, becauſe the Iuſt,
The Lord (at need) their helper have :
For they in him do put their truſt,
And, them from Sinners, he doth & ſave.

*Almightie* God! *make vs contented with our* portion, *without medling in what appertaines to others. Let not the proſperitie of the wicked, cauſe vs to be envious, fretfull, or diſcouraged; conſidering the ficklenes, & perill of their eſtate: But, give vs grace to be rather carefull, that we diſcharge our owne duties. Make vs* faithfull, chearfull, patient, meek, charitable, prudent, diligent *&* conſtant *in the wayes of well-doeng; that ſo we may be delivered from* deſpaires, ſcornes, ſlanders, conſpiracies, perſecutions, wants, *& all other temporal diſadvantages of this life; & be iuſtified in ſight of the whole world at the* Reſurrection : *where, it will be evident, that the florishings of the* wicked *were never worth our envie; & that (according to thy word) the later end of the* Righteous, *is the beginning of* Bleſſednes, *for ever more.* Amē.

Pſa. 38.

A Pſalme of David to bring to Remembrance. *It is a penitentiall Pſalme, emploring the pacification of God's wrath, & expreſſing our natural miſeries, & corruptions &c.* It is vſefull when we feel the guilt & puniſhment of Sinn, with a true repentance, & harty

harty deſire of pardon *&c.*

LOrd, chide not when thou wroth ſhalt be,
Nor in thy rage, my ſinn chaſtiſe;
For, deep thy ſhafts do ſtick in me,
And, ſtrict, thy hand vpon me lies.
Paines in my fleſh, thy frownes have bredd;
My faults have rob'd my bones of reſt;
My flouds of Sinn, have drown'd my head,
And by their waight I am oppreſt.
2 My wounds corrupt, & foule they growe;
My Crimes have cauſd that thus I fare:
With ſorrowes, I am preſſed lowe;
And, all day long, my mournings are.
My Raines are grip'd, & ſore deſeas'd;
Throughout my body I am ſore:
A waſtinge-greef on me hath ceaſ'd;
And paind at hart, aloud I roare.
3 Oh Lord! thou know'ſt what things I want;
My mournings are not hidd from thee:
My ſtrength decayes, my hart doth pant,
Mine eye-ſight alſo faileth me.
My freinds & kindred, ſhunn my greef;
My lovers, hide themſelves away:
And, they who ſeek to take my life,
Cloſe-engines, to enſnare me, lay.
4 Yea, they who for my harme awaite,
Speake words, that full of miſcheef are:
Yet, how al day they muze deceit,
I (hearing) will not ſeeme to hear.
Nay, I have ſtood, as mute, as he
Whoſe tongue is partcht, whoſe throte is dry,
Whoſe eares depriv'd of hearing be;
And, in whoſe mouth is no replie.
5 For, I oh Lord, on thee relie,

And, anſwere I expect from thee:
Oh! therfor, now attend my crie,
Left els my foes inſult on mie.
For, if my foote but ſlip aſide,
They, in my fall, them ſelves delight;
My feet (alas) are prone to ſlide,
And, ſtill, my greefs are in my ſight.
6 Beholde, for my offence I greeve;
And, my tranſgreſſions I bewaile:
Yet, ſtill, my foes encreaſe & live;
Yea, ſtill, my cauſles-foes, prevaile.
Moreover, they, who render ill
For doeng well; have mee with ſtood,
And, borne me hate for my good-will,
Becauſe, I love the thing that's good.
7 Lord, go not far, therfore, from hence;
From me, my God! depart not farr:
But, make thou ſpeed in my defence;
Becauſe, from thee, my ſuccours are.

*Moſt awfull* God! *dreadfull is thy frown when we beholde thee angrie for Sinn: lothſome are our ſinns, when they appeare to a wounded conſcience: & vnſufferable our afflictions when our conſciences accuſe vs: VVe have ſinned, oh Lord, (we have ſinned) and are therfor tormented both in ſoul & bodie: yet, we beſeech thee deal not with vs according to our ſinns; but, for thy mercie-ſake vouchſafe vs a favorable correction, & thoſe remedies & conſolations which thou knoweſt beſt for our infirmities: VVhē thou art offended, our foes are not only miſcheevous vexations, but our kindred alſo forſake vs; our beſt beloved freinds afflict vs; & (which is yet more) we our ſelves are our owne tormentors. VVhatſoever therfor, betides vs (or whoſoever is iniurious) wee have nothing to replie, nor any to accuſe, but our ſelves. Oh! pittie our diſtempers, hear vs, help vs, & deliver vs, for the bitter*

*bitter paſſion ſake of* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 39.

To the cheef Muſitian to Iduthun a pſalme of David. *The Prophet reſolves a patient watchfulnes over the tongue; Bemoanes the vanitie, & miſerie of mankinde & petitions for God's mercie, &c.* It may ſerve to inſtruct & comfort vs, during the provocations of the wicked, & in other afflictions.

I Vow'd to keep my waies vpright,
And, that in words, I none would wrong.
While ſinners were, therfore, in ſight,
I ſhut my lipps, & ſtayd my tongue:
What er'e they ſayd, I ſilent ſtood;
Refraining words, though they were good.
2 But, greefs did then to ſtirr beginn,
Which, hot in me, my hart did make;
My thoughts inflam'd a fire within,
Which loos'd my tongue, & then I ſpake.
Lord, of my end, informe thou me;
And, what my dayes, & frailties, be.
3 For, loe, my life is but a ſpann;
It ſeems as nothing, in thine eyes:
Ev'n at his beſt, moſt vaine is man,
And, like the ſhade away he flies.
He tires himſelf, with needles paines,
And knowes not who ſhall reap his gaines.
4 On thee, therefore, I do attend;
My truſt, oh Lord, I place on thee.
From all my ſinns, my ſoul defend;
From flouting-fooles, preſerve thou mee:
For, I forbare to ſpeak a word,
Becauſe, it was thy doeng, Lord.
5 Thy hand, with blowes, doth me afflict;
Oh! take thy heavie ſtrokes away.

When

When thou for ſinn doſt man correct,
Thou, Moth-like fretſt their Forme awaie.
  Therfore, no cauſe of doubts remaine,
  That ev'ry man is wholie vaine.
6 Lord, hear my ſuite; my criengs hear;
Let not my teares vnmention'd goe:
For, as thy Gueſts, my Fathers were,
(And ſtrangers here) ev'n I am ſoe.
  Oh! ſpare, & grant me ſtrength, I pray,
  Before I paſſe from hence, for aye.

*Give vs Grace, oh* Lord, *that our tongues neither offend, by vndiſcreet or evill ſpeakings, nor by continueng ſilent whē we ought to ſpeake. Remember vs how short and vaine our lives are, & how foolish it is to wearie our ſelves, & conſume our time, for that which we may never enioy; looſing, in the meane while, aſſured bleſſings. Enable vs to ſuſtaine the* croſſe *(which thou shalt lay vpon us) without repininge, & lay no more on vs then thou shalt make vs able to beare. Deliver vs from the ſcorne of* fooles; *but eſpeciallie, from thoſe tranſgreſſions, by which our* beauty *is conſumed. Mark our* teares, *hear our* cries, *and ſpare vs in this our* pilgrimage, *vntill we have ataine the ſtrength by which we may ſtand firm in thy favour, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 40.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It is applied vnto Chriſt,* Hebr. 10. *It praiſeth God for our Redemption, declares the abolishing of the* Ceremonial Law, *the obedience of Chriſt, & the preaching of the Goſpell, &c.* It is vſefull to commemorate Chriſts obedience; to give praiſe for former deliverances, & to pray for future preſervation.

MY conſtant hopes on God are ſett,
Who, when I cride, gave eare to me:

He

He brought me from the myrie-pitt:
Ev'n from the denn, where horrors be.
  Vpon a Rock, my feet he plac't;
  He ſetled there, my ſtanding faſt.
2 And, that his praiſe I might declare,
A new-made ſong, to me he taught;
Which many men ſhall hear, with fear,
And, to depend on God, be brought.
  For, they, who truſt in him, are bleſt:
  And, they who pride & lies, deteſt.
3 Thoſe wonders, Lord, which thou haſt wrought;
Thoſe things (my God) ſo many are
Which thou concerning vs haſt thought;
That none cann them to thee declare:
  O Lord! to order them to thee,
  Is far too great a task for me.
4 No offrings thou doſt now require,
But, only, that thy words I hear:
No Sacrifize conſum'd in fire,
By thee, for ſinns, deſired are.
  Then, Loe, *(I ſayd)* I come, to be
  That, which thy *Book* foretold of me.
5 I ioy to do thy will, oh God!
Thy Law, is in my hart enrowld;
And, Lord, thy Iuſtice, all abrode,
In great Aſſemblies, I have tolde.
  Thou know'ſt my lipps thy Truth reveald;
  And, that my hart hath nought conceald.
6 I, made thy faithful-dealing knowne;
I, did thy ſaving-health declare:
I have not kept thy Love vnſhowne,
Nor hidd thy Truth, where hearers were.
  Therfor, to me thy mercy ſhowe;
  Thy Truth, & Love, Lord, make me know.

7 For,

7 For, miſcheeves more then cann be tolde,
Have now enclos'd me round about;
My ſinns, on me have layd ſuch holde,
There is no place of looking out:
  Their number doth my haires out goe,
  And, therfor, faint my hart doth growe.
8 Oh Lord! vouchſafe my life to ſave,
With ſpeed oh God! aſſiſt I pray;
That they with ſhame, a fall may have,
Who ſeek to take my Soul away:
  Let thoſe that wiſh amiſſe to me,
  With ſhame & ſcorne, repelled be.
9 With rooting-out, thoſe men requite,
(And paie them with deſerved ſhame)
Whoe in thoſe words of ſcorne delight,
Which bring on me, diſgrace, or blame.
  But, give him ioy in his deſires,
  Who after thee, oh Lord, enquires.
10 Let them who love thy ſaving-health,
Confeſſe thee Lord, for evermore:
For, thou art mindfull of my wealth,
And, heedeſt me, though I am pore.
  Lord God my helper, make thou ſpeed,
  To help me, ſtill, at ev'rie need.

*Allmightie* God, *by whoſe divine powre,* Ieſus Chriſt *was raiſed out of the myrie* pitt *of the* Grave, *& with tryvmph aſcended from the* Dungeons *of* Hell, *into the higheſt heavens: Grant, that by his example we may continually offer vp the ſweet, & ever acceptable* Sacrifize, *of* Obedience *to thy* Will. *VVrite thy* Lawe *in our* Harts; *Let our* Tongues *publish thy* Righteouſnes, *& thy* Truth, *to all the world. And, though our manyfold Sinns make vs vnworthy of thy grace, yet deliver vs from that shame & punishmēt which they deſerve, that our* Foes *may be diſappointed*

*pointed of their hope; & that, we, (together with all thy* Saints) *may ioyfully confeſſe thy great Mercie, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſal. 41.

To the cheef Muſitian, a Pſalm of David. *It declares the reward of Charitie towards, the pore members of Chriſt; expreſſeth the Hypocriſy of his foes; Beſeecheth God's aſſiſtance, & praiſeth him for our exaltation by Chriſt.* It is vſefull, for theſe purpoſes aforementioned. *&c.*

THe man is bleſt that heeds the pore,
From dangers, God will him repreeve;
He will preſerve his life, therefore,
And, vnto him preferment give.
The Lord, will gard him from his foes,
When him they labour to ſurpriſe;
Refreſh him, when that weak he growes,
And, make his bedd, when ſick he lies.
2 In mercie, cure my ſoul I pray;
For, Lord, ev'n thee, I did offend.
Vile words, of me, my foes do ſay;
And, wiſh my fame & Life, had end.
When me they ſpie, fair ſhowes they make:
But, in their harts my harm deſire;
Which when they come abrode, they ſpeake,
Where all my foes, my wrong conſpire.
5 Some ill deſeaſe hath he (they ſedd)
Hee's downe, & ſhall no more ariſe:
Nay, he whome I have lov'd & ſedd,
(My truſted-freind) did me deſpiſe.
But, help me Lord, & raiſe, me now,
That, I their dealings may requite.
I ſhall thereby, thy favour knowe,

If

If thou prevent my Foes deſpight.
6 Thou doſt maintaine my Righteouſnes,
And, in thy ſight ſtill placeſt me:
The Lord, the God of Iſr'el bleſſe;
Oh! let him bleſt for ever be. *Amen. Amen.*

*Infuſe into vs, oh* Chriſt, *ſuch brotherly compaſſion, & ſuch true Charitie toward thy pore members, that we may obtaine all timely conſolations in this life, & be well-comed with* Come yee bleſſed, *at the laſt-day. VVe confeſſe, there is a diſeaſe in our ſoules, diſenabling vs to performe this dutie; and, as wee are neither truly compaſſionate to others, nor faithfull acknowledgers of thy love to vs; So, we finde others iuſtly vnmerciful, in our Afflictions, & encreaſing our vexations, by neglect, conſpiracies, or bitter Cenſures: Yea, they whome wee have cherished & releeved, in their wants & ſorrowes, do vnthanckfully take part with our Oppreſſors. Oh! deliver vs therefor, from our owne vnthanckfulines, & want of charity, that we may be comforted by others, in our need; & become more perfect and conſtant, in all good works, to the praiſe & glory of thy* Name. Amen.

Pſal. 42.

To the cheef Muſitian Maſchill for the Sonns of Chorah. *It miſtically expreſſeth a Chriſtian mans eſtate wandring through the Hopes, Doubts, & Feares, of this life &c.* It is vſefull, when inward or out ward afflictions tempt to deſpaire of God's love; or, when we are hindred from frequenting *his aſſemblies, &c.*

LOrd, as that Hart which water wants,
So, longs, my ſoul for thee:
Eternal God! ſo thirſts & pants
My ſoul, thy face to ſee.
My teares, are day & night my meat:

And,

And, when I hear them ſaie,
*VVhere is thy God?* the greef of it
Conſumes my hart awaie.
2 For, heretofore I went among
Thy folke on holy-dayes;
Them, to thy houſe, I ledd along,
And, there wee ſung thy praiſe.
My Soul, why art thou ſo oppreſt?
In mee, why art thou ſad?
Still, praiſe thou God, & on him reſt;
For, he will make thee glad.
3 My Soul, oh God! is faint in mee,
Yet, thinck on thee I will,
Though *Iordans* land I cannot ſee,
Nor *Hermons* little Hill.
The, deepes vpon each other call,
When thy loud ſtormes deſcend;
And, over me, thy Billowes fall.
But, Lord, thou help wilt ſend.
4 For day & night, I'le ſing & pray
Oh God (my life) to thee:
My God my Rock; to thee, I'le ſay,
Why thus forſak'ſt thou mee?
Why am I ſuffred ſtill to mourne,
Afflicted by my foes?
*VVhere is thy God?* they ſay in ſcorne;
And, through my bones it goes.
5 My ſoul, why art thou ſo oppreſt?
Why art thou ſad in mee?
Stil praiſe thou God; & on him reſt
For; he my God will be.

*How deſirable (oh* Holy-ghoſt the Comforter) *are thy conſolations to afflicted ſouls! & how thirſtely ſwallowed, being mingled with our teares! Our ſinns oft greeve*

*thee; therfor, thou iuſtly greeveſt vs to make vs ſenſible of our vnkindneſſes: Therfore, wee are ſomtime cenſured as Hypocrites; & have all our piety & devotion mentioned with ſcorne, to our vexatiõ: Therfor, miſcheeves like waves, follow vs, one after another; yea, & therfor alſo, our owne conſciences ſo accuſe vs, that wee are ſomtime ſorrowfull to the death, & almoſt deſperate of thy favour. But, bleſſed* Spirit, *ſpeake thou (oh ſpeake thou) comfortably to our ſoules; & to whatſoever outward miſerie thou expoſe vs, (yea though we appear miſerable to our ſelves) be thou ſtill our* God, *& our* Comforter, *that our ſorrowes may at the laſt be turned into ioy, to thy glorie & our everlaſting conſolation.* Amen.

Pſa. 43.

*The* Prophet *prayeth for aſſiſtance, promiſeth to be thanckefull, & concludes, with rowzing vp his deiected Soul to perſevere in praiſing, & relieng on God. It may be ſung, to keep vs vndiſcouraged in our ſpiritual greevances.*

LOrd, judg thou me & plead my right
With ſuch as cruel be;
From wicked men, that vſe deceit
Oh God! deliver met.
For, ſince thou Lord, my fortreſſe art
Why ſhouldſt thou fro me goe?
Why ſhould I walke ſo ſad in hart
Oppreſſed by my foe?
2 Mee, let thy light & Truths bright raies,
Vnto thy dwelling bring:
And, at thine Altars; to thy praiſe
Oh! God my Ioye, I'le ſing.
My Soul, why art thou ſo oppreſt?
Why art thou ſadd in mee?
Still praiſe thou God, & on him reſt:
For he my God will be.

*VVhen*

*VVhen our ſoules are afflicted, expoſe vs not (oh* God*) to ſuffer longe, the ſcornes of our Adverſaries; nor leave vs to the terror of thoſe cruel iudgements which our owne conſciences do often pronounce againſt vs: But, when wee are moſt ſeverely iudged by the world, & by our owne ſelves, doe thou abſolve vs. Depart not from vs, when wee are compaſſed about with iniuries, neither give vs over to thoſe melancholy cogitations which will oppreſſe our harts when ſorrowe hath entred into our ſoules. But, let the truth of thy* promiſes, *& the light of thy* countenance, *ſo appeare to vs, that we may be revived thereby; to the encreaſe & continuance of our conſolation; and, that (depending alwaies on thee as our ſole comforter) we may magnifie thy Name for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 44.

To the Cheef Muſitian, for the Sonns of Chorah, *The Church pleads for God's mercie, becauſe hee is her auncient deliverer; & becauſe he is yet, her only Truſt, though shee hath long ſuſtained the ſcornes & oppreſſions of Tyrants, &c.* It may be vſed, when the Church or commonwealth is afflicted, *&c.*

Oh God! thy work's in Ages paſt
  Wee heard our fathers tell:
How, thou the Gentiles forth didſt caſt,
  And, broughtſt them there to dwell.
For, nor their ſword nor Arme it was
  By which that land they gaind
But, Lord, thy hand, thyne arme, thy grace,
  And favour, them ſuſtain'd.
2 Oh Lord my God, my king thou art,
  Thy *Iacob*, ſtill, defend,
And, we ſhall thoſe through thee ſubvart
  That harme to vs intend.

Wee through thy Name ſhall tread them lowe,
  That vs reſiſt, oh Lord;
For, I depend not on my bowe,
  Nor truſt I to my ſword.
2 Wee from our foes were kept by thee,
  And thou didſt work them ſhame:
In thee therfore, much joy'd were wee
  And, wee did praiſe thy Name.
Yet, now diſgrac'd, thou throw'ſt vs by;
  Our Hoaſt thou doſt forſake:
Before our foes, thou mak'ſt vs fly
  And, ſpoiles from vs they take.
4 Thou makeſt vs the Gentiles meat,
  And, vs like ſheep they ſlaie;
We, ſcattred, & for ſale, are ſett
  To thoſe, who nothing paie.
At vs our neighbours laugh & ieer,
  Of vs, they proverbs make:
The people round vs, mock & flear;
  At vs, their heads they ſhake.
5 Diſgrace is alwaies in my ſight;
  And, redd with ſhame, I grow,
To hear the ſcornfull words of ſpight,
  And, railings of my foe:
Yet, wee, oh Lord, forget not thee,
  Nor from thy cov'nant ſtray;
Nor changed in our harts are we,
  Nor gone out of thy way.
6 Nay, though (oppreſt, in death's black ſhade)
  Wee lodg'd with Dragons, lie:
Thy Name, wee not forgotten had,
  Nor to ſtrang Gods did crie.
Yea Lord, thou know'ſt (who know'ſt each thought)
  That, daylie, for thy ſake,

We

We fare like ſheep, to ſlaughter brought
  And, ſo our deaths wee take.
7 Lord, wake, & riſe; why ſleepſt thou ſo!
  Reiect vs no for aye.
Why ſhouldſt thou diſreſpect our woe,
  And hide thy face away?
Behold, ev'n to the duſt wee make
  Our ſoules & bodies bend:
Redeem vs for thy mercie ſake;
  Ariſe, & vs defend.

*Deliver vs, oh* Lord, *from all our adverſaries: & make vs to be ſtill mindfull what wee have aunciently heard concerning thee, from others; & what experience we our ſelves have had of thy iudgments and Mercies, from time to time: that, neither our proſperities make vs arrogate any thing to our ſelves, nor our Afflictions or perſecutions cauſe vs to blaſpheame, or forget thee. Yea, though we ſhould become the ſcorne & laughing-ſtock of our Neighbours, a prey to our foes, & be alwaies as the ſheep appointed for ſlaugher; yet, keep vs vnchanged in the true* Religeon, *& in our* love *to thee: That, thou (to whome both our outward* Trialls, *& our inward* ſinceritie, *is ever knowne) mayſt in due time, help & ſave vs whome thou haſt redeemed, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord,* Amen.

Pſa. 45.

To the Cheef Muſitian vpon Shoſannim for the Sonns of Chorah Maſchil. *It is, as it were, Chriſt's marriage-ſong, and ſetts forth the glorie of that bridegroome & of his Spouse.* It is vſefull to ſtir vp our ſpirituall affection to Chriſts, &c.

MY tongue ſhall prompt the writers penn,
My thoughts of thee, oh King! to tell:
For, thou excellſt the Sonns of men;

And, on thy lipps, all graces dwell.
God, wil thee bleſſe, for evermore.
Great Conquerour, vnto thy ſide,
With honor, gird thy ſword, therefore,
  And, forward in thy Triumphs ride.
2 Thy Righthand ſhall, by deeds vpright,
(By Truth, & Meeknes) wonders doe:
Thy ſhafts, thy foes, to death ſhall ſmite,
And make the people ſerve thee to.
Eternal is thy Throne of ſtate;
Thy Scepter, from all wrong is free;
Thou Iuſtice lov'ſt, thou Sinn doſt hate;
  And therfor, God anointed thee.
3 Yea, thine owne God, thy head anoints,
Ev'n with his oyle of Ioyfulnes;
And, thee (above thy Mates) appoints,
The place of Sov'raigne to poſſeſſe.
The pretious Robes, which thou put'ſt on
Of *Aloes*, *Caſſia*, & of *Mirrh*,
Smell round about thine yv'rie throne,
  When, they thy hart have cheared, there.
4 Kings daughters, have at all times bene
Among thy Maides of honour, found:
And, at thy righthand, ſtands the Queene,
In *Ophir* gold, arayd, & crown'd.
Hear, daughter, & my words reſpect;
Forget thy fathers kindred, now:
And, that the king may thee affect,
  Him, for thy Lord, acknowledg thou.
5 Then, ſhall the Daughters come from *Tyre*,
And, bring rich preſents vnto thee;
The wealthy, ſhall thy grace deſire,
And, Suitors, for thy favours be.
The Daughter of the King, doth wear

An

An vpper garment wrought with gold :
But, if her in-ſide ſhould appear,
You, all perfections would behold.
6 Her, to the kinge, preſent they ſhall,
In Robes which are by needels wrought ;
Ev'n with her fellowe Virgines all,
(Attending her) ſhee ſhall be brought.
They ſhall into his pallace come,
With ioyfull hart, & merry chear :
And, ſhee, ſhall in her fathers Roome,
To be her comforts, Children bear.
7 Great Kings, (on earth) ſhee, them ſhall make ;
And, cauſe, that men in future daies,
Such notice of her Name ſhall take,
That nations all, ſhall ſing her praiſe.

*Moſt amiable* Bridegroome *of our ſoules, (whoſe excellencies ravish, with ſpirituall affections, all thoſe who cann apprehend the beamings of thy maieſty, with true faith.) Proceed on, in the manifeſtation of thy powre; Enflame our harts by the viſion of thy* perfections ; *make our perſons acceptable by the reflection of thy* beauties ; *enrich vs outwardly with the goldē embroideries of* goodworks ; *adorne vs inwardly with the Iewells of* Divine graces ; *and let thy* holie-Spirit *bring vs vnto thee, acompanied with ſo many vnpoluted Affections ; that, thou maieſt take pleaſure in our comelines ; and, that we, forgetting our carnall deſires, (and wholie renouncing our ſelves) may have our full contentation in thy dear embraces ; and enioy all the priveledges belonging to thy* Spouze, *for ever and ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 46.

To the cheef Muſitian for the ſonns of Chorah, a ſong vpon Alamoth. *It expreſſeth on Aſſurance of*

*God's protection, & the reaſons thereof, with an exhortation alſo, to give notiſe of God's powre.* It is vſefull to vs, for thoſe purpoſes, &c.

GOd, is my ſtrength, when dangers are;
A ready healp approved:
Therfore, wee would not ſtand in feare,
Though all the world were mooved.
No, though the Flouds had flowed-o're
The higheſt earthlie dwellings;
And Seas did make the hillie ſhore,
To tremble at their ſwellings. (*Selah.*)
2 There is a River, which doth glad
The place where God reſideth;
And, happie is that Cittie made,
Becauſe, he there abideth.
Her, vn-remoov'd, & firme to ſett,
He, timelie vndertaketh;
And, though Realmes rave, & heathens frett,
Earth melts, when he but ſpeaketh.
3 The Lord of hoaſts, our part will take;
Vs, *Iacobs* God, protecteth. (*Selah.*
Oh come therefore, & notiſe take
What wonders God effecteth:
What waſt, & ſpoiles, when he ſhall pleaſe,
Among mankinde he ſendeth;
And, how he makes, both warr & peace,
As far as land extendeth.
4 He cuts the ſpear, he breakes the bowe,
And, he the Charret fireth:
*Be ſtill*, ſaith hee, & alſo, know
Your God the ſame requireth.
I will divulge my ſame abrode
To ev'ry ethnick Nation.
The Lord of Hoaſts, ev'n *Iacobs* God,

(With

(With vs) is our Salvation. (*Selah*)

*No diſtruſt have our ſoules, oh* Lord, *of thy loving protection; yet when the contract betwixt thee & vs was firſt published, the whole world of our enimies raged at our preferment; & all the Corruptions of our Nature did furiouſly oppoſe our vnion: And, but that wee were ſtrengthned by thy continuall preſence (& refreshed by the ever-flowing River of thy grace) they had shaken (& perhaps overthrown) our Conſtancie. Oh! continue thy aſsiſtance to our comfort, & their further vexation. Protect vs from every evill; confirm vs in all goodnes; and ſo break the weapons & engines of vngodlines; that, all the world may extoll thy works, &, wee continue, for ever, in thy Salvation, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord* Amen.

Pſa. 47.

To the cheef Muſitian, a Pſalme for the Sonns of Chorah. *It provoketh to reioicinge, for the Aſcention of Chriſt; praiſeth him, for ſubiecting the world to his ſpiritual dominion; & for vniting Iewes & Gentiles &c.* VVee should vſe it to thoſe purpoſes.

TO God, all people, ioyfullie
  Clapp hands, with exultation;
For, dreadfull is the Lord, moſt high,
  Great king of ev'ry Nation.
He, vnto vs, by his great powre,
  Much people hath ſubjected;
And, made our heritage, the flowre
  Of *Iacob*, his elected. (*Selah*)
2 With trumpets, & with merry noiſe,
  Is God the Lord aſcended:
Oh! let him be (with joyfull voice)
  In ſongs of praiſe, commended.
Of God our kinge, the praiſe now ſing;

Sing praiſe, & honour do him.
The Lord, of all the world is king;
Sing praiſe, with knowledge, to him.
3 God ſitts vpon his holy throne
Or'e all the Gentiles raigninge;
And, calleth ev'ry willing-one,
To *Iacobs* God pertaininge.
For, vnto God (whome ev'rie tongue
With high applauſe commendeth)
The worlds protection doth belonge;
And, he the ſame defendeth,

Eternal Sonn God, *great in powre, terrible in Iudgment, King of Kings & Lord of Lords; who ſitting on the right-hand of thy Father, haſt ſubiected the world to thy* Dominion, *& elected vnto thy ſelfe out of all Nations thoſe* willing-ones *who are obedient to thy* Call. *Oh grant, that wee may not hide thy* Talent, *or belie thy bountie, (by their perſwaſions, who tell vs that,* thou expecteſt to reap where thou ſowedſt not) *but, let vs thanckfully, acknowledge thy* Common grace: *VVhen we are particulerly called, let vs runn vnto thee by thy aſsiſting Spirit; & obtain that ſpeciall Favour, which makes a ſure* Election, *and from which there is no* falling. *So, we ſhall ſee that* Truth, *at which ſo many ſtumble; & with cheerfull harts & triumphant voices, aſcribe our Salvation, wholy, to thee; & all honor, & powre, & glory, to thy Maieſty, now & for ever more.* Amen.

Pſa. 48.

A Pſalm & ſonge for the Sonns of Chorah. *It extolls the Lord, & the place of his dwelling; confeſſeth his mercy, his Bounty, & exhorts others to conſider & publish he ſame.* Wee, above many other Nations, ſhould vſe this, to praiſe God for our Syon, *&c.*

The

THe Lord is great, & great his Fame
Should in his holy mountaine be:
For, *Syon* is a goodly Frame;
The praiſe of all the world, is ſhee.
Shee north-ward ſtands, & ſhee doth hight
The Cittie of the King of might.
2 The Lord, is knowne to be her garde;
For, when great kings againſt her came,
They much admir'd; admiring, feard;
And, fearing, fledd away with ſhame:
Ev'n with ſuch pangs, & ſuchlike feare,
As women that in travaile are.
3 For, thou, didſt raiſe an Eaſterne winde,
Which all the ſhipps of *Tarſus* brake:
And, Lord of Hoaſts, now true we finde,
What others of thy Cittie ſpake:
Yea, wee have heard, & now wee ſee,
That, God will ſtill her keeper be. (*Selah*)
3 Within thy Temple, wee oh God,
Vpon thy loving-kindnes thought;
Thy Name is published abrode;
With Juſtice, thy Right-hand is fraught:
And, in thy Iudgments, *Syon* ſhall
Reioice, with *Iudah's* daughters all.
Through *Syon* goe; about her walke,
Her Bullworks marke, her Turrets heed;
That, of her beauties you may talke
And, tell her glories to your ſeed:
For, God in life will be our guide;
And, in our death, our God abide.

*Thou art worthy oh* Lord God, *to receive honor, & praiſe & powre; for, thou haſt beautified, & ſoe fortified thy* Cittie *the* Catholick Church; & thy *auncient promiſes concerning her, are ſo gratiouſlie fulfilled, that many*

*ny famous Nations, Kingdomes & potentates, (who deſpiſed & oppoſed her ſmall beginning) having, ſince, vewed her (with reverence terror & admiration) are driven back from their Idolatries & ashamed of their malitious Intentions. Make vs oh God! faithfull Citizens of this thy* Citty, *& delighted, ſo to obſerve & publish the beauties & priveledges thereof, that the number of her inhabitants may be increaſed, & that wee & they, may there live, vnder they protection, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 49.

To the Cheef Muſitian a Pſalm for the Sonns of Chorah. *It declares the common vanity, & the folly of men in honor &c.* It is vſefull, to comfort the weak Chriſtian againſt the ſcandalls of the croſſe; & ſtrengthens him that is offendeth at the proſperities of the wicked *&c.*

YEe dwellers all on earth, give eare,
Both rich & pore, & high, & lowe;
For, muſings deep, I will declare,
And, wiſdom from my tongue ſhall flowe.
Dark Problems I will harken out,
A Ridle to my harpe, I'le ſing;
For, of that day, what ſhould I doubt,
Which, all my faults, will round me bring?
2 They, who their truſt in Riches have,
And, glorie in their wealths encreaſe,
Their brothers life, ſhall neither ſave,
Nor with his God, procure him peace.
For, ſoules redemptions are ſo deare,
That, no man cann ſufficient have
To purchaſe life, for ever, here;
Or, ſcape the Dungeon of the grave.
3 Men ſee, both fooles & wiſemen die,

And,

And, that their gettings others waſt:
Yet, to their Names, their lands they tie,
And, thinck their houſe will ever laſt.
But, man's vaine honor ſoone decaies,
Ev'n as the brutiſh creature dies:
And, (though their ſeed, their courſe do praiſe)
  Their waies are neither ſafe, nor wiſe. *Selah*
4 Like ſheep, they food for death are made,
Who ſhall a cov'ring on them laie:
Their glories in the grave ſhall fade,
And, Iuſt-men riſe more bleſt, then they. *Selah*
Deſpaire not then, though ſome thou ſee,
Surpaſſing thee in place, or pelfe:
Since, God, thy ſoul from hell will free,
  And, home receive thee to him ſelf.
5 For, though their life more bleſt they thought,
(And, others did their path commend)
They to their grave ſhall carry nought,
Nor ſhall their pompe to them deſcend.
No; to their Fathers, they muſt paſſe,
And lie in darknes quite forgott;
For, fooliſh men in honor'd place,
  Are like the beaſt, which dies, to rott.

*It is a Riddle (*oh Father of Wiſdome*) that happines, should be attained without* wealth honours *and ſuch tranſitorie things; Therfor, worldlings magnify themſelves, & applaud others, according to their temporal acheivments; but when Sinn followes at the heels to Iudgment; when the grave shall devour our beauties; & when the price of Soules is required; then, their vainty will be apparent. Grant therfor, oh* Lord, *that neither the worlds eſteem of ſuch things, make vs to overvalue them; nor our want of them, to be diſcouraged; but, let vs be fully contented in our ſalvation by thee: So, when they perish like beaſts, (& are con-*

*conſumed & forgotten in the grave) who were honorable & rich, without vnderſtanding; wee, whome they iudged vnhappie, shal at the Reſurrection ariſe bleſſed and glorified, through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord*, Amen.

Pſa. 50.

A Pſalm for Aſaph. *It prophecies of the laſt Iudgement, & ſummons Iewes & Gentiles there vnto; it declares by what lawe they shall be iudged; Reprehends Hypocrites; & exhorts to Repentance, &c.* It is vſeful, to warne that wee be not hypocriticall; in regard, all ſhall one be diſcloſed, &c.

THe Lord our God, th'Almightie-one
Hath ſpoke, & ſummon'd all,
That are betwixt the riſing Sunn,
And places of his fall.
God's glorie, *Syon*, firſt will ſhowe.
With noiſe, approch will hee;
Before him, burning fire ſhall goe,
A ſtorme, ſhall round him be.
2 Through heav'n & earth, he ſhall, aloud,
His folke to iudgment call;
His Saints, that Sacrifizes vow'd,
Appear before him ſhall.
His Iuſtice, heav'n ſhall ſhewe abrode;
For, God the Iudge will be.
Hark *Iſr'el*; for, ev'n I, thy God,
Will thee accuſe, ſaith hee.
3 I, for thine Offrings blame thee not,
Which were my due of olde;
Nor Bullock ask I, neither Goate,
Out of thy Stall or Folde.
For, I, more heards of Cattell owne,
Then all the Mountaines yeald;

To

To mee all Beaſts, & Birds are known,
  That live in wood or feild.
4 If I were hungrie, doſt thou thinck,
  (Since all the world is mine)
Thy Goates bloud, I would ask to drinck?
  Or, feed on Bulls of thine?
No; rather pay, in thanckfulnes,
  Thy Vowes; and call on me:
So, I ſhall pittie thy deſtreſſe
  And, have due praiſe from thee.
5 But, to the wicked, ſaies the Lord,
  How dareſt thou to prate
Of my commands, & of my word,
  Whilſt thou doſt Counſell hate?
For, when thou doſt a Theef perceive,
  A ſhare with him thou tak'ſt;
Thou, in Adulterie doſt live,
  And, wicked words thou ſpeak'ſt.
6 Thy Brother, (thine owne Mothers ſonn)
  Thou cauſles, doſt revile.
I, ſilent was, & thou haſt done
  Theſe wicked things, the while.
Yea, thou haſt therevpon ſuppos'd,
  That, I, was like to thee;
But, all thy folly ſhall diſclos'd,
  And, now apparent be.
7 Yee, that of God forgetfull are,
  Of this, Remembrance have,
Els, I ſhall you in peeces tear,
  When there is none to ſave.
For, I am glorifide of thoſe,
  That give due praiſe to mee,
And, ſuch as well their lives diſpoſe,
  By ſaving health ſhall ſee.

*Al-*

*Almighty* God, *who with maieſtie & terror, shalt come to iudge the world & require an Account of everie one according to the Talent receaved (eſpecially of us, who are* Saints, *by an ordinarie & viſible* Callinge*) give vs grace to offer the acceptable Sacrifize of Righteouſnes & true obedience. Let not our Religeon be meerly formall, without the fruites of good life. Let vs not be of thoſe hypocriticall talkers & profeſſors of thy word, whoe hate reformation, & vncharitably cenſure their owne Brethren; neither let thy long forbearance of our Sinns cauſe vs any way to abuſe thy mercies: but, grant rather, that we may ſo vnfainedly embrace thee in our harts, & ſo truly ſerve thee in our lives, that thou maiſt be glorified by vs, & wee ſaved by thee in the laſt Iudgment,* Amen.

Pſa. 51.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David when Nathan the prophet came vnto him, after he had gone into Bethſheba. *It perſonates a man trulie penitent; and, a true confeſsion, contrition, & purpoſe of amendment, is the ſubiect of this Pſalme,* Everie true penitentiarie may ſing it in his humiliation, &c.

OH Lord, of thy abounding Love
To my offence, remiſſive be:
My Follies Purge, my Sinn remove,
And, of thy grace, daigne grace to me.
For, ſtill, my fault before me lies;
Yea, by my ſelfe, I am accus'd:
Thee, thee alone, my conſcience cries,
Ev'n to thy face, I have abus'd.
2 Which, here I do confeſſe, oh Lord,
That, when to cenſure thou art brought,
Men, true my finde thy Truthfull word,
And, judge thy Iudgments as they ought,

For,

For, (ſinfull though my parents made,
My Beeing, & my Birth to bee)
From thee, a ſecret grace I had,
  To forme the Truth thou ſeek'ſt in mee.
3 And, if I purg'd with hyſope were,
Mee, thou ſhouldſt make more white than ſnowe
Yea, thy *G*lad-meſſage when I heare,
The bones thou brak'ſt, will heathfull growe,
Then, from my faults, thy face divart;
Blot all my follies out of ſight;
Creat in me a ſpotles hart,
  And, make my Spirit, Lord, vpright.
4 Oh! let me not rejected be;
Take not thy Holie-ghoſt away;
To joiefull health, reſtore thou mee;
Let thy free Spirit be my ſtay.
So, I will other Sinners guide,
To ſeek thy grace, & walk thy waies;
And, (if my bloudie ſinn thou hide)
  Thy Iuſtice, oh my God, I'le praiſe.
5 Which praiſes, that my tongue may ſing,
My lipps, oh Lord my God, vncloſe:
For Burnt-oblations I would bring;
But, thou haſt quite reiected thoſe.
A greeved Soul, a contrite hart,
Is God's beſt-liked Sacrifize:
With ſuch, oh God! thou pleaſed art;
  And, ſuch thou never ſhalt deſpiſe.
6 As thou art pleaſ'd, Mount-*Syon* bleſſe,
And wall about *Ieruſalem*.
The Sacrifize of Righteouſnes,
Shall then obtaine thy good eſteem.
Yea, thou ſhalt then their Guiſts receive,
And, they ſhall all their Offrings pay;

Ev'n whole Burnt-offrings they ſhall give,
And, Oxen on thy Altar ſlay.

*Oh Lord! our owne Conſciences accuſe vs, & will pronounce thee iuſt if thou condemn vs: for though it might ſomewhat moove thy compaſſion, to conſider our diſabilities, by Original Polution; yet, knowing what grace thou haſt ſecretly infuſed, both, to reſiſt that naturall corruption, and to forme alſo within vs that Righteouſnes which thou requireſt; wee have no excuſe (no hope) but to appeal to thy mercie. To thy Mercie therfor, wee appeal, beleeving to be perfectly purified by the ſprinckling of thy dear Sonns bloud. Oh! forgive vs for his ſake; Reſtore vs to thy favour; repaire what is decaied in ſoul or bodie; & ſo comfort, renue, guide, & ſtrengthen us, by the continuall preſence of the Holy-ghoſt; that our converſation may be more vpright; & all our future endeavours become acceptable; to thy glorie, to the Saving of our Soules, & to the conſolation of other penitent Sinners, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord:* Amen.

Pſal. 52.

To the cheef Muſitian Maſquil a Pſalm of David when Doeg the Edomite came & told Saul, & ſaid vnto him, David is come vnto the houſe of Abhimelech. *It miſtically, perſonates the Elect, vpbraiding their perſecutors, foretelling their shamfull ruine, & reioicing in their owne deliverances, &c.* It is vſefull in perſecutions.

WHy vaunt'ſt thou Tiraunt of thy wrong?
God's love will ſtill the ſame appear,
Although thy miſcheef-working tongue,
Faines lies, as keen as Razors are.
Thou, evill more then Good reſpect'ſt;
Thou loveſt falſhood more then right: *(Selah.)*

All

All harmefull ſpeaches thou affect'ſt,
And, tongues which publiſh forth deceit.
2 But, thee from hence, the Lord ſhall tear,
And, from the Land thy dwelling take. *(Selah.)*
The Iuſt ſhall ſee the ſame with feare,
And, ſport at thy deſtruction make.
Yea, they ſhall ſay; Loe, this was hee
Who ſought not God to make him ſtronge;
But, labour'd how he great might be,
By getting wealth, & doeng wrong.
3 Then, as for mee, I proſper ſhall
As Olive trees that have their place
Within Gods holie temple wall,
And, ſtill depend vpon his grace.
There, Lord, I'le ſpread abrode thy fame;
Yea, then, I'le praiſe thee for thy love,
And, truſt for ever in thy Name;
Which, all thy Saints will well approve.

*Deliver vs oh gratious* Lord, *from the cruell inſolencies & falshood of thoſe, who ſeek their* Advancement *by iniurious & wicked meanes. Preſerve vs alſo from the guilt of their abhominations; but eſpecially from being ſo shameles, as to make vaunts of oppreſsion, or of any other ſinn. Diſenable, & root out of the land, all ſuch inſolent Offenders; that the Righteous florishing as green Olive trees, & beholding thy Iudgments, may with reverent awe, reioice in their ſubverſion who are freinds to* Vnrighteouſnes; *& (with a fearles confidence in thy love) magnify thy Holy* Name, *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 53.

To the cheef Muſitian Maſchil, A Pſalm of David. *It is almoſt the ſame with the* 14. *Pſalm. And may be vſed* to minde vs that our Nature was wholie depra-

ved, and that wee ſhould deſire the comming of Chriſt, by whome wee are to be renewed, &c.

THe foole, doth God in hart denay,
And, all corrupt are growne;
Perverſe & wicked is their way,
There is no Righeous-one.
For, God from heav'n his eye declin'de,
Man's of-ſpring to behold;
And, ſearched who did ſeek to finde,
Or, know him as they ſhould.
2 But, all their waies prepoſtrous were;
All, fillthie & vnſound:
None ſawe he live vprightlie, there;
Not one good man, he found.
Ev'n brutiſhlie. fond Sinners eat
God's people, as their bread.
They, ſeek not God; and horrors great
They feel, where is no dread.
3 The Lord will breake the bones of them
That have beſeiged thee;
And, thou ſhalt ſhame them, ſince, of him
They diſreſpected be.
Would wee God's healp from *Syon* had!
For, *Iacob*, triumph ſhall,
And, Iſr'el, will thereof be glad,
When them he brings from thrall.

*Free vs, oh* Lord, *from that vniverſall corruption which overſpreadeth our* Nature; *that wee neither become ſo foolish to deny thee in our harts, nor ſo perverſe as to dishonour thee in our waies. Soe behold our* polutions, *that thou maiſt cleanſe vs from them; Soe conſider our* weaknes *that thou maiſt breake the bands of all our foes; So make vs to* fear *thee, that all our other feares may be turned into ioye;*

*ioye; And cauſe vs to be ſo deſirous of that* ſalvation, *which was promiſed out of* Syon, *that (being delivered from the thraldome of ſinn and death) wee & every true* Iſraelite, *may triumph in our Salvation & Redemption through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen,

Pſa. 54.

To the cheef Muſitian on Neginoth Maſchil. A Pſalm of David when the Ziphims came & ſaid to Saul, doth not David hide himſelf with us? *It myſtically prophecied the Iewes trecheries & tirannies againſt Chriſt &c.* It is vſefull, when wee are (or have beene) betraied or perſecuted by falſe brethren, *&c.*

DEfend mee Lord, for thy Name ſake,
In thy great powre, adjudg thou mee,
Of all thy ſuites quick notiſe take;
And, let my words well heeded be.
For, Strangers do againſt me riſe,
And, Tirants for my life have ſought,
(Not ſetting thee before their eyes)
Although my healp, thou ſtill haſt wrought,
2 The Lord, my Soules vpholders, gards;
His Truth hath chas'd my foes away;
And, them with Vengance he rewards:
For which, my Vowes I'le freely pay.
To laud thy Name is wel approv'd
And, I oh Lord, thy praiſe will ſing;
Becauſe, my greefs thou haſt remoov'd
And, on my foes, my wiſh doſt bring.

*Encline thine eare (oh mercifull father) vnto all our iuſt petitions, & ſuffer vs not to be oppreſſed by our profeſſed foes, nor to be betraied into their hands, by thoſe Aliens vnto thy Truth & Goodnes, from whome wee have better deſer-*

*ved; But, as thou haſt bene alwaies heretofore our Healper (and the vpholder of them who have befriended vs.) So, continue, we pray thee, to reward our freinds, according to their kindnes; to requite our foes according to their deſervings; & to deliver vs from all our ſorrowes, through Ieſus Chriſt; To whome with thy bleſſed Spirit, wee will offer vp the free Sacrifize of praiſe and thancksgivinge, now & for ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 55.

To the cheef Muſitian Neginoth Maſchil, a Pſalm of David. *It perſonates the faithfull, complaining & petitioning againſt the inhumanitie of their foes. It deciphers, alſo, falſe brethren; declares their deſtruction, & the ſecuritie of the* Elect. It may be vſed as the former.

OH God! my praiers hear;
Hide not away thine eare;
But, hear, & caſt on mee thine eye.
For, loud my foes doe roare;
The wicked greeve me ſore;
And, therfore Lord, thus loud I crie.
2 With wrongs, they mee perſue,
A wrathfull ſpight they ſhewe,
And, I, at hart am greatlie vext:
Deaths torments mee oppreſſe,
I ſhake through fearfullnes,
With horrors great, I am perplext.
3 I ſayd; Doves wings, had I,
To reſt, I then would flie.
Lo, then farr hence I would abide.
I, then would haſte away,
And, in ſome Deſert ſtay
Which frō the Tempeſt mee ſhould hide. *(Selah.)*
4 Deſtroy & ſlitt their tongues;
For, ſtrife, oh Lord, & wrongs,

Poſ-

Poſſeſſe their Cittie night & day;
  In midſt thereof I ſpi'de
  Sinn, fraud, & guile abide;
  Theſe, in her ſtreats, ſtill made their ſtay.
  5 A foes contempt, or ſcorne,
  I could have ſhund or borne;
But, mee no publike foe abus'de:
  It was my truſted Peer;
  As freinds, wee freindlie were,
And, wee God's houſe togither vs'd.
  6 Arreſt them, Death & Hell,
  With whome ſuch Miſcheevs dwell:
For, I, vpon the Lord will call.
  To God, at night I'le pray,
  At morninge, at nooneday;
And, mee both hear, & ſave, he ſhall.
  7 In warr, he gave mee peace,
  And, mee will ſtill releaſe:
Ev'n me, the Lord will hear, and ſave.
  But, God will puniſh them: *(Selah.)*
  For, they his feare contemn;
Becauſe, that they no Changes have.
  8 Their hands, the Peace did breake,
  (Where they a league did make)
And, though their ſpeach moſt freindlie were,
  Yet are, ſometime, their words,
  Like darts or naked ſwords.
Let God, therefore, thy Burthen bear.
  8 For, God is thy defence,
  He gardeth innocence;
And, Sinners downe to Hell will thruſt.
  Not half their daies they live,
  Who murther or deceive:
But, in the Lord I put my truſt.

*Many & grievous (oh* Lord) *are thoſe troubles which exerciſe thy Children; eſpecially in thoſe places, where* prophanes, *or* falſe worſhip *is openly approoved: but, the greateſt afflictions are occaſioned by* Hypocrites, Falſe breathren, *& thoſe who abuſe vs vnder cullour of Religion, or by pretences of deareſt Amitie. Defend vs therfor, oh* God, *from thoſe harmfull Serpents; Give vs the wings of Dovelike innocence, to carry vs above their ſnares: Grant us thoſe enterchanges of Proſperitie & Adverſity, which may keep us both in thy Feare, & Love: Suffer not the tribulatious of the world, nor the temptations of the Devill, nor the miſeries of the Flesh, to oppreſſe us: But, let us lay all our burthens vpon thee, confidently; Truſt in thee firmly; Seek thee duly; love thee ſincerely; & enioy thy gratious protection for ever more* Amen.

Pſa. 56.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon the mute Dove in the Deſert, a golden Pſalm of David, when the Philiſtims took him in Gath. *It typically perſonates the* Church *in perſecution, & is a prayer, & a complaint againſt her Foes, acknowledging Gods regard of her ſuffrings, profeſsing aſſurance in him, & promiſing to be thanckfull &c.* It is vſefull to thoſe ends. *&c.*

HAve Mercie Lord, for, man hath ſought
To ſwallowe vp, & miſcheeve mee.
My Foes with mee have daylie fought;
And (Lord moſt high) they many bee.
Thou art my hope, when doubts ariſe,
Thy word hath brought me comforts, to,
On thee alone, my hart relies,
And, fearles is, what Fleſh cann do.
2 They wreſt my words, Lord, ev'rie day;
To worke me harme, they ſtill deviſe:

They

They meet vnſeene, they mark my way,
And, how they might my Soul ſurpriſe.
Therfore, in thy juſt wrath, oh God!
Correct them for this Crime of theirs:
And, as thou doſt my Faults record,
Recorde, & bottle vp my teares.
3 For, thou wilt ſave me, Lord, I knowe;
When thee I ſeek, my Foes flie back:
Thy promiſe makes mee joyfull growe,
And, of thy word, my ſongs I make.
My, truſt, oh God! is all in thee,
And, of man's powre, I fearles am.
Thy vowes are all perform'd on mee
And, I will praiſe thee for the fame.
4 For thou haſt freed my Soul from death;
From falls, thou doſt my footing ſtay,
To walke, by thee, within that Path,
Which leads to Life, a lightſome way.

*Oh thou faithfull preſerver of all who put their truſt in thee! Our viſible & invisible Adverſaries do continually ſeek the deſtruction of our ſoules & bodies, by many ſecret & miſcheevous deviſes: But, our truſt being placed vpon thee, wee need not fear the malice of any Adverſarie. Grant vs grace therfore, ſo to depend on thy promiſes, & ſo to lament our errors (with tears of true Repentance) that as our enimies mark our wayes to entrap vs, wee our ſelves may mark them to prevent enſnarings; & that thou obſerving their hatred, & our penitence, mayſt cauſe vs to walke ioyfully, in the way of eternal life, through* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Pſal. 57.

To the cheef Muſitian Altaſchith, A Pſalm of David, when he fledd from Saul in the Cave. *It*

*myſtically expreſſed the* Iewes *perſecutinge Chriſt, even vnto the Grave, wee that are his members, & partake in his ſuffrings, may ſing it, to declare our iniuries, & to pray, & praiſe God, for deliverances. &c.*

LOrd, grant (oh grant) me thy compaſſion;
For, I, in thee my truſt have placed.
Diſplay thy wings for my Salvation,
Vntill my greefs are over-paſſed.
To thee I ſue (oh God moſt high)
To thee, that canſt all want ſupplie.
2 From their deſpights who ſeek to rend mee,
Let help, oh Lord, from heav'n be daigned,
And let thy Truth & Love defend me;
For, I with Lions am detained:
With men inflam'd, whoſe biting words,
Are ſhafts, & ſpears, & naked ſwords.
3 Let over heav'n Gods praiſe be reared,
And through the world, his glórie ſhowed.
For, they who netts for mee prepared,
(They who my foul to ground had bowed)
Ev'n they, who in thoſe trapps are caught,
Which for my fall, their hāds had wrought. *Selah*
4 Oh God! my hart now ready maketh,
My hart is for thy praiſe preparing;
My Tongue, my Harpe, my Lute awaketh
And, I my ſelfe, betimes vprearing,
Will ſpeake & ſing, in praiſe of thee,
Where greateſt throngs of people be.
5 For, Lord, thy Mercies forth are ſtretched,
As farr as are the Sphears extended;
Thy Truth vnto the Clouds hath reached
And, thou thy ſelf art high aſcended
Let, ſtill, thy, Fame & praiſe, oh God!
Through heav'n & earth be ſpread abrode.

*Oh*

*Oh* Lord to whome Mercy belongeth, *have mercy vpon vs*; *&* *let the* Wings *of thy* protection *be gratiouſly ſpread over vs, vntill the* Stormes *of this life be overpaſt: For, ſo great & ſo manyfold are thoſe dangers, & thoſe Miſeries wherewith wee are alwaies encloſed, by ſpirituall & temporal foes*; *that they have brought our bodies to the* Grave, *& our ſoules near vnto* Hell. *Oh*! *let thy* Truth *&* Love *defend vs from our Lion-like perſecuters*; *that our* Harts *(being timely cheared) our* Thoughts, Words *&* Actions, *may harmoniouſly agree in manifeſting thy praiſes. And, ſeeing thy holy Spirit hath plainly declared the* Vniverſality *of thy proffered* Grace; *let not vs preſume to ſett Limmits there vnto*; *but publish thy glorie as vniverſaly as thou haſt extended thy Mercies, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord. Amen.*

Pſa. 58.

To the cheef Muſitian Altaſchith Michtam of David. *It reprehends & characters, that Serpentine generation, whoe are obſtinate enimies to the Goſpel of Chriſt, & prophecies & illuſtrates their deſtruction, &c.* It is vſefull to encourage vs againſt their malice, &c.

YEe congregation, ſaid yee right?
Yee Mortalls, are your Doomes vpright?
No; for you muſe on works of Sinn:
Your hands with miſcheevs filled are,
You from your Births vntoward were;
And, from the wombe have liers binn.
2 Your poyſon, like the ſerpents, flowes;
Deaf-Adder-like, your eares you cloſe,
Though powrfull Charmes are wiſely ſung
Oh God! their mouthes of teeth diſarme;
And, that their Fangs may do no harme,
Make tootheles (Lord) the Lion's young.

3 Like

3 Like ſudden Flouds, their furie ſlale;
When they would ſhoot; their arrowes, breake:
  Yea make them quite conſume away.
Like ſnailes, conſume them from the earth;
Or els, like ſome vntimely birth,
  Deſtroy, them, er'e they ſee the day.
4 Before wee feel them, prick or burne,
Them, whirle-winde-like, Lord, overturne;
  And ſweep them hence, in wrath alive.
Which Vengance, when the Righteous vewe,
(And vewing Sinn receive her due)
  They, joyfull thancks, to thee ſhall give.
5 Yea, they ſhall trample on their bloud,
Who have bene Foes to doeng good;
  And ev'rie man ſhall ſay, & ſee,
That Righteous men ſhall have their meed;
And, that there is a God, indeed,
  By whome the world ſhall iudged be.

*Keep vs, oh* LORD, *from having fellowship in the* Congregations *of thoſe, who are perverted in their* Iudgment, *miſcheevous in their* Converſation; *Draf to good* Inſtructions, *Obſtinate in their* hereſies; *& willfull continuers in all their natural* Corruptions. *Deliver vs from their malice; Breake their Inſtruments of miſcheef; and let their deſerved confuſion fall ſuddenly vpon them: That, the Faithfull Congregation, may vewe it; & that all men may ſee & confeſſe thee, to be the Righteous* Iudge *of the world, & the rewarder of all thoſe who put their truſt in thee.* Amen.

Pſa. 59.

To the cheef Muſitian Altaſchith Micham a Pſalm of David, when Saul ſent & they watched the houſe to kill him. *It cheefly prophecied the Iewes dogged*

*dogged crueltie to Chriſt, & that they ſhould be preſerved to wander in a vagabond Condition (as wee ſee at this day) for an example to others &c.* It ſerves to warne vs, that wee reſiſt not God's grace once offred. &c.

MY God, protect mee from my Foes;
From them, who ſtrive with mee:
From Sinners gard mee, & from thoſe,
That bloodie-minded be.
For, loe, the mightie do combine;
They waite my ſoul to teare:
And, without cauſe or fault of mine,
With ſpeed there to prepare.
2 Lord God of Hoaſts, & Iſr'el, wake,
To heed & ſuccour mee:
The Gentiles Curbe, & vengance take,
Where ſinns malitious be. *(Selah)*
At night, like Doggs, they Bawling come,
They round the Cittie goe
And ſlanders ranck, & threatnings, from
Their Mouths, & lipps, do flowe.
3 For why, ſay they, none hears the ſame;
But, God ſhall them detect:
The Gentiles alſo to defame,
His ayde I will expect.
For, God's my ſtrength, God healpeth mee,
Preventing grace beſtowes;
And, what my hart requires to ſee,
Inflicts vpon my Foes.
4 Oh Lord our help, diſperſe with ſhame,
Diſperſe them by thy powre;
But, leſt my Folke forget the ſame,
Them, doe not quite devoure.
Vntill their tongue, all words of ſpight
And falſhood, vttred hath;

And,

And, when their pride is at the height,
  Conſume them in thy wrath.
5 Yea, Lord, conſume them vtterlie,
  Till, notiſe they obtaine,
That, God, throughout eternitie;
  Doth over *Iacob* raigne. *Selah*
At night, vnto the Cittie wall
  Like doggs they ſhall retreat;
Without it, they ſhal barke & bawle,
  And whine, for want of meat.
6 But, in the Morne, aloud I'le ſing,
  Both of thy powre & grace;
And ſpeake what ſuccours thou didſt bring
  When ſore deſtreſt I was.
Ev'n vnto thee, oh God my powre,
  My praiſe-full ſong ſhall be:
For, thou art my defenſive Towre,
  And, gratious vnto mee.

*Iuſt Avenger of all malitious iniuries; According to thy promiſes thou haſt ſubiected the* Gentiles *to thy* Sonns *Dominion, & ſcattred the* Iewes (*with a* Cain-*like marke preventing their vtter extirpation*) *that ſo, their vagabond life may be a perpetuall memoriall, both of their crueltie, & of our* Savious *Paſſion. Let all thoſe who ſhall make themſelves partakers of their malitious hereſie* (*without repentance*) *be partners in their punishment; and let them hunt through the earth in error, bawling like doggs without the walls of thy new* Ieruſalē *(for an example to all Ages): But, let ſo many of them as have bene miſſeled, by ignorance only (without willfull malice) oh let them, returne from their obſtinacie, in the Evening of their life (or of this world) & let them hunger & thirſt after the true* Meſſiah; *that in the* Morning *of their & our* Refurrection, *we may, altogether, praiſe & glorifie thy holy Name.* Amen.

Pſa. 60.

Pſa. 60.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Shuſhan Eduth Michtam *of David*, to teach when he ſtrove with Aram Naharaym & with Aram Zobath, when Ioab returned & ſlew of Edom in the ſalt vallie 12000. *It bemones the preſent calamitie; mitigates it by remembring God's promiſes; Deſires his conduct; & profeſſeth Aſſurance in him.* It is vſefull to encourage thoſe who fight vnder God's banner. &c.

OH God! wee are deſpis'd of thee,
And, in thy wrath diſperſed be:
But, now returne to vs againe.
Thou ſmot'ſt our land, & Loe it quakes,
Oh! ſtopp the breach, for, ſtill it ſhakes;
And, many cares thy folk ſuſtaine.
2 A giddie wine thou mad'ſt vs drink;
Yet, they that feare thee, do not ſhrinck
They Truths diſplaied Flagg to beare. *Selah*
Oh! that thy Darling, ſafe may be,
Let thy Right-hand or'eſhaddow mee;
And, bowe thou downe to me thine ear.
3 Then (as God's holy voice declar'd)
All *Shechem*, ſhall by mee be ſhar'd;
I'le *Succhoth* Dale by Line receive:
I'le *Gilead* & *Manaſſeth* take;
Mount *Eph'rim*, I my gard will make;
In *Iudah*, I, my law will give.
4 My ſervile worke ſhall *Moab* doe;
O're *Edom* I will fling my ſhoe;
And *Paleſtine*, of mee ſhall boaſt
For, who to *Edom* is my Guide?
Or to the Cittie fortifide,
But, God, that had forſook our Hoaſt?

5 That

5 That Lord, who did our Hoaſt forſake,
Shall of our greefs an ending make:
For, man's vaine help wee do contemn.
Through God, we valiant Acts have done,
Our Foes, by him, ſhall downe be throwne
And, Hee ſhall ſet his feet on them.

*Notwithſtanding our many outward Afflictions make vs appeare as reprobates in the worlds opinion; & though (by reaſon of our ſinns) wee our ſelves are ſometime half afraids, that thou, oh* God, *haſt forſaken & deſpized vs: yet, havinge among vs the* Enſigne *of* Truth *as a teſtimonie of thy favour; wee beleeve that thy ſpirituall kingdome shall be continued with vs, & be eſtablished in thoſe places alſo, which are not yet of thy viſible* Church. *Fulfill oh Lord, our hopes herein; that wee may breake through the fortifications of the miſtical* Babilon, *& that thy Spirituall Armies may be victorious, through the conduct of our Lord & Captaine* Ieſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

Pſa. 61.

To the cheef Muſitian a pſalme of David. *It deſireth God's aſſiſtance; confeſſeth former protections, & promiſeth future truſt in him. It containes alſo, a prediction of Chriſts kingdome, a petition for Grace, and a vowe of thanckefulnes.* To theſe ends it may be vſed.

LOrd, let my plaint attention move,
When greev'd at hart I lie;
And, lead mee to the Rock above,
When from Earth's ends I crie.
For, as a Cittie fortifide,
From foes thou gardeſt mee,
Within thy Tent, ſtill, ſafe I bide;
Thy Wings my Cov'ring bee. *Selah.*
2 Thou hear'dſt my vowes, & gav'ſt mee ſhares,

With

**With ſuch as fear thy Name;**
And, ſpar'dſt the king, till hee in yeares
An aged man became.
Oh! let thy Truth & Mercie, Lord,
Preſerve him ſtill by thee;
That, ſtill thy praiſe I may record,
And pay my vowes to thee.

*Hear our Prayers, oh* Lord, *& let our cries come vnto thee. So firmlie eſtablish vs on that* Rock *whereon thy* Church *is founded, that it may be our* Bullwork *of defenſe in all dangers. Cover vs with the wings of thy Mercie; Succour vs in thy* Tent; *& be gratious vnto vs, from what place, or in whatſoever affliction, wee call vpon thee: That ſo (having an outward portion among thoſe who profeſſe thee, & performing thoſe vowes, which wee made vnto thee in our Baptiſme) wee may be continued in thy favour, vntil we shal be admitted into thy triumphant* Church, *& enioy life eternall with* Chriſt Ieſus. *Amen.*

Pſa. 62.

To the Cheef Muſitian to Iduthan a Pſalm of David. *It profeſſeth truſt in God; threatens & Characters out, Antichriſt & his Members; Exhorts to faith in Chriſt; & declares the vanitie of man & of all temporall aſſiſtances &c.* It may be ſung to encreaſe Piety, Faith, Hope, & the contempt of temporall Vanities, *&c.*

STill wait thou, oh my Soul, on God;
For, he my helpe doth prove,
My Rock, my Garde, my Safe-abode;
Whence, none cann mee remove.
Thoſe, therfor, who conſpire my fall,
His Blade ſhall root from hence,
And, ſhake them like a rotten wall,
Or, like a broken fence.

2 They ſeek my ſhame; They lies commend;
  And hate when faire they ſpeake. *Selah.*
My Soul, therfore, on God attend;
  Thy hope, him only make.
For, God (my ſtrength, my healp, my fort)
  From harme will ſuccour mee:
My praiſe, my garde, my firme ſupport,
  And my ſole truſt, is hee.
3 In God, yee people, alwaies hope;
  To him, your harts declare:
For, he will prove a certaine propp,
  When men deceitfull are. *Selah.*
Men high & lowe, are leſſe in weight,
  Then things that are moſt vile:
Truſt not therfore nor take delight,
  In wealth, in wrongs, or guile.
4 For, once God ſaid, & oft I heard,
  That, God (both ſtrong & kinde)
On all men, will beſtowe reward,
  As he, deſert ſhall finde.

*Grant oh Lord, that wee may alway, ſo patiently attend on thee, that* perſecutors, falſeteachers, *and all they who ſeek our fall or dishonour, may be quite ſubverted or converted. Make vs ever mindfull how ſtrong a ſupporter thou art vnto all thoſe who put their truſt in thee; & how iuſt a rewarder of every one according to his deſerving. Seeing alſo, wee cann have no ſafe aſſurance in the beſt men, nor in the beſt outward meanes (without thy ſpeciall Aſſiſtance), let vs never depend vpon them; much leſſe, ſeek to be ſecured, or to profit our ſelves, by fraudulent or wicked practiſes: But endeavoring rather, to fulfill all righteouſnes for thy ſake; and making our petitions to thee only; let vs depend wholie on thy protection, for ever and ever,* Amen.

Pſa.

## *For the Fourth Year* 1870-1.

*Issue*

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

## *For the Fifth Year* 1871–2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

## *For the Sixth Year* 1872–3.

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## *For the Seventh Year* 1873–4.

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7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID

## TRANSLATED INTO LYRICK-VERSE.

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART II.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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*THE* PSALMS of DAVID *Tranſlated* Into LYRICK-VERSE, according to the ſcope, of the ORIGINAL. And *Illuſtrated, with a Short* Argument, *and a breife* Prayer, *or* Meditation; *before, & after, every* Pſalme.

By GEORGE WITHER.

Imprinted *In the Neatherlands* By Cornelius Gerrits van Breughel. M. DC. XXXII.

(*Lowndes*, p. 3966; *Hazlitt*, No. 17.)

Pſa. 63.

A Pſalm of David when he was in the wildernes of Iudah. *It may be ſung by thoſe who are afflicted in the wildernes of this life, hungring & thirſting after righteouſnes. It expreſſeth their longing to be partakers of the publike worſhip, who are debarred from the ſame; & may be vſed alſo by them, &c.*

OH God! my God thou allwaies art;
For thee, betimes, I ſeeking pant,
With longing ſoul, & thirſting hart,
Ev'n as the land, which raine doth want.
Yea, Lord, my ſoul doth long, full ſore,
Thy powre & glorie to behold,
As I have ſeene them heretofore,
Ev'n in thy holie-place of olde.
2 For why! thy love doth life ſurpaſſe;
And, I therfore will ſing thy praiſe:
Thy Name, I'le all my lifetime bleſſe,
And, vnto thee my hands I'le raiſe.
For, when I minde thee on my bed,
And muze vpon thee in the Night;
It fills me, as with marrowe ſedd;
And I with ioye thy praiſe recite.
3 Since, me thou healp'ſt in my deſtreſſe;
Beneath thy wings I gladd remaine,
My Soul, to thee doth cloſelie preſſe;
And, thy Righthand ſhall mee ſuſtaine.
But, they ſhal to their grave deſcend,
Whoſe purpoſe is my ſoul to ſlay:
Thy Sword ſhall bring them to their end,
And, they ſhall be the foxes prey.
4 The king, & they who ſwear, in truth,
By God's great Name; in God ſhall ioy:
But, he ſhall ſtop the liers mouth,

And, ev'rie perjur'd ſoul deſtroy.

*Cauſe vs to ſeeke thee timely (oh* Lord *our* God) *and when wee are wandring in the deſerts of this life, let vs hunger and thyrſt after thee and thy righteouſnes; that wee may be ſatisfied according, to thy promiſe. Let our musings be vpon thee, both in the* night *of our* Afflictions, *and vpon the* bedd *of our* proſperities. *Let the contemplation of thy powre and glorie fill vs, as with marrowe and fatnes: Let thy Love be pretious vnto vs; yea, more pretious vnto vs then our lives: Let the wings of thy Mercy, and the powre of thine Arme, ſo shaddowe and protect vs, that (both our Lionlike & foxlike Adverſaries being deſtroied, and the mouth of all vnrighteouſnes being ſtopped.) VVee and thy whole* Church *may reioice in thy Salvatoon, for ever and ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 64.

To the Cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It prophecies the Iewish malice againſt the Meſsiah at his paſsion; and that accordinge to their owne imprecation, the avengment of his bloud should be vpon them and their children, &c.* It ſerves to minde vs, what manner of foes wee have, and for what aſſiſtance wee may hope, *&c.*

LOrd, hear my voice, & me acquite
From terrors of the foe;
And from their plotts, & feirce deſpight
That miſcheefe ſeek to doe.
For, they like ſwords, their tongues prepare;
With words, like arrowes keen,
They ſhoote the righteous without fear,
With quicknes, & vnſeene.
2 Themſelves in Miſcheefe, ſtrong they make,
Their plotts they thinck vnſpide;

And,

And, ſearch how that effect may take,
  Which in their harts they hide.
But, God ſhall wound them with a ſhaft,
  Before they be aware;
So, they ſhall fall by their owne craft,
  And their owne ſentence beare.
3 Thereat, beholders all, ſhall flie,
  And, ev'rie man, with feare,
The works of God ſhall magnifie,
  And, ponder what they are.
The righteous alſo, with delight,
  On God, their hope ſhall build:
And, they that are in hart vpright,
  Shall with true joie be filld.

*Oh* Lord, *wee have ſo manie viſible, and inviſible Adverſaries, ſecretly and continually plotting our deſtruction; that our Soules are afflicted with great terror. Some, by whispering of ſlanders, or by privie conſpiracies, ſeek to endanger our bodies; Others, by hidinge falſe Doctrines vnder appearances of Truth, or masks of pietie; or els, by inſinuating carnall or ſpirituall wickedneſſes (before wee be aware) deeplie wound our Conſciences; and very dangerouſly peirce our Soules with venemous arrowes. Oh* God! *break, and quench theſe fierie darts of* Sathan; *Deliver vs from their cunning Proiects; shoot back their arrowes into their owne boſomes; and let their predictions be fulfilled on themſelves: But, grant that wee may ſtill depend on thee; & that being delivered from all our terrors, wee may ſerve thee in* holines & righteouſnes, *all the daies of our life* Amen.

Pſa. 65.

To the Cheef Muſitian a Pſalme & ſong of David. *It acknowledgeth God's manifold benifits; Firſt,*

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THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID

## TRANSLATED INTO LYRICK-VERSE.

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART II.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1881.

And, let all men more heedful growe,
  What dreadfull things he did for them.
2 The ſea he dri'de, & through the Maine
Wee walk'd on foote, him praiſing there.
He hath obtain'd a boundles raigne,
And, of all Nations, he hath care.
He will not let the Rebells thrive. *Selah.*
Oh! bleſſe our God, & ſing his praiſe;
For, he preſerves our ſoul alive,
  And, he from ſlipps our footing ſtaies.
3 By thee, oh God! wee prooved were,
Like ſilver tried & refin'de:
Thou didſt entrap vs in a ſnare,
And round our loines afflictions binde.
Above our heads, thou mad'ſt men ride;
And, through both Flouds & fires, we came:
But, thou didſt reſt, at laſt, provide;
  And, I will praiſe thee for the ſame.
4 Ev'n in thy houſe thoſe vowes I'le pay,
Which in deſtreſſe were ſworne by mee;
Fatt Rams & Bullocks I will ſlay,
And burne ſweet incenſe vnto thee. *Selah.*
Come hither, yee that feare the Lord,
And, hear what for my ſoule he wrought,
When his aſſiſtance I emplor'd,
  And, him with praiſe-full voice beſought.
5 If any ſinn, my hart affects,
The Lord, will then withdraw his eare;
But, ſurelie, God my ſuite affects;
For, he my vocall moane did hear.
Oh! let him ever praiſed be,
For not reiecting my requeſt:
And, for his Mercie ſhew'd to me,
  Oh! let him be for ever bleſt.

*Bleſſed*

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*THE* PSALMS of DAVID *Tranſlated* Into LYRICK-VERSE, according to the ſcope, of the ORIGINAL. And *Illuſtrated, with a Short* Argument, *and a breife* Prayer, *or* Meditation; *before, & after, every* Pſalme.

By GEORGE WITHER.

Imprinted *In the Neatherlands* By Cornelius Gerrits van Breughel. M. DC. XXXII.

(*Lowndes*, p. 3966; *Hazlitt*, No. 17.)

And praiſe him ever more.
4 Then earth ſhall give encreaſe;
And, God, whoſe Folke wee are,
That God, ſhall vs vouchſafe to bleſſe,
And, him, the world ſhall fear.

*Allmighty* God, *vouchſafe, that wee whome thou haſt alreadie enlightned with a gratious meaſure of thy* Saving-knowledge, *may ſo evidently enioy alſo, thy protection, & the continuall brightnes of thy Favour; that all the Nations of the world, beholding the benifit of thy Service may be allured to ioyne with us in magnifienge of thee. Let alſo, a due conſideration, that thou art* Vniverſall king, *makes vs beleeve that thou haſt provided means of ſalvation for all thy Subiects: and let the remembrance that thou art vniverſall* Iudge, *make vs all, ſo fruitfull; that thou maiſt be vniverſally feared, & glorified; & wee bleſſed world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 68.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme or ſong of David. *It is a prophecie of Chriſt Heb.* 4. 8. *Herein, by alluſion to ſome paſſages in the* olde Teſtament, *many* Evangelical *myſteries are shaddowed out (to witt) the* Reſurrection, Aſcention, ſending of the holy-ghoſt, Callinge of the Gentiles, *&c. It is vſefull to commemorate thoſe myſteries, &c.*

LEt God ariſe, & all his Foes affright,
Let thoſe that hate him, be deſpers'd & flie;
Let Sinners, paſſe like ſmoke out of his ſight,
And melt like wax which in the fire doth lie.
But, from the Iuſt, let him expel their ſadnes,
And make them glad in him, with perfect gladnes.
2 Oh! prais *Gods name*, who rides above the *ſphears*
His *Name Eternal* in your Songs commend;

For,

For, in his holy-place, he ſtill appeares
The *Orphanes* Father, & the *widdowes* freind.
He captives frees, he ſtrangers entertaineth,
And for the proud, a fruitles land ordaineth.
3 Whē thou didſt, *Lord*, thy peoples paſſage make
(And, waies, for thē through *deſerts* vaſt prepare)
At ſight of thee, both heav'n & earth did ſhake;
Yea, *Sinai* ſhook, when *Iſr'els* God was there.
Thou gav'ſt thy *flock*, ſweet raines as need required
And, mad'ſt thē ſtrōg, whē they were weak & tired.
4 There dwelleth now, thy *Congregation*, Lord,
Where, for the pore thy goodnes roō had made:
Whē thou thy ſelf hadſt firſt proclaim'd the word
Great Armies, thē, of *Preachers*, there they had.
*Kings* troupes did flie, & *shee* the ſpoile divided,
Who came not forth, but, in her tent reſided.
5 Ye ſhal be made (tho lodg'd with pots ye were)
As fair as doves, with gold & ſilver wings,
As white, as ſnowe in *Salmon* did appeare,
When there, the Lord diſperſed mighty *Kings*.
Like *Bashan* hill, God's holy mountaine ſheweth,
And, *Bashan*-like, all other hills or'e veweth.
6 This hill is God's, & hee inhabits here;
Then why inſult yee foe, yee meaner hills?
God's charrets, twice ten thouſand Angells are,
And, he, by them, in holy *Sinai* dwells.
Aſcending high, ev'n thraldome, he enthralled,
And bought vs guifts, whē we his foes were called.
7 Thus *God* hath done, that he might dwel in vs,
Oh! let this God, our ſaviour, bleſſed be; *Selah*.
For, with good things, he dailie lodeth vs,
And, God of Life, & Lord of death is hee.
He breaks the heads of thoſe, that him receive not
And wounds the crown of him, that ſinning leavs not.
8 From

8 From *Bashan*, & the deeps I wil (ſaith God)
Bring back my Folk as once frō thēce they came
That thou maiſt waſh thy feet, in thy foes bloud,
And, that thy dogs, may come & lick the ſame:
For, they, oh God my king! thy goengs heeded;
They ſaw, how in thy houſe, thou haſt proceeded.
9 The ſingers firſt, the minſtrells next had place,
With whom, the maids, on timbrels plaieng wēt:
And then, the Choire of Iſr'els bleſſed race,
Did all in one, to praiſe the Lord, concent.
There went young *Beniamin's* & *Iudah's* Guiders,
And *Zabulon's*, & *Nepthalies* Providers.
Oh Lord! whoe bid'ſt that we ſhould courage take
Cōfirm thi work which thou for vs haſt wrought;
At *Salem* then, (and, for thy Temple ſake)
To thee by kings, ſhal guifts of price be brought.
Their brutiſh troupes, that armes do love to carrie
Rebuke, diſperſe, & make them tributarie,
11 Then *Egipts* kings will ſeek vnto the Lord,
And *Chush* will then, to God advance her hands.
His praiſe therfore, yee kingdomes all record,
And, ſing aloud his praiſes, all yee Lands.
For, whē he rides, the ſphears his horſe he maketh
And lo, his voice is thunder when he ſpeaketh.
12 All powre & praiſe, aſcribe to God alone,
For, his renowne is through all Iſr'ell ſpread;
God is in heav'n, the great Almighty-one,
And, in his holy-place, is full of dread.
His peoples powre, by God is much encreaſed
(By Iſr'els God) let him therefore be bleſſed,
*Eternal* Sonn of God, *who art aſcended vnto the right-hand of thy* Father, *& shalt come againe with maieſtie to be our Vniverſall* Iudge; *Deliver vs from the thraldome of* Sinn, *by the powre of thy Righteouſnes: And (though wee have*

*have yet our converſations among* Dragons, *& in defiled habitions) make us innocent as* Doves, *& as vnpoluted as the mountaine ſnowe. Encreaſe the meanes of publishing thy* Goſpel; *and preſerve Vnitie, order, & good diſcipline, in thy* Church: *that the comelines thereof may allure all beholders, to deſire fellowſhip in thy Congregation; that, hereticks, hirelings & contentious perſons, may be reprooved & reformed, or cutt of; that, they who are, yet, without, may be received into the Covenant; that wee who are admitted, may be confirmed, without waveringe; & that the* God head *may be feared, & praiſed, & bleſſed, now & for ever more* Amen.

Pſa. 69.

To the cheef Muſitian Shoſannim a Pſalme of David. *It perſonates Chriſt taking vpon him our ſinns & infirmities; humbling him ſelf before his Father; declaring the Condition of his Adverſaries; shewing the bitternes of his paſsion; ſignifieng the iudgments prepared for Sinners; & prayeng for his Elect &c.* Chriſts members may vſe it to thoſe purpoſes.

HEalp Lord, for, Flouds encloſe my Soul,
In groundles depths I am bemir'd,
Above my head, great waters rowle,
My parched throate, with cries is tir'de.
Mine eyes are dim'd in ſeeking thee,
Moe then my haires, my Foes are growne,
My ſpoilers are too ſtrong for me;
And, take as theirs, what is mine owne.
2 Thou knoweſt how I am too blame;
But, for my ſake, let none of thoſe
(Lord God of Iſr'el) ſuffer blame,
Who do in thee their truſt repoſe.
For, I ſuſtaine reprochfull ſcorne,

And,

And, am diſgraced for thy ſake.
My brethren, of my mother borne,
  Of mee, likewiſe, a ſtranger make.
3 Zeal to thy houſe, hath worne mee out,
Thy ſcorners, my reprochers be;
My Faſtings, & my teares they flout,
And, when I mourne, they laugh at mee.
Of mee, the Rulers, evill, ſpake;
The Drunckerds, made of mee their ſongs:
But, Lord, my moane, I timelie make,
  In Mercie, mark therefore my wrongs.
4 Mee, by thy Truth's protection keep,
That miry-depths, nor ſpightfull-foes,
Devouring-Flouds, nor whirl-pooles deep,
Nor Dungeons Mouth my ſoul encloſe.
But, Lord, of thy abounding grace,
(For thy Love-ſake) returne, & hear;
To mee, thy ſervant ſhow thy face,
  And, in my need, incline thine ear.
5 Drawe nigh, & ſave, & ſett thou free
My ſoul, from thoſe who bear me ſpight;
For, all my wrongs, are knowne to thee,
And, all my Foes, are in thy ſight.
Rebukes & ſcornes, my hart nigh broke,
With greefs oppreſt, I made my mone;
But, where I did for pittie looke
  They would (alas) afford me none.
6 They, for my meat, did gall prepare,
Sharp Vineger to quench my thirſt;
Their Bourd, therfore, ſhall them enſnare,
And, Bleſſings, be to them accurſt.
Their eye ſhall be depriv'd of ſight;
A cure-les greef, their back ſhall ſhake;
God's heavie wrath, ſhall on them light,

His

His Vengance, them ſhall overtake.
7 None ſhall in their abiding-place,
Or in their Tent, be dwelling found;
For, whome thou ſmot'ſt, thoſe they did chaſe,
And, greeved him, whome thou didſt wound.
More ſinfull ſtill, they ſhall become,
And, in God's Iuſtice have no ſhare,
Nor in that book of life have roome,
Wherein, the Iuſt enrowled are.
8 But, I, that pore & ſcorned am
Shall by thyne ayde, oh Lord, be raisd;
For which, I'le magnify thy Name,
And, in my ſongs, thou ſhalt be praisd.
And, that, oh Lord, more pleaſes thee,
Then, horn'd & hoofed Oxe to give;
Which, when the Meek (thee ſeeking) ſee,
It ſhall with ioye, their hart revive.
9 God's praiſe, yee heav'ns & earth declare,
Him praiſe thou ſea, & all in thee:
For, to the pore, he lends his ear,
And, he doth ſett the pris'ner free.
He, *Syon* ſaves in time of need,
And, Iudah's Townes he will erect,
To be for thoſe, & for their ſeed,
Who ſerving him, his Name affect.

*Oh* Lambe of God! *which taketh away the ſinns of the world*, have mercie vpon vs. *Thou, that haſt taken on thee our ſinns, felt our infirmities, & ſuffred all which wee deſerved*, have mercie vpon vs. *Thou, who for our ſalvation, dideſt bear the vnkindneſſes of kindred & familiers, the reproches of Neighbours, the ſcornes, & oppreſsions of ſtrangers, the reproofs of Magiſtrates, & the contempt of the baſeſt people*, have mercy vpon vs. *Thou, who for our ſakes, haſt endured, inſufferable torments of the bodie, the*

*the vnſpeakable agonies of the ſoul, & taſted the gall & vineger of everie bitter paſsion,* have mercie vpon vs. *Deliver us from them who ſeek to crucifie thee againe, in thy members. Raiſe us by thy* Reſurrection, *whome thou haſt redeemed by thy* paſſiō; *Glorifie us by thy* Aſcentiō, *in life eternall, whome thou haſt ſecured frō* Damnation, *by thy* Death & Buriall; *And, for that which thou haſt done, & prepared, for thine* Elect; *let heaven & earth praiſe thee world without end* Amen.

Pſa, 70.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David to bring to Remembrance. *The Church praies for deliverance from her perſecutors; prophetically imprecates their confuſion; & deſires the proſperitie of the Godlie, &c.* It may be ſung when oppreſſors inſult over vs. &c.

DEferr not Lord, thy ſuccours longe
But, bring my Foes to ſhame;
Ev'n thoſe, who plott my ſoul to wronge,
Bring back, with loſſe & blame.
On them who skoffe, & flout at mee,
Beſtowe the Scorners hire:
But, make them glad, & ioye in thee,
Who after thee enquire.
2 Still, *God be prais'd*, let all men ſay,
Who, on his ayde relie;
And, make, oh Lord, no more delay,
For, in great want, am I.
I will no other aide emplore,
Then, what thou ſhalt afford;
To bring me ſuccours, now therfore,
Thy healp, defer not, Lord.

*Healp vs, oh* Lord; *for thou only art our* healper, *& wee have no other hopes but in thee. Make us, not the ſpoile or*

*or ſcorne of thoſe, who deſire, & practiſe the deſtruction of our ſoules: But, grant rather, oh God! that all they who fear thee, may be comforted in our ſpeedy deliverances; Reioice in thy Mercies; relie on thee in their neceſsities; & aſcribe all thancks, honour, & glorie to thy bleſſed* Name, *for ever more.* Amen.

Pſa. 71.

*The* Church *acknowledgeth God's preſervation of her in her ſeverall* Ages, *& from her manyfold Oppreſſors, deſiring to be preſerved alſo, in her laſt & worſt age. &c.* wee, on whome the worſt Age is come, ſhould vſe it as a prayer, to be delivered from the ſame.

KEep me from ſhame; for, Lord in thee I truſt;
Incline thine ear, to healp & ſet mee free:
Yea, ſave thou mee, oh Lord, as thou art iuſt,
My Rock, my Fort, my Refuge daigne to be;
For, *Lord* my ſtrēgth, thou help doſt promiſe me.
2 Mee from the powre of ſinnful men defend,
And from their hands, oh Lord, that cruel are.
My ſoul, on thee did in the wombe depend,
And, ſince my birth, thou haſt of mee had care:
For which my tongue ſhal ſtil thy praiſe declare.
3 Thou art my hope, though wondred at I be,
And, I will ſing thy praiſes all the day.
When I am weake & old, Lord, leave not mee:
For, with deſpight, my haters mee gainſay,
And, for my ſoul, they plotts & engines lay.
4 God, leaves him quite (ſay theſe) perſue & take;
He, now, hath none to reſcue him from thral.
But, come, oh God! & ſpeed to healp me make;
Oh come! & ſmite my ſoules Oppreſſors, all,
Bring ſcorn & ſhame, on thoſe who ſeek my fal.
5 Thē, ſtill, I'le hope: thy love I'le ſtill commend;

Yea, ſtill, relate what favours thou haſt done :
And, of thy grace, ſince I perceave no end,
Thy ſtrength, Lord God, I will depend vpon,
  And, magnifie thy Righteouſnes alone,
6 Till now, oh God ! thy Marvailes I have told,
As from my youth I have bin taught by thee :
Oh leave me not, when I am gray & olde,
Till Ages all, thy powre have learn'd of mee ;
  And, then extold, thy Iuſtice, Lord, ſhall be.
7 None ever did ſuch works as thou haſt wrought ;
And, though my ſoul thou keptſt awhile in paine,
At laſt, as one who from the grave was brought,
Me, to my ioyes, thou didſt reſtore againe ;
  For which, my harpe, to praiſe thy Name, I ſtrain,
8 My tongue, likewiſe ; in ſetting out thy prais,
Oh thou cheef ſaint of *Iſr'el* ! part ſhal bear ;
So ſhal my ſoul, whoſe price thy bountie paies,
And, ev'rie day, thy Iuſtice I'le declare,
  Becauſe, my foes defam'd, & ruin'de are.

*Oh Lord, in the wombe wee had extraordinarie nourishmēt & breathing for our bodies, & (no doubt) our ſoules had there, a due nourishment by thy Spirit. Being borne, wee are brought into thy viſible Church by* Baptiſme, *& long time after ſuſtained by thee, both in ſoul & body, without having any outward work required at our hands ; & when we are capable of the outward Covenant, al thou requireſt is but to give thee that hart which thou haſt prepared ſo to doe. Yet helps vs, oh God, in this dutie ; & never leave us in our own hands. And as thou haſt in all her former ages, preſerved thy* Church, *both from the rage of* Iewes, Gentiles, *& Heriticks; ſo, in this her old & worſt age, preſerve her from thoſe* Hypocrites *& lukewarm* profeſſors, *who have added ſecret miſcheeves, to publike oppreſsions. Yea preſerve her, & us, oh* God, *from thoſe, & all other Adverſaries, that*

*that thy* Truth *may be continued to all ages; the ioye of her* Children *reſtored; & thy bleſſed* Name *glorified, for ever and ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 72.

A Pſalm for Solomon. *It ſetts forth the maieſtie of Chriſt & his kingdome* (for, only, of that *Salomon* are many paſſages of this Pſalme verified) *it declares his Vniverſal iudicature; The Churches happines therein; His marvailous Incarnation; The extent, Riches, & peaceablenes of his Kingdome &c.* Wee ſhould ſing it to glorify God for thoſe things &c.

THe King oh God! with judgment bleſſe,
And, give thy Iuſtice to his Sonn;
That, to thy people, in deſtreſſe,
With judgment, Iuſtice may be done.
Then, Truth & Iuſtice floriſh will,
On ev'rie great & little hill.
2 Then, pooreſt men ſhall be ſecure,
For, he will all Oppreſſors tear;
And, whilſt the ſunn & moone endure
From age to age, they, him ſhall fear.
On Earth, like dropps deſcend he ſhall;
Like thoſe, which on the Fleece did fall.
3 The Iuſt, ſhall whilſt he rules have peace,
So long as doth the moone remaine:
He from the River to the ſeas,
(And quite throughout the world) ſhal raigne,
The ſalvages, adore him ſhall,
And all his foes, before him fall.
4 *Arabia's* prince, & *Saba's* Kinge,
The Lords of Seas, & Ilands to,
Shal guiſts to him, with homage, bring;
So ſhall all Kings, & people doe.

For, when they crie, he ſetteth free,
The pore & meek, that helples be.
5 The pore & humble he reſpects,
He ſaves their ſoules that healples are:
From fraud & force, he them protects;
For, in his eye, their bloud is dear.
To him, they *Sheba's* gold ſhall give;
And, he ſhall prais'd, & prayd for, live.
6 His Corne, ſhall from a handfull, growe
To cover all the mountaines topps;
Like *Libanon*, his fruit ſhall ſhowe,
And fill the Citties with his cropps.
His Fame through Ages, all ſhall runn,
As everlaſting as thee ſunn.
7 In him, the Nations all abrode,
Shall bleſſed be, & praiſe him to;
Oh praiſe the Lord ! ev'n *Iſr'els* God,
For, he alone cann wonders do.
Still, bleſſed be his glorious Name,
And, earth ſtill filled, with his Flame. *Amē. Amē.*

*Sweet* Ieſu *who being inviſible in thy* Deitie, *didſt become viſible in thy* humanitie, *by deſcending miraculouſly into the* Virgines *wombe, like raine into* Gideons *fleece; Grant wee beſeech thee, thy divine ſpirit may ſo infuſe it ſelfe into our harts that* (Iuſtice, Peace *&* Charitie, *encreaſing & continuenge vpon the earth) all thy afflicted Children may be comforted & ſecured; the barbarous Nations converted; thy Kingdome enlarged; thyne enimies be brought into ſubiection; thy feilds become abundantly fruitfull; & heaven & earth be filled with thy glorie, world without end,* Amen.

Pſa. 73.

A Pſalm for Aſaph. *It expreſſeth, how the faithfull are*

*are ſometime diſcouraged, by the proſperities of the wicked; & is an excellent deſcription of ſuch conflicts as are between the Flesh & the ſpirit in everie Chriſtian. &c.* We may vſe it, to comfort vs in ſuch tēptations, & to remember vs whither to repaire in ſuch conflicts.

NO doubt, God counts his Iſr'el dear,
And, loves the righteous man;
Yet was my foot quite gone, wel-near
And, I to fall begann.
For, when I fooles did honor'd vewe,
And Sinners lifted high,
And that nor ſick, nor weak they grewe,
Their weal I did envie.
2 From greefs like ours, they ſeemed free,
Their pride & Cruelties,
To them as clothes or bracelets be;
And, fatt ſtuffs out their eyes.
They have their wills, & are ſo baſe,
To boaſt of Sinns & wrongs:
And neither earth nor heav'nly place,
Eſcapes their evill tongues.
3 To ſuch Ful-ſprings, as wel as they,
God's Children ſeek to goe:
For, God (the God moſt high) they ſay,
Regards not what wee do.
Lo, wicked men the world poſſeſſe,
And, wealth & honors gaine;
But, wee have cleans'd in righteouſnes,
Our harts & hands in vaine.
4 Yea, wee ſtill pininge goe (ſay they)
Lamenting all day long:
Yet, thus I, ſpeak not, leſt I may,
Thy weaker Children wrong.
I ſought a reaſon for the ſame,

But, I no cauſe deſcern'd
Till to the houſe of God I came,
And, there their end I learn'd.
5 On ſlipp'rie ſeats, them ſett thou haſt,
From whence with ſhame & feare,
Ev'n ſuddainly, they downe are caſt;
And never more appeare.
For, as a dream (when thou doſt wake)
Thou doſt their Forme deface:
At ſuch therefore, offence to take,
Thou ſeeſt, how fond I was.
6 But, ſtill, with mee thou doſt abide,
Thou hold'ſt my Right-hand faſt;
And, by thy Counſells, mee ſhalt guide
To Glory's throne, at laſt.
In heav'n or Earth, account I make
Of nothing but of thee:
And, though my ſoul & Fleſh be weake,
Thou alway ſtrengthneſt mee.
7 For, thou oh God! my portion art;
And, thou ſhalt them deſtroy,
Who runn a whooring in their hart,
Another, to enioy.
Becauſe, right good, the ſame doth ſeem,
To God, approching near,
(And, placing all my truſt in him)
His works I will declare.

*Direct thou ſo* (*oh* Lord) *all our* works, words, & thoughts, *that wee neither murmur at any afflicſion where with wee are exerciſed, nor be diſcouraged in thy ſervice, becauſe the wicked are more flourishing, for a time. VVee confeſſe it is oft our frailty to iudg of thy love by outward proſperities; & that great Adverſities have tempted ſome to call into queſtion thy providence, to the shaking & endange-*

*ring*

*ring of their Faith. But, grant (wee pray thee) that by frequenting thy* houſe *& vſing the meanes of* Perſeverance, *wee may be ſo informed touching the fickle eſtate of wicked men, in proſperitie (& of that happines which thou preparest for conſtant profeſſors of thy Truth) that wee never commit ſpiritual fornication againſt thee: But, that chuſing thee for our portion, & ſupporting our weakenes by thy ſtrength, wee may continue in thy* Fear, Favour & protection, *to our lives end.* Amen.

Pſa. 74.

A Pſalm for Aſaph. *It myſticallie prophecied what havoke should be made in the* Church, *by aluding to the deſtruction of the material Temple; & God is deſired to vouchſafe his wonted Mercie, in regard of the Foes outrage; but, eſpecially, for his owne honour ſake.* It is a prayer for the Church in perſecution.

OH God! for ever, why deſpis'd are wee?
Why is in rage, thy paſturage laid waſt?
Oh minde thy Flock, redeem'd of old by thee,
(That heritage, which dearly bought thou haſt)
Ev'n *Syon* mount, whereon thy Name is plac't.
2 Come Lord (oh come) deſtroy for evermore,
The Foe, that on thy holy-place hath preyd;
Thy foes, that in thy Congregation roare,
Who, there, for ſignes, their enſignes have diſplaid
And, on the carved works their axes laid.
3 For, as if they ſome grove were hewing downe
With Axe & Maul, the coſtly works they breake;
They flaming fires, into thy houſe have throwne;
Thy name's cheef ſeat, a place prophane they make
And, in their harts, of ſpoiling all, they ſpeake.
4 Throughout the Land, thy houſes burned be;
Yet, to declare the date of this our woe,

Nor viſions now, nor Prophets word have wee.
Lord, when ſhall end, theſe ragings of the Foe?
  Shall he blaſpheam thy Name, for ever, ſo?
5 No more, thy hād (thy right-hād) Lord, withhold:
Within thy breſt, the ſame no longer hide:
For, thou oh God! thou art our king of old,
And, here on earth, for vs thou didſt provide,
  When, by thy powre, thou didſt the Sea divide.
6 The Dragons Heads thou woundedſt in the floud;
*Leviathan's* vaſt heads, thou didſt prepare,
In places wilde, to be thy peoples food:
Yea, frō dry rocks, thou hewdſt our fountains there
  And ma'dſt firm land, where mighty waters were.
7 Thine, is the day, the night is alſo thine;
Thou ma'dſt the light, & thou did'ſt form the ſunn
The world, within her *Zones*, thou didſt confine;
& ſhewdſt what cours, times hot & cold ſhould run
  *Lord*, mind thoſe things, & what the foe hath don.
8 Obſerve, how fools blaſpheā thy name oh *Lord!*
Thy Turtles life, defend from Sinners wrongs:
Obſerve our greefs, & thinck vpon thy word;
For, to the world, a darkſome denn belongs,
  Which harbors fraud, inhumane deeds, & wrōgs.
9 That ſo the pore (vnſham'd) may praiſe thy name,
To plead thy cauſe (thine owne juſt cauſe) ariſe;
Obſerve how fooles, thee daylie do defame;
Yea, bear in minde, thy Foes malitious cries,
  And to what height, their ſhouts againſt vs riſe.

*Oh* Lord God, *dreadful in iudgmēts & infinit in mercies! the devaſtation typified in thy Material* Temple, *is fulfilled vpon thy ſpirituall* Sanctuary. *Thy open Adverſaries batter the maine Fabrick without, whilſt* Schyſmaticks *&* Hypocrites *break downe the Ornaments within: & betwixt both; terrors, confuſions, & diſſentions are ſo increaſed, that thy*

*thy* Church, *is indangered. Have mercie vpon the people whome thou haſt bought, & (as heretofore) shew thy ſelfe the* King *&* protector, *of thine* Inheritance, *to the confuſion of thy blaſpheamers. Though not for ours, yet, for thine honour ſake, let neither the temporall enimies of thy viſible* Church, *make ſpoile thereof; nor our ſpirituall* Deſtroier, *deface thoſe* Temples *of thy holy-ſpirit which are erected in our harts: But, keep them alwaies vndefaced, vnpoluted, & fitting receptacles, for thee & thy Graces, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 75.

To the cheef Muſitian Altaſchith, a Pſalme or ſong for Aſaph. *God is praiſed for his ready healp. Chriſt promiſeth to ſupport & iudge his* Church. *Oppreſſors are reprooved, & the different portion of them, & of the Godly, is declared.* It is vſefull, to comfort againſt the inſolencies of ſpiritual foes.

THee Lord, wee praiſe & magnifie;
To thee wee thanckfull are:
For, that thy Name approcheth nigh,
Thy wondrous works declare.
When I the people have aſſum'd,
I, Iuſtice will maintaine:
For, when Earth's dwellers are conſum'd
Her pillers I ſuſtaine. *(Selah)*
2 To Fooles, I ſaid, more prudent growe;
To Sinners, thus I ſpake,
Your horne (your horne) advance not ſoe,
Nor, ſuch proud boaſting make.
Nor Eaſt, nor weſt, advancements come,
Nor from the Mountaines flowe;
But, God him ſelf preferreth ſome,
And, ſome doth overthrowe.

3 From his full Cupp, within his hand,
  He mixt redd-wine doth poure;
Which ev'rie Sinner in the land,
  Shall dreggs & all devoure.
But, I of *Iacob's* God will ſpeak,
  And alway ſing his praiſe:
The hornes of Sinners I will break;
  And, high, the Righteous raiſe.

*Oh* Chriſt, *the Sonn of God! ſo eſtablish thy Kingdome in our harts, that Righteouſnes may be continued in the Land. Support thoſe whome thou haſt raiſed to be as it were pillers in thy* Church *or* Commonwealth; *keep them from being ſo impudent, or vaine glorious in their preferment, as if it came either cauſuallie, or by their owne Induſtrie, or deſervings: But, ſo cauſe thē & us to perceive thy purpoſe & thy providence, both in our ſeverall advancements, & humiliations, that we may the better diſcharge our perticuler duties. And, when thou shalt fill out the* redwine of thy wrath *to all obſtinate malefactors, let us be refreshed by taking the* Cupp of Salvation, *which thou haſt prepared for all them, who shall be iuſtified, through the merrits of* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord* Amen.

Pſa. 76.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme or ſong for Aſaph. *It is a Triumph-ſong to praiſe God, for that knowledge of him, which he hath vouchſafed vnto his* Church *typified by Iudah, Ieruſalem, & Syon. It glorifieth Chriſt alſo, for his conqueſts over ſinn, Death & the Devill.* The vſe is manyfeſt.

IN *Iurie*, God is knowne full well;
  His Name's in Iſr'el great:
He, in *Ieruſalem* doth dwell,
  And, *Syon* is his ſeat.

Shaft,

Shaft, ſword, & ſheild, he battred there;
  Yea, there he wonn the Feild; *Selah*
And, more his powrs, and honors are,
  Then ſpoilers Burroughts, yeald.
2 The ſtrong are foilde; their dream is flowne
  Their ſtrength has not prevaild:
For, at the God of *Iacob's* frowne,
  Both horſe & Charret faild.
Thou dreadfull art, & none, oh Lord,
  Thine angry looks cann bear;
For, when thy voice from heav'n is heard,
  The Earth is dumbe with fear.
3 The meek on eatth, when thou to ſave,
  And judge them (Lord) ſhalt pleaſe, *Selah.*
Thou by man's wrath, ſhalt honour have,
  And, his hot rage appeaſe.
To God make vowes; & preſents give
  All yee that round him are.
For, he doth kings of breath deprive
  And makes great princes fear.

*Glorify thy ſelf, oh* Lord God! *in thy holy* Catholick Church, *by the final overthrowe of all her enimies: Let thy powre break all their Inſtruments of miſchef: Let the preaching of thy* Goſpell, *& the thundring of thy Iudgments (which have already deſtroyed the powre, & made fruſtrate the Dreames, of the old heathnish Idolaters, & their falſe Philoſophie) vtterly overthrowe the ſtrength of that carnal wiſdome, which at this day ſtandeth in oppoſition to thy Truth. Let our furious diſſenſions be appeaſed, & let the frowardnes, rage, & blind zeal of all men, become a meanes of encreaſing thy glory; to the confuſion of thy ſtouteſt oppoſers, & to the Salvation of the meeke harted, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 77.

Pſal. 77.

To the cheef Muſitian to Iduthun a Pſalm for Aſaph. *It expreſſeth thoſe interchanges of Doubts, Hopes, Feares, Comforts & Aſſurances, through which wee work our ſalvation with fear and trembling.* It ſerves to minde vs of our fraile condition; & ſhewes how to order our throughts in ſpiritual combats.

TO God, ev'n to the Lord, I prayd,
And, hee did hear my moanes;
Both day & night I ſought his aide,
With never-ceaſing groanes.
My hart no comforts entertain'd,
But fixt on him her thought; *Selah.*
And ſo I greev'd, & ſo complain'd
That, lowe my ſoul was brought.
2 Mine eyes from ſleep hee did with holde,
With paine, I loſt my tongue:
I mus'd on daies, & yeares of olde,
And what was once my ſong.
Yea, all alone, at night I lay,
Thus muſing in my minde;
Lord, wilt thou caſt mee quite away,
And, never more bee kinde?
3 Is thy compaſſion loſt out right?
Shall thy firme promiſe faile?
Haſt thou for got thy Mercie quite?
O're Love, ſhall hate prevaile?
No; this my frailtie is, quoth I,
And, theſe, but changes are,
Wrought by the powre of God moſt high,
Which, I, in minde will bear.
4 Thy works, & wonders paſt, oh Lord,
I'le therfor muſe vpon;

Thy

Thy former Acts, I will record,
  And, ſhewe what thou haſt done.
Thy walkings, in thy houſe, declare,
  That, there's no God like thee :
And, what thy powre & marvailes are,
  Thou mak'ſt all people ſee.
5 For *Iacob's*, & for *Ioſeph's* race,
  Thine arme did purchaſe aide ; *Selah*
And, ſeas, & Flouds, to vewe thy face,
  Were troubled & afraide.
The Clouds did melt, the Vapours craſht,
  Thine Arrowes, forth were ſhott,
Thy thunders roar'd, the lightnings flaſht,
  And, Earth a trembling got.
6 Thou wentſt through ſeas with ſteps vn-eide,
  Thy paths were in the Deep ;
And, *Moſes* did with *Aron*, guide
  Thy people, there, like ſheep.

Father of mercy, & *God of all conſolation (who haſt often tymes, glorioufly, & miraculoufly hertofore delivered thy Children, & made ſafe paſſage for them through horrible Feares troubles perills & temptations) be mercifull vnto us, wee beſeech thee, in all our inward & outward affiictions ; eſpecially, when our ſinns cauſe thee to exerciſe us with ſuch* chaunges, *as may make us fearfull we have loſt thy favour. VVee deſerve to be deprived of thy compaſſion, & of all thoſe comforts & protections, which wee have long enioyed, by thy free grace: Nevertheles, grant that wee never fall quite away from thy regard, but may ſo returne alwaies vnto thee; that our frailties may be pitied, our penitence accepted, our petitions entertained, & wee continued in a full fruition of all thy mercies, & gratious promiſes, in* Chriſt Ieſus. Amen.

Pſa. 78.

Pſa. 78.

Maſchil, for Aſaph. *It commemorates the Iewes obſtinate incredulilitie, with God's plagues & Mercies interchangeably ſent among them vntill the tyme of* David. Wee ſhould vſe it, to warne vs of God's long-ſuffring toward the whole humane Nature, whoſe perverſenes, is here miſtically ſet forth, *as alſo, the ſending of the true David, Ieſus Chriſt.*

NOw to my Law (my people) give thine eare,
&, wel obſerv what weighty things are tolde:
For, lo, my lipps a problem ſhal declare
And, plainely ſing, grave ſayengs, dark, & old:
That, nether what our Fathers have revealed,
Nor what we know, be from our babes concealed.
2 God's powr & praisfull wonders I will blaze,
His Teſtaments, to *Iacob*, I will ſhowe;
How he, likwiſe, in Iſr'el ſetled lawes,
Which they were bound to let their childrē know
That ſo, they might to their next ages teach them,
And, Age to age, for ever after preach them.
3 That they, in God, a faithful hope might place,
And not forget his works, or his command,
As heretofore their Fathers head ſtrong race,
Whoſe hart, with God, vprightly did not ſtand;
Like Ephr'ims brood, who bows & weapōs bearing
Forſook the Feild, the day of battell fearing.
4 Gods law they brak, his cov'nant they did ſlite
And on his works or marvailes never thought:
Yet, many ſignes & wonders in their ſight,
In *Zoan* feildes, & *Egipt*-land he wrought.
To make their way, the ſea, in twaine he cleaved
And, high on heaps, the rowling waters heaved.
5 A pillerd-Cloud, by day he made their guide,
A Column-

A Column-fir'd, to clear the night he ſent.
More over, he the Rocks did then divide,
And ſtreams like ſeas, along the Deſert went.
From craggy flints, ſweet waters forth he bruſed,
And ſprings from thēce, like Rivers were diffuſed.
6 But they went on to move his anger, ſtill,
And much provokd the wrath of God, moſt high,
By tempting him their luſtings to fulfil,
And craving fleſh, their longings to ſupplie.
For, with diſtruſt, they ask'd if God were able,
In that wilde place, to furniſh out a table. (ſmot,
7 Springs flowd indeed (ſed they) when rocks he
But, can he bread & fleſh as wel provide?
Which when God heard, with *Iacob* he was hot,
And, in his wrath he did with *Iſr'el* chide;
Becauſe, no faith to his firm promiſe giving,
They ſtill remain'd in truſtles vnbeleeving.
8 He naitheles, the gates of heav'n vnclos'd,
And made the clouds, raine *Manna* for their meat
The bread of heav'n, among them he diſpos'd,
And Angells food, vnworthy men did eat.
A wind South-Eaſt-by Eaſt, he then ordained,
And fleſh as duſt, & foules as ſand, it rained.
9 Theſe fild ther camp, & fluttred round their tēts
Til they were cloid with what their luſt perſu'd:
Yet none of them his fleſhlie minde repents;
which God avengd, ev'n whē the meat thei chewd
For, his feirce wrath, on *Iſr'el* down he poured,
And, of their cheefs, the fatteſt he devoured.
10 Yet, ſin'd they ſtil, & ſet his works at naught;
For which, their time he waſted out in vaine,
(Afflicting them, til after him they ſought)
And, then in ſhew, they did repent againe.
Yea, then his powre to bear in mind they ſeemed,
And

And ſaid, he was the God that them redeemed.
11 In which altho he knew their flattring mouth
And lieng tōgues, did nought but falſhood ſpeak;
Tho, him, their hart affected not in truth,
And, tho, they ſtil his holy League did break,
Of his meer grace, he naitheles forgave them,
And, from his wrath, ev'n he himſelf, did ſave thē.
12 For, them to be but fleſh, in minde he bare,
And gone like windes, which never ſhal retire;
That they perverſe eu'n in the Deſerts were,
Yea, that ev'n there, they much incens'd his yre,
Provoking him, by falſe & fain'd repenting,
The holy-one of *Iſr'el* diſcontenting.
13 Nor on his powre, nor on thoſe daies they (thought,
Wherin he from their foes did ſet them free;
They minded not, the ſignes in *Egipt* wrought,
Nor thoſe which they in *Zoan* feilds did ſee:
How, he with bloud, the wholſom ſprings diſtaſted
How, them with flies of divers kinds he waſted.
14 How, he with frogs their ſtubborn foes anoyd
How, their encreaſe, the Caterpillers pild.
How, then, the Locuſt al their fruits enioy'd
Nor how the froſt, their vines deſtroid & kild;
Nor how, cold haile, & burning bolts of thunder,
Did ſlay their flocks, & break their trees aſunder.
15 For, he did hurl on them his furious wrath;
To them, both fears, & harmful-ſprites he ſent;
Vnto their deaths, his rage did make a path,
And then, to wrack, both men & cattel went;
He, of their lives, their eldeſt-born bereaved
Through *Egipt*-land, where *Cham* his lot receaved.
16 Then, like a flock, his people forth he led,
Through places wilde cōducting thē like ſheep.
He kept them ſafe, without all cauſe of dread,
Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt he, their foes o'rewhelmed in the deep;
And alſo gave, when al this grace was done them,
That holy hill, which his right-hand had won thē.
17 Before their face, the gentiles thēce he took,
And what was theirs, to Iſr'el gave by lot,
Yet ſtil, almighty God they did provoke,
And his commands, they ſtill regarded not;
But, being like their Fathers, double-harted;
Like broken bowes, from him, aſide they ſtarted.
18 The *Lord* was wroth & Iealous when he ſaw
Their Images, & their hill-alters rear'd,
And, ther-vpon, from Iſr'el did with drawe
His former love, & ſo incens'd appear'd
That, of his place among them, he repented
And left his Tent in *Siloh*, vnfrequented.
19 By thraldom then, he took way their powr,
He gave their ſtrength & glorie to their foe,
He cauſ'd the ſword his people to devour,
And with his Land, exceeding wroth did grow.
Conſuming heat, their yongmens vigor tired:
Their maides, by none, in wedlock were deſired.
20 Then by the ſword, his preiſts away he took,
Whome to bewaile, the widdows were not ſpar'd
But, lo, the Lord from ſleeping then awook,
As when with wine a mighty man is chear'd.
Their hinder parts, with ſecret-ſores he wounded;
And al his foes with laſting ſhame confounded.
21 Then he the Tent of *Ioſeph* did refuſe,
And Ephr'ims tent he did likewiſe reiect:
But, *Iudah's* tribe it pleaſed him to chuſe,
Ev'n *Syon* hill, which he did beſt affect;
And, there, aloft he rais'd his habitation,
To be as firm, as is the Earth's foundation.
22 He from the flocks, his ſervant *David* choſe,

Frō bigwombd ewes, & from attending ſheep :
His heritage, to him, he did diſpoſe,
And *Iacob's* flock, & Iſr'els heards to keep.
So, with pure thoughts, diſcreetly thē he guided,
And, food for them, ſincerely he provided.

*O* Lord God ! *we have often bitterly cenſured the* Iewes, *not conſidering that their* ſtorie, *is a* Problem, *miſtically decipheringe our condition: Or that wee, like* David *by* Nathan's *parable, are therby, made Iudges & condemners of our ſelves. If we overlooke the courſe of our lives, we shal finde verified in our owne perſons, all thoſe things which are mentioned of that* People. *VVe have the like Covenant of grace; wee have had miraculous deliverances both temporal & ſpiritual; ſome of us have tempted him as long (& longer) in this* wildernes *of our Pilgrimage; Our murmurings, deſparings, longings, yea our frowardnes & infidelity hath bene as much as theirs; VVe have had as many ſeveral pardons to winn us; as many enterchanges of proſperity & Adverſitie, to reform us; & have had them, alſo, for our examples; yet are as diſobedient & as negligent as they. Oh Good God, lay not this to our Charge; but, grant we may ſo apply what thou haſt left written of them for our warning; that the fear of thy* Iudgments, *& the love of thy* Mercies, *may reclaime us; and that our great Sheapherd (ev'n the true David Ieſus Chriſt) may guide us out of our* wandrings, *& bring us out of this* wildernes, *into his eternal* Reſt, Amen.

Pſa. 79.

A Pſalm for Aſaph. *It is vſefull for any perticuler Church, when it is tirannized over, by* Turks, *hereticks, or ſuch like members of* Antichriſt: *For the* Church *of* Chriſt *(whoſe perſecutions & martirdomes were prefigured by thoſe which fell on* Ieruſalem*) is here perſonated, praye-*

*eng*

*eng, & expreſsing her ſuffrings, &c.*

VPon thine heritage, oh God!
The Gentiles, Ryots de commit:
Within thy Temple, they have trod,
And, waſted & prophaned it.
The bodies of thy ſaints, beſtrowe
The feilds about *Ieruſalem*;
Their blood, ev'n in the ſtreets doth flowe,
And, birds & beaſts do feed onthem.
2 Their bones without a grave remaine,
And, all our neighbours vs defame:
Oh Lord, how long ſhal wee ſuſtaine,
Thy burning rage, thy iealous flame!
Let thy incenſed wrath be pour'd.
On heathen lands, that knowe not thee;
For, they thy *Iacob* have devour'd,
And, quite conſum'd his dwellings be.
3 Remember not our follies paſt,
(Oh God! from whome our help doth flowe)
But thy ſweet grace, Lord, let vs taſt;
For, wee are brought exceeding lowe.
Healp (for thy Mercy's cauſe) wee pray,
For thy Name-ſake, forgive our ſinn;
Leſt, els, of thee the heathen ſay,
Where is their God, they truſted in?
4 But, let it bee (before our eyes)
Of all the Gentiles vnderſtood,
By hearing of the pris'ners cries,
And, by revenging of our bloud.
Them, ſave likewiſe (ev'n through thy might)
That vnto death appointed be;
And ſeaven fold, oh God! requite
Our neighbours ſcornful ſpights to thee.
5 So, wee thy paſture-ſheep, oh Lord,

Will give thee praiſe, & thancks therfore,
Yea wee thy praiſes will record,
From age to age, for ever more.

*Looke downe, oh* Chriſt, *vpon the perſecutions of thy* Church; *behold the bloud of thy* Martirs; *the prophanation of thy holy* Ordinances; *the ſcornful vpraidings, & the great calamities, which are publikely inflicted on many true profeſſors of thy* Goſpel (*even among thoſe who are their* neighbours *in* Belief) *& in the very ſtreets of thine owne* Cittie. *Though our ſinns have deſerved more; yet, for thy mercie ſake, & for thine owne honor ſake, compaſsionate our humiliation, forgive our offences, & let thy diſpleaſure be rather manifeſted againſt thoſe who are enimies to thy Truth. So, they, who have (in deriſion) queſtioned thy regard of us, shall be aſſured thereof, by thy avenging our cauſe; & we being ſecured from our Oppreſſors, shal magnify thy holy Name for ever & ever. Amen.*

Pſa. 80.

To the cheef Muſitian vpon Shoſannim Eduth a Pſalm for Aſaph. *By the allegory of a Vine, is expreſſed God's great care of the Iewish* Church, *typifieng alſo, the* Chriſtian Church, *whoſe complaints & deſires in her ſuffrings, are here expreſt.* It may be vſed by any congregations of the faithful, when they are delivered vp to their foes &c.

HEar thou, that Flock-like, *Ioſeph* guideſt,
And twixt the Cherubims reſideſt;
Now, *Iſr'els* Paſtor ſhine thou clear:
To *Beniamin's* & *Eph'rims* vewe,
Thy ſtrength before *Manaſſeth* ſhewe;
And, to defend vs, drawe thou near.
2 Returne, & of thy grace aſſure vs;
For, that alone will ſave & cure vs.

Oh

Oh Lord of hoaſts; wee thee entreat:
For aye therfor, cloſe not thime ears
Though, long, thou mak'ſt vs drinck our teares,
And giv'ſt vs weepings for our meat.
3 Our Neighbours are at ſtriſe about vs,
Thou mak'ſt our foes to ſcorne & flout vs,
Lord God of Hoaſts! our ſorrow ſlake:
To ſave vs, cauſe thy face to ſhine:
For, thou from *Egipt* broughtſt this Vine,
And, threw'ſt out Nations for her ſake.
4 The place, thou hadſt before ſo tilled,
That, rooting well, the land ſhee filled,
And cov'red mountaines with her ſhade:
Her boughs did Cedar-like extend,
Shee, branches to the ſea did ſend,
And, to the River, ſhee did ſpread.
5 Why of her hedge haſt thou bereſt her?
Why to the ſpoile of ſtrangers left her?
And of the feirce vntamed ſwine?
The Forreſt herds, have her or'ethrowne;
Oh Lord of Hoaſts! from heav'n look downe,
Behold, & viſite this thy Vine.
6 That Vine, which thy right-hand hath cheriſht
That branch, which for thine owne was nouriſht,
Is burn't, & ſpoild, while thou doſt frowne:
Oh! ſend, for our defence to ſtand,
That Sonn of Man, whome thy Right-hand,
Hath arm'd, & choſen for thine owne.
7 Then, we ſhall never more denie thee;
But, being ſtill revived by thee,
For ever, call vpon thy Name.
Oh Lord of Hoaſts, convert vs nowe,
A gratious look, on vs beſtowe,
And, thou ſhalt ſave vs, by the ſame.

*Notwithſtanding* (*oh* gratious Father) *thou doſt often water us with our owne teares, & expoſe us iuſtly to the beaſts of the Forreſt (even to our owne brutish appetites) & though our vnthankfulnes hath worthilie deſerved that wee should be chaſtiſed with many ſtormes of Adverſitie: Yet, Remember, wee beſeech thee, that wee are plants of thine owne* Vineyeard, *& branches of that goodly* Vine, *which thou haſt elected for thy ſelf. Behold, & viſite us with a favourable aſpect; repaire thoſe decayed Fences, through which any* ſtrang luſt, *or* ſwiniſh Condition, *hath broken in vpon us. Let our Foes (by whome wee are perſecuted) our neighbours (by whome wee were mocked, or preyed vpon) & our brethren (who were cenſorious beholders of our afflictions) become witneſſes alſo, of thy renewing Favours: That we may be comforted in thee, & continue for ever hereafter, conſtant in thy fear & ſervice, through the aſsiſtance of that* man of thy Right-hand, Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 81.

To the Cheef Muſitian on Gittith a Pſalm for Aſaph. *It is vſefull to commend vnto us the obſervation of our Chriſtian* Sabaths *& Solemnities, which are pioufly to be regarded in all Ages; becauſe we commemorate in them our* Deliverances, *from our ſpiritual* Bondage, *typified by the* Egiptian-thraldom. &c. It vpraideth man's in gratitude, & neglect of God &c.

IN God our ſtrength, let vs reioice;
To *Iacob's* God, let vs now ſing,
And in our Pſalmes, to help the voice,
The tymbrel, harpe, & Pſalt'rie bring.
The Moone renewing, trumpets blowe,
And, when the ſolemne feaſtings be:
For, *Iacobs* God, long time agoe,

In

In Iſr'el, did this lawe decree.
2 This Teſtimonie he prepar'd,
When *Ioſeph* came from *Egipt*-land
And liv'd where hee a language heard,
Whoſe words he did not vnderſtand.
From Burthens, & the potters task,
Thy hands & ſhoulders I did free,
I help'd, when thou for help didſt ask,
And, heard thee from the ſtorme, ſaid he.
3 Ev'n at the waters of debate *Selah.*
I ſayd (that I might prove thee there)
Oh *Iſr'el* mark, what I relate,
And, to my words incline thine ear.
Thou ſhalt no other God's at all,
But me the Lord thy God, receive;
For, thee I brought from *Egipts* thrall,
And, will thy largeſt askings give.
4 But *Iſr'el* did my words contemn;
Of me, my people would have none:
So, to their pleaſures left I them,
Who, after their owne luſts are gone.
Oh! had my people mee obayd,
If Iſr'el had my waies perſu'de,
I on their foes my hand had laid:
Their haters, I had ſoone ſubdew'd.
5 My Foes had then obayd my powre,
And, I had ſtill my Folk vphild:
I, them had fedd with pureſt flowre
And, with rock-hony, them had fild.

*Make us ever mindfull, oh God, to magnify thy* Name *for delivering us from our ſpiritual Bondage; But, at thoſe times which thy* Church *(according to the laudable cuſtome of the* Patriarks) *hath ſet apart to commemorate thy extraordinarie* Mercies, *let us, eſpecially, performe this,*

*dutie; neither falſly counting it ſuperſtitiõ to meet in the publike ſolemnization of thy praiſe; nor vnthanckfully omit the continuation of ſo neceſſarie a ſervice. Give us grace alſo, to conſider that it is no conſtraining Decree of thine, which hath made any of us vncapable of thy* free grace, *but that it is meerly our owne* wilfulnes, *which compels thy* Iuſtice *to leave us to our owne wills, if we be caſt off: So, we ſhall be kept the more obedient to thy commands; & thou (who reneweſt the* will, *before thou exacteſt obedience from it) ſhalt accept the willingnes for the* deed; *& in due time work in us the* Deed *alſo, to our eternall ſalvation through* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Pſa. 82.

A Pſalme for Aſaph. *It may be ſung at our publike Iudicatures, before them who adminiſter in the great affaires of* Church *or* Commonwealth; *to minde them of their duties, &c. For, it inſtructs & reproves* Princes, Paſtors & Magiſtrates, *abuſing their Authority, declares the reward of their Iniuſtice, & invokes God to take the iudicature to himſelf.*

GOd ſtands, where he doth ſee
The *Lords* to Counſell goe;
And, when the *Gods* in Iudgment be,
He judgeth what they do.
22 Yee Nobles, wherfor, then,
Are yee vnjuit ſo long?
Why favour yee, vngodlie men
To do the righteous wrong? *Selah.*
4 The pore, young Orphanes greev'd,
The needie & oppreſt,
Should by your Iuſtice be releev'd,
And from proud hands releaſt.
4 But, yee are men vnwiſe,

And

And walk without the light:
Ev'n you, on whome the land relies,
Are out of order, quite.
5 You, therefore, whome I call
The ſonns of God moſt high,
(And termed *Gods*) like men, ſhall fall;
And, like ſuch Princes dye.
6 Thy ſelf, oh God! advance
And, give the world her doome;
For, thine by due Inheritance,
All nations are become.

*Grant* almighty God, *that they to whome thou committeſt the government of thy* Churches *or* Commonweales, *may not (as it often happneth) Be their greateſt oppreſſors: But give thy grace (oh heavenly Father) to all whome thou ſetteſt in Authority, that they (conſidering whoſe powre they have, what they were and what they ſhalbe hereafter, may become ſo wiſe, in them ſelves, & ſuch lights to others; that Righteouſnes may be advanced, Vngodlines ſuppreſſed, the pore & fatherles releeved, all abuſes reformed; and that ſuch* Dignities, *may be ſtill conferred & continued, to the publike profit, & to thy eternal glorie,* Amen.

Pſa. 83.

A Pſalme or ſong for Aſaph. *It may be vſed as a prayer againſt the* Leagues & Confederacies *of the* Churches *foes, ſuch as* Pagans, Turks, Hereticks *and* Falſebrethren; *for, the whole Liſt of them, is here typically regiſtred, vnder their Names who were enimies to the* Iewiſh Church.

BEe ſilent Lord, no longer now,
To ſpeak, oh God, no more forbear:
For lo, thy foes do furious grow,

And, proudly rais'd thy haters are.
They plot, thy people to betray,
And, thy intireſt freinds to take;
Come, & of Iſr'el, now (ſay they)
  A nameles nation wee will make.
2 As in one League, all theſe combine,
And, are againſt thee Lord, agreed;
Ev'n *Edom* land, & *Iſm'els* line,
And *Moab's* race, & *Hagar's* breed.
*Philiſtim's*, *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Tyre*,
Huge *Amaleck*, & *Ashur* to,
To help the Sonns of *Lot*, conſpire,
  Aſſiſting them in all they do. *Selah.*
3 But, Lord, like *Madian* make thou them,
Like *Siſera* and *Iabin's* traines,
Who ſlaughtered were by *Kishon* ſtream,
And, lay like dung on *Endor* plaines.
Their dukes, like *Zeb*, & *Oreb* make,
Like *Zeba* end *Zalmana's* Peers,
Who ſaid, they would God's houſes take,
  And his Poſſeſſions, to be theirs.
4 Lord, wheel them round, as turn'd wee ſee
The duſt or chaf, when whirl-winds blowe.
And, let thy wrath, among them be
Like flames on hills, where woods do grow.
Yea, let a dreadful ſtorm ariſe,
Perſueng them with death & ſhame:
Let feares & troubles, them ſurpriſe,
  Vntill they ſeek, & praiſe thy Name.
5 So, when that men behold their fall,
They ſhall confeſſe, there none cann be,
Whome wee ETERNAL ought to call
Or ſov'raigne of the world, but thee?
  *Permit not, oh* Lord, *thoſe enmies to praile who have made*

*made* Leagues *&c.* confederacies, *againſt thy* Church; *But, as heretofore thou haſt overthrowne al thoſe Nations who were great oppreſſors of thy ancient people the* Iewes *(&c. who were* types *of our confederated Adverſaries) So, wee beſeech thee, bring to ſuddaine deſtruction, all the plotts enterpriſes and combinations, of Turks, hereticks, vnbeleevers, &c. falſe brethren. Proteſt vs alſo, we pray thee, from the ſnares, powre &c. ſubtilties, of our ſpiritual foes; that thou being known our defender &c. our truſt being alwaies in thy defence, wee may not fear the powre of any adverſaries; But, for our manyfold protections, praiſe &c. magnify thy* Eternal *name, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 84.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalm for the ſonns of Chorah. *It ſetts forth the ſoules longings, to be pertaker of the bleſſed* Communion of ſaints, *&c. the fruition of God; It shewes alſo, the happines of ſuch, &c. their demeanour in this vale of their Miſerie. &c.* It is vſeful, to ſtir vp in our ſoules, on ardēt love to God & his houſe *&c.*

OH Lord of Hoaſts! how pleaſant are
Thy dwellings, & thy courts to me?
In ſoul & fleſh, for entrance there,
Eternal God, my longings be.
The Sparrow findeth an abode
The Swallow builds, & breedeth, to,
(Oh Lord of Hoaſts! my King, my God)
Ev'n at thine alters, thus they doe.
2 Right bleſſed, all thy houſhold be,
For, they are ſinging, ſtill, thy praiſe: *Selah.*
And, bleſſed are, the ſtrong in thee,
Who in their harts affect thy waies.
As, through the vale of tears they goe,
They find ſweet ſprings of comforts there,
And, they from ſtrength to ſtrength ſhall growe,

Till

Till they with God, in *Syon* are.
2 Lord God of Hoaſts, give ear to me,
And, mark, oh *Iacob's* God, my moane. *Selah.*
Oh God our ſheild ! behold & ſee,
The face of thy *Anointed-one.*
For, in thy houſe, one day is more,
Then thouſands, any other where ;
And, I had rather keep thy dore,
Then live in pompe, where ſinners are.
3 For, as the Sunn, thou ſhineſt bright,
And, wee from thee our light receive :
Thou art the ſheild of men vpright,
And, thou doſt grace, & Glories give.
From ſuch as walk the righteous way,
No needfull things withheld ſhall be ;
For ever bleſt, therefore, are they
Who truſt (oh Lord of Hoaſts) in thee.

*Kindle in our harts* oh Lord, *ſuch an affection to thee, & ſuch a longing after thy ſpiritual habitations, that wee may obtaine the meaſure of* grace *in this life, that will fit us for the portion of* glory, *in the life to come, which thou haſt prepared for all thoſe, who do hunger & thirſt after thee. Number us among thy* houſhold-ſervants ; *Make us to take pleaſure in thy* will, *& in thy* preſence, *above all earthly preferments ; So enable us to walk from ſtrength to ſtrength, that wee may become ſtrong* Walkers *in thy waies ; and ſo inſtruct us to make a comfortable vſe, of all thoſe afflictions, which wee ſuffer in our* Pilgrimage ; *that wee may ſincerely acknowledge, our ſafetie, our honor, our ſuſtenance, & all our temporal & ſpiritual happines to be only, from thee, oh God, who liveſt & raigneſt, world without end* Amen.

Pſa. 85.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalm for the ſonns of Chorah.

Chorah. *The* Church *acknowledgeth God's benifits; deſires their continuance, & the forbearance of his wrath &c.* Wee may ſing it to praiſe God for his bounty to his Church & kingdome, & to deſire the continuatiō of our happines, by ſtil vouchſafing Mercy with his Iuſtice.

THou haſt, oh God, thy Kingdome grac'ſt
And, *Iacob's* thrall repeald;
Thy peoples faults, thou pard'ned haſt,
And all their ſinns conceald. *Selah.*
Thine anger, thou haſt quite appeas'd,
And, thy juſt wrath for borne;
Oh Lord of Hoaſts, now thou art pleas'd
Let vs to thee returne.
2 For, why ſhouldſt thou ſtill wroth remaine?
And vexed rather be,
Then chear thy people's harts againe,
That they may joy in thee?
To ſave vs, Lord, thy favour ſhowe,
And, let vs hear (in peace)
Thy word among vs preached foe,
That wee from ſinn may ceaſe.
3 Then, ſhall thy ſaving-health abide;
Near thoſe who fear thy Name;
And, in our Land, ſhall ſtill reſide,
Thy glories & thy fame.
Then Truth & Love ſhall meet & kiſſe,
And, Iuſtice, Peace embrace;
Yea, Truth on earth, & Righteouſnes
From heav'n ſhall ſhew her face.
4 The Lord, with ev'rie needfull ſtore
Shall make our Kingdome flowe;
And, ſend his Righteouſnes before,
That wee his way may know.

Oh

*Oh* Lord, *wee acknowledge that from tyme to tyme, thou haſt bene exceeding gratious to thy whole* Church, *& to this parte thereof in perticuler: For, when thy Bleſsings made us wanton, thou didſt alwaies humble us by thy fatherly corrections; & when thou hadſt worthilie afflicted us according as thy wiſdome ſawe cōvenient, thou didſt ever mercifully comfort, & reſtore us againe to thy favour. Continue, oh* God, *wee pray thee, this thy gratious reſpect vnto our infirmities; & grant, wee may ſo repent of our ſinns, ſo vnfainedly profeſſe thy Truth, & ſo diligently practiſe the works of righteouſnes: that,* Honeſtie & Religeon (Faith & Good-works *may inſeperably be vnited in every one of us; & that the abundance of thy temporall & ſpiritual bleſſings, may be powred forth on this* Kingdome, *& on thy whole* Church *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 86.

A prayer of David. *It perſonates Chriſt in his humiliation, prayeng in the behalfe of his myſticall body, for ſeveral neceſsities thereof; intermixing ſome vowes of praiſe, & acknowledgments of Gods Attributes &c.* It is an vſefull, forme of prayer, in many temptations, & afflictions.

LOrd, hear me, for great wants I have;
My ſoules defender be:
My God! thy Saint, & ſervant ſave,
Who puts his truſt in thee.
That, thou thy grace to me afford,
My daylie crie requires;
Thy ſervants hart, revive, oh Lord!
Which vp to thee aſpires.
2 For, thou good Lord, ſoone pard'neſt all,
Who ſeek thy grace to finde;

Oh!

Oh! hear me (now to thee I call)
  And, bear my ſuite in minde.
My dangers, I, to thee will ſhow,
  That thou maiſt healp aſſigne;
For, there is no ſuch God, as thou,
  Nor any works like thine.
3 All nations whome thou didſt creat,
  Shall praiſe & worſhip thee;
For, thou alone (oh God) art great,
  And, great thy wonders be.
Teach me thy waies, & in thy fear,
  My ſoul to thee vnite:
So, never ſhall my hart forbear
  Thy praiſes to indight.
4 I ſcap'd the grave, by thy large grace,
  When proud & cruel foes,
(Who ſet not thee before their face)
  To take my ſoul arofe.
Oh God! thou art a gratious Lord,
  Long-ſuffring, kinde, & free;
With Truth & Love, moſt largly ſtor'd:
  Now therefore, pitty mee.
5 Return, oh Lord, & mee revive;
  Let mee thy favour have:
Thy ſtrength to mee thy ſervant give;
  Thy Handmaids of-ſpring ſave.
Yea, for my good, vouchſafe ſome ſigne,
  That, all my foes may know,
I am a Favorite of thine;
  And, bluſh, they wrong'd me foe.

*Almighty & moſt mercifull Father, have pitty vpon vs according to thine infinite goodnes & compaſſion. Let vs not alwayes wander after our owne imaginations; nor be continually exerciſed with ſuch Afflictions as may make vs the ſcorne*

*ſcorne of all that hate vs; but according to thy infinite mercy & vnparaleld goodnes, Have mercy vpon us: And not on vs only, but on all thoſe people whome thou haſt created; that, according to thy promiſe, they may all ſerve & praiſe thee. Setle them & vs, in thy Truth; guide vs in thy waies; & ſo reſtore & confirme vs in thy favour, by ſome apparant ſignes of thy love, & ſpeciall grace; that our adverſaries may be ashamed of their hatred, & we thanckfull for al thy Mercies, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord,* Amen.

Pſa. 87.

A Pſalm or ſong for the ſonns of Chorah. *It deſcribes the ſcituation & glorie of the* Church *typified by* Syon; *prophetically declareth, that all Kingdomes shall be incorporated into that* Citty of God; *& that all Nations shall there obtaine their* New-birth *&c.* It ſerves (*among other vſes*) to informe, that God's Church excludeth no Nation &c.

THe Lord, hath his Foundations plac'd
Above the heigheſt mountaines crownes;
Yea, *Syons* ports, he more have grac't
Then all the reſt of Iacob's Townes:
And, glorious things, are ſam'd abrode
Of thee (oh Cittie) lov'd of God. *Selah.*
2 For, Gods account, as borne in thee,
*Egiptians*, if they him deſire;
Nay; though from *Babell* ſprung they be
From *Chush*, *Philiſtia*, or from *Tyre.*
For, he hath ſayd, that all on earth
In *Syon*, may renew their Birth.
3 The God moſt high will ſtrengthen her,
And shall record each faithfull ſoul,
As having had firſt-beeing, there: *Selah.*
When hee his people doth enrowl.

For,

For, there are, all that play or ſing;
And, thence proceeds each bleſſed thing.

*Thou, oh* Lord, *art no acceptor of perſons, but every one that feares thee; & worketh righteouſnes (of what place ſoever he be, or from whom ſoever he were deſcended) hath promiſe, of admiſſion into thy* Church, *& to be regeſtred as a free-borne Citizen of thy ſpiritual* Syon. *Make vs thanckfull, Oh God, for this large priveledge; And, ſeeing none are exempted, but ſuch as wilfully exclude themſelves (ſeing alſo it is manifeſt to thee only who they are) let vs hope charitably of all men, whilſt there is time of grace and repentance; endeavoureng, by our prayers, inſtructions, freindly reproofs & good examples, as much as wee are able, to bring them, to become the Members of this* Corporation; *& to enioy a Chriſtian fellowship with us, in* Chriſt Ieſu *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſal. 88.

A ſong or Pſalm for the Sonns of Chorah, to the cheef Muſitian vpon Mahalath Leanoth Maſchil of Heman, the Ezrahite. *It perſonates Chriſt & his members complaining of his & their ſorrowes, contempts & ſuffrings &c. And it is full of paſſionate petitions & expoſtulations.* We may vſe it in private or Publike afflictions.

LOrd, of whoſe aſſiſting might,
I was never yet denied;
All the day, & all the night,
I, to thee have call'd & cried:
Now, regard my wofull plight.
2 Let thine *Ear*, thy *Minde*, thine *Eyes*,
To the *dropping*, *pleading*, *cryeng*;
Of my *Teares*, my *Cauſe*, my *Cries*,
Grant me, *hearing*, *weighing*, *eyeng*;

M For,

For, my ſoul afflicted lies.
3 I, to Death, am drawing nigh,
And am priz'd as one interred;
Like a ſtrengthles man I lye,
As algeady ſlaine, and buried:
Free among the dead, am I.
4 Yea, as one forgot of thee,
(Or, as from thy hand Abiected)
Darkſome pitts, my lodging be,
And in Dungeons deep afflicted,
Thy ſtrict hand oppreſſeth me.
5 All thy, waves I doe ſuſtaine,
Thou doſt make my Lovers flee mee; *Selah.*
And my freinds fro me reſtarine:
Shutt I am, where none cann free me,
Then, how cann I teares refraine?
6 Lord, my greefs to thee I ſhowe,
With my hands to thee vp-raiſed.
Cann the dead thy wonders knowe?
Or thy Love or truth be praiſed,
By the Sonns of Death belowe? *Selah.*
7 Cann, thy Marvailes, thee vnfold,
Who in darknes, quite are blinded?
Or thy Iuſtice, there be tolde,
Where, is nothing ſaid or minded,
Which was done in times of olde.
8 Vnto thee, oh Lord I crie,
And, my ſuites, prevent the Morninge;
Oh! why doſt thou caſt me by?
Still fro mee thy preſence turninge,
Who am greev'd, & like to dy?
9 Fro my youth oh Lord, till now,
Mee, thy terror hath deſtreſſed,
Nigh diſtract, it makes me grow;

For,

For, thy wrath hath mee oppreſſed,
  And, thy feares have brought me lowe.
10 They, beſett me ev'ry day,
Floud-like, flowing altogether;
And no freinds, to help me, ſtay
(Lovers, nor Familiers neither)
  For, thou driv'ſt them all away.

*Help vs, oh gratious* Redeemer, *ſo to bear the manifold infirmities & afflictions of our* fleſh; *ſo to endure the contempts, neglects, & iniuries of the* world; *& ſo conſtantly to ſuſtaine all the Aſſaults of our ſpirituall Adverſaries; that (though we be deprived of all outward Freindſhips & conſolations) wee may be inwardly ſatisfied, & comforted, againſt every terror, in every temptation. Let vs ſeek ſoe earneſtly & ſo early, for thy aſſiſtance, that (eſcaping the ſpiritual* blindnes, *which makes vncapable of thy* praiſe; *that dungeon of vtter* Darknes, *in which thy* Righteouſnes *is obſcured; & that everlaſting* Death, *from which there is no* Reſurrection) *we may enioy thy bleſſed preſence, where we shall magnify thy* Mercies, *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

LOrd God, my healper! day & night,
  To thee my moanings are:
Admit my ſuites vnto thy ſight,
  And, my complainings hear.
For, in my ſoul, great ſorrowes be,
  My life drawes nigh the grave,
As one inter'd, they count of mee,
  And, little ſtrength I have.
2 As he, that's dead, & buried long,
  Death's free-man I became;
As one, out of thy preſence flung,

I quite forgotten am.
Thou laidſt mee in the loweſt ward,
Where darkſome Dungeons are:
On mee thine Anger preſſeth hard;
And, all thy ſtormes I bear. *Selah.*
3 Thou haſt my freinds fro me reſtraind,
My Lovers, mee deſpize;
I, faſt in priſon am detain'd
And, ſorrow dims mine eyes.
Oh Lord! all day to thee I ſue,
My hands, I meekly raiſe:
Thy wonders, cann men buried ſhewe?
Or, wake to ſing thy praiſe? *Selah.*
4 Lord, cann the grave thy Love expreſſe?
Thy Faith, cann ruines teach?
Thy wonders, or thy righteouſnes,
Cann dumb Oblivion preach?
Betimes, oh Lord, I will erect,
My ſuites & cries to thee;
Why ſhouldſt thou then, my ſoul reject,
And, hide thy face fro mee?
5 My ſoul is pain'd ev'n to the death;
And all my life I bear,
The heavy burthens of thy wrath,
Thy terrors, & thy fear.
They clos'd mee round, like waters deep,
Where, whilſt begirt I lay
Fro me, my Lovers thou didſt keep,
And hidſt my freinds away.

Pſa. 89.

Maſchill of Ethan the Ezarite. *It celebrates the mercy, Goodnes, Juſtice, & powre of God &c. Mentioneth his* League *with* David, *& myſtically declares, that thoſe covenants belong to his ſpiritual ſeed, in the cheef place, &c.*

It

It inſtructs vs, who are the right heyres of the promiſes. &c.

NOw, in a ſong of endles praiſe,
Thy Mercies, I will ſing, oh Lord;
And vnto all ſucceeding dayes,
Thy faithfulnes I will record:
For, I have ſayd, that thy great Love,
And Mercy, ſhalbe raiſed high;
And, that thou ſhalt in heav'n above,
Thy Faith, confirm & magnify.
2 Thou haſt both vowed & decreed,
To *David*, thine Elected-one,
To multiply his faithful ſeed,
And build him vp an endles throne. *Selah.*
Which heav'n ſhall to thy praiſe declare,
In works to be admired at.
And, where thy Saints aſſembled are,
Thy Faithfulnes they ſhall relate.
3 For, whome like thee, doth heav'n afford?
What earthly Kings thy equalls be?
Who, art among they Saints ador'd,
And, fear'd of all that wait on thee?
Oh Lord of Hoaſts, what Lord is found
So faithful or ſo ſtrong as thou?
Who ſetts the raging ſeas, their bound
And, calm'ſt them, when thy furious grow?
4 Thou didſt afflict all *Egipt*-land,
As one made weake, by wounds & blowes;
And, by the powre of thy ſtrong hand,
Thou haſt diſperſed all thy foes.
Thine, heav'n & earth & all things be,
For, thou alone didſt all things frame.
The North & South, were made by thee;
And Eaſt & Weſt, extoll thy Name.

5 Strong armes thou haſt, with powrfull hands,
And, where thou doſt thy Throne prepare,
With Iudgment, Iuſtice alwaies ſtands,
And, Truth & Love thy Vſhers are.
Oh! bleſt are they who know thy voice:
Thy look ſhall chear them in their waies;
They, in thy Name ſhall ſtill reioice:
  And, them, thy Iuſtice high ſhal raiſe.
6 For, thou art, Lord, our ſtrengths renowne,
Our horne ſhall by thy favour ſpring:
Thou art our ſtrong defenſive Towne,
The Saint of Iſr'el, & our King.
By viſion, thou didſt once declare,
And, to thy Holy-one diſcloſe,
That thou a healper wouldſt prepare,
  Among thy people to be choſe.
7 I have, ſaidſt thou, my David found;
My holy oyle on ſhall flowe:
By mine owne Arme, he ſhall be crown'd,
My hand, ſhal ſtrength on him beſtowe.
His Foe, ſhal do him no diſgrace,
The Sonn of ſinn, he ſhal not fear;
For, I will ſmite, before his face,
  All them, that his Oppoſers are.
8 My faith & love, on him ſhal ſtay,
My Name, his honour ſhall mainetaine;
His hand ſhall make the ſeas obay,
His right-hand ſhall the flouds reſtraine.
His Father, he ſhal knowledg me,
His God, his Rock, & his defence:
For, he my eldeſt borne ſhalbe,
  And, King of ev'ry earthly Prince.
9 To him, I ſtill, will mercy grant,
He ſhall enioy my promiſe given;

Succeſ-

Succeſſors, he ſhall never want;
His Throne ſhall ſtand as firme as heav'n?
And, if my Lawes his Children break,
If they ſhall fro my precepts flye,
My ſtatutes, if they ſhall forſake,
  Or, from my Iudgments walk awry;
10 Their ſinns with ſtripes I wil correct,
And, ſcourg them, when amiſſe they do;
But, thoſe whome I do well-affect,
My Love, will never quite forgoe.
For, once ev'n by my ſelf I ſwore,
I would no lye to *David* make;
My League I will not break therfore,
  Nor change a word, of that I ſpake.
11 Lord, thus thou ſaydſt, & that a Throne,
Vnto his yſſue ſhould be given,
As laſting as the Sunn & Moone,
Or, as the witneſſes of heav'n. *Selah.*
But, now (as if he were abhor'd)
Thou doſt on thyne Anointed frowne;
Thou makeſt voyd thy league, oh Lord,
  And on the ground, haſt hurld his crowne.
12 His Fences, thou didſt rend away,
His warlike forts, thou downe doſt race;
All paſſers-by on him do prey,
His Neighbours flout at his diſgrace.
His foes, thou haſt Victorious made;
Whereat, his haters, ioyfull be;
Thou dull'ſt the ſharpnes of his blade,
  And, in the fight, made faint, was he.
13 Thou haſt obſcur'd his glories raies,
His Throne, thou caſteſt on the ground; *Selah.*
Thou haſt cut ſhort his youthfull daies,
And, him with ſhame thou doſt confound,

Good Lord, in thy enflamed rage,
Shall ſtill thy face obſcur'd remaine?
Oh, minde the ſhortnes of mine age!
  Why ſhouldſt thy make mankinde in vanie?
14 Who lives, whome Death ſhall not remove?
Or, who, from Death is ever free? *Selah.*
Oh Lord; where now, is all that Love,
To *David* vow'd, of old, by thee?
  Thy ſervants great reproach, record,
And, in my breaſt what ſcornes I bear,
Among thoſe mightie Nations, Lord,
  Who, likewiſe, thy blaſpheamers are.
15 Oh God! ev'n thy Anointed-one,
They have derided in his waies;
But, Lord, what ever they have done,
  To thee, for evermore, be praiſe.

*Moſt gratious,* God, *thou haſt not only promiſed thy mercifull aſſiſtance to all true beleevers; but, with an* Oath *alſo, confirmed the ſame for the better ſtrengthning of our weak faith. Grant we pray thee, that we neither become diſtruſtfull of ſo gratious an* Aſſurance; *neither diſcouraged by thoſe Afflictions & perſecutions, where withal thou shalt pleaſe to purg our corruptions; nor be overcome by thoſe tēptatiōs, whereby our faith is exerciſed in the day of triall: but, cauſe vs to depend on thy promiſe, & to be couragious & victorious in all our battailes. Give vs wiſdome likewiſe, ſo to diſcern who are the true* ſeed *of* David *(& to whom the performāce of thy* Covenant *doth cheefly appertaine) that wee deceave not our ſelves by a falſe application of thy ſpiritual promiſes; nor delude our ſoules with temporarie hopes or fears: But, make vs ever conſtant both in that which wee ought to beleeve on thy part; & in that which is to be performed on our parts, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 90.

Pſa. 90.

The prayer of Moſes the man of God. *In this Pſalme the humane Nature, which (as the word* Moſes *ſignifieth) was* Drawne out, *ev'n from the waters of perdition, praiſeth God, for his eternal* decree *of her* Reſtauration; *& confeſſeth her vanity, & mortality &c.* To the ſame purpoſe wee ſhould vſe it.

LOrd, thou art alwaies our abode!
Before the world, beginning had
Thou wer't eternally our God;
Yea, long, e're heav'n & earth were made.
Thou ſay'ſt, yee ſonns of men, returne;
And, ſtreight return'd to duſt they be:
As one nights watch, or day outworne,
So, are a thouſand yeares to thee.
2 Thou, like a Floud (as in a dream)
Shalt ſweep them ſuddenly away;
For, like the flowring graſſe they ſeem,
That ſprings, & fadeth, in a day.
One frowne of thine, conſumes vs quite;
Thy wrath, our troubles doth renewe;
Thou ſet'ſt our ſinns before thy ſight,
And, bring'ſt our ſecret faults to vewe.
3 Our tyme, through thy diſpleaſure wears,
And, like a Tale that's told are wee,
Our life is done at ſeaventie years,
Or eighty, when wee ſtrongeſt be.
For, all the reſt wee ſpend in woe,
And, vaniſh e're wee be aware.
Thine Angers force, Lord, who doth knowe!
As is thy wrath, ſuch is thy fear.
4 Inſtruct vs how to count our dayes,
That ſo, our harts may wiſdome learne;

And, make thou, Lord, no long delaies,
But, pleaſed now, to me returne.
To vs, betimes, thy favour daigne,
That wee may all our life be glad,
And, dayes & years, of joye obtaine,
  For thoſe of greef, which wee have had.
5 Thy workings, let thy ſervants vewe,
Thy glories, let their Children ſee.
Oh Lord our God! thy Beautie ſhewe:
Still ſhining on vs, let it bee.
And, all our works (oh God) we pray,
Eſtabliſh thou, & ſo direct;
That, well our labours proſper may,
  And, bleſſed be with good effect.

*Inſtruct vs (oh bleſſed* God*) ſo to conſider our vanities, our errors, & the vncertainty of our short lives, that wee may redeem the time: & (by true Faith, ioind with Christian prudence) ſo order our Converſations; that thy wrath may be appeaſed, our ſinns blotted away, & all our ſorrowes turned into Ioyes. Moreover, during our short abiding here, vouchſafe vs thy favour; &, ſo aſsiſt our weak endeavours; that wee may, to thy glory, finish the* worke *for which thou haſt placed vs in this world. And, though our works be vnprofitable, or ſuch as like ſtuble will not abide the* Fiery-triall; *yet, let that which we ſhall build vp, be (at leaſt) grounded on the right* Foundation; *that wee our ſelves may be ſafe, through the free mercies, of* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 91.

*This Pſalme, shewes, that ſuch as abide & beleeve in Chriſt, shal be ſecured from publike & private calamities, (by an eſpeciall protection) of what nature ſoever their perills be; at leaſt, the miſcheef of them shall be prevented, & life*

*& life eternal vouchſafed, &c.* It is vſefull to ſtrengthen Faith in great plagues & general dangers.

WHo, in the Cloſet, & the ſhade
Of God almighty, ſtill reſides;
Is, by his Highnes, fearles made,
And, alway, ſafe with him abides.
For, I confeſſe, the Lord hath binn
A Fortreſſe, & a Rock to mee;
My God, alone, I truſted in,
And, he my truſt ſhall all waies be.
2 He will, no doubt, ſecure thee from
The Fowlers traps, & noyſome Peſt:
His wings, thy ſhelter ſhall become;
Thou ſhalt, beneath his feathers reſt.
Thou, for thy Sheild his Truth ſhalt bear,
And, nothing then ſhall thee diſmay;
Not that, which wee at Midnight fear,
Nor any ſhaft that flies by day.
3 No ſecret plague offend thee ſhall,
Nor what in publike waſts the Land;
Though at thy ſide a thouſand fall,
And tenn tymes more, at thy right-hand.
But, thou ſhalt live to mark & ſee,
The due reward of men vniuſt;
For, God (moſt high) will favour thee,
Becauſe, in him thou putſt thy truſt.
4 No miſcheef, ſhall to thee betide,
Nor any plague thy houſe infect;
For, he doth Angell-gards provide,
Which in thy waies will thee protect.
Their hands, will thee vprightly lead,
And from thy Paths, all harmes expell:
Thou ſhalt on Aſpes, & Lions tread,
On Lions younge, on Dragons fell.

5 For,

5 For, ſeeing his delight I am,
I will (ſaith God) be ſtill his garde:
And, ſince he knowes my holy Name,
To honours high, he ſhall be rear'd.
When he doth call, an ear I'le give,
In troubles, I with him, will be;
On earth, he longe ſhall honor'd live,
And, he my ſaving-health ſhall ſee.

*Bleſſed* God; *giue us ſuch aſſured confidence in thee, that wee may be ſecured in thoſe publike calamities, for which our publike ſinns have deſerved thy ſcourge; & be delivered alſo from the miſcheef of thoſe perticuler punishments, which our perſonal offences may iuſtly bring vpon vs. But (how ſoever thou dealeſt with our bodies in this life) let our ſoules be ſaved from the* plauge *of everlaſting Death. Let thy holy* Angells, *keep vs in all our waies; & give vs thy grace to keep the waies in which thou, haſt appointed vs to walk. VVhatſoever perills or terrors affront vs, give courage to paſſe through them, in the execution af our Lawfull Callings, without diſmay or diſtruſt: And, though they bring ſome ſmart, let them not hinder (but rather further) the accomplishment of our eternal ſafety through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord*, Amen.

Another of the ſame.

WHo, reſteth in the ſhade of God moſt high,
Within his privy-Chambers is repoſed:
And, therfor, in my ſelfe, thus muſed I;
Thee, as a Fort, thy God hath round encloſed,
And, is that Rock on which thou ſhalt rely.
2 For, he no doubt, wil thy defender be
From fowlers netts, & peſtilent infection:
He, with his wings will overſhaddowe thee;
His Feathers, wil become thy ſafe protection;
And, for thy Sheild, his Truth provideth he.

3 No

3 No fear, that lurks in darknes, thee ſhal fright
No arrow, that abrode by day-time flieth :
No ſecret plague, that walks about by night,
Nor that which in the ſtreet, at noon-day ſlayeth,
  Shal make thee fear, how nigh ſoe're it light.
4 A thouſand faint, & ſinck beſide thee, ſhall,
At thy right-hand, ten thouſand breathles lieng :
And yet, thou ſhalt receive no harme at all ;
But, only, ſee God's Iuſtice, by eſpieng
  The due reward of ſinners, in their fall.
5 For, thou doſt hope in him ; &, therfore hee
(Ev'n God that is moſt hye, & moſt excelling)
Wil neither let thee wrong'd, nor harmed be,
Nor ſuffer any plague to touch thy dwelling ;
  But, place his gard of Angells, over thee.
6 They in thy waies, will thee conduct along,
And in their hands, vphold thee, as thy leaders ;
That not a ſtone ſhal do thy footing wrong.
Yea, thou vnhurt, ſhalt ſett thy foot on adders,
  On dragons, & on lions, old & yong.
7 For, him, that mee doth love (th' *Almighty* ſayes)
I will ſecure from ſorrowes & oppreſſion :
That man, likewiſe, to honour I wil raiſe,
Who knowes my *Name*, & lives in that profeſſion ;
  And, I will give an anſwere when he prayes.
8 In troublous times, to him I will be nigh,
And out of all his cares, I will repreeve him ;
Him, I will bleſſe, & greatlie dignify ;
His fill of dayes, I will, moreover, give him ;
  And, grant him grace, to live eternally.

Pſa. 92.

A Pſalm or ſong for the Sabbath. *It ſeems not vnproper, for that great Sabbath in which wee commemorate*

*rate our* Saviours *reſurrection*; *for it magnifieth God, for the exaltation of the* Righteous, *& for the bleſſednes of his* later end, *&c.*

RIght good it is, oh Lord, moſt hye!
  Thy praiſes to recite;
Thy Truth & Love to magnifie,
  At morning, & at night.
With tenn-ſtring'd Inſtruments to ſing,
  The praiſes of thy Name;
And, that wee harpes, & Pſalt'ries bring,
  To ſolemnize the ſame.
2 For, Lord, thy works reioice my hart,
  Thy Deeds, my ſoul do chear:
How wonderfull in them thou are!
  How deep thy muzings are!
The Foole & Wordling, nether knowe,
  Nor heed ſuch things at all,
And, though like flowrs, the wicked ſhowe,
  Their proſpring, proves their fall.
3 But, Lord, thou allwaies art moſt hye;
  Mark, therfor; Mark I pray,
How ſinnfull men deſperſed flye,
  And, how thy foes decay.
My horne, the Vnicorne's o're-topps;
  Sweet-oyle is pourd on me;
And, on my Foes, my wished hopes,
  I ſhall both hear, & ſee.
4 The Iuſt, ſhall flouriſh as the boughs
  Of Palmes & Cedars do;
Or, as the trees which round God's houſe,
  Within his Courts do growe.
Yea, they when age on them doth light,
  Growe fruitfull, fatt, & greene;
To prove the Lord my Rock, vpright

And

**And blameles, to have beene.**

*VVonderfull art thou, oh* Lord, *in all thy workings: &, though thy purpoſes are deeper then our imaginations; Yet (by that which thou haſt manifeſted) wee behold in them great cauſe of much reioicing; & wee deſire to praiſe thee for them, with all our harts. VVee have heretofore, repined at the flourishings of the wicked, & at our owne ſuffrings; But make vs hereafter, to vnderſtand that their proſperities are permitted to encreaſe their shame; & our humiliations vouchſafed, that they may the more dignify our exaltations: as it befell our bleſſed* Saviour, *whoſe infamous* Death, *occaſioned that glorious* reſurrection, *which we commemorate in our Chriſtian* Sabbath. *Oh! make vs in due time, partakers of his* Reſt; *& grant, that our olde age, & our laſt howres, may be found fruitfull to thy glory, & our ſalvation, through* Ieſus Chriſt, Amen.

Pſa. 93.

*This* Pſalme *prophecied the powre & maieſty of* Chriſt; *& the perpetuity of his Kingdome, in deſpight of all their fury who should rage againſt it. &c.* Wee may ſing it to comfort vs, againſt the rage of the Devill & his members.

THe Lord is King, & weareth
A Robe of Glory bright;
He cloth'd with ſtrength appeareth,
And, girt with powrfull might.
The Earth he ſo hath grounded,
That, moov'd it cannot be;
His Throne, long ſince was founded,
More old then Time, is he.
2 The waters, highly flowed,
And raiſd their voice, oh Lord;
The ſeas, their furie ſhowed,

And

And. loud their Billowes roar'd:
But, God, in ſtrength excelleth
Strong ſeas, & powrfull deeps;
With him, ſtill, purenes dwelleth,
And, firm his Truth he keeps.

*Oh Lord* God, Kings *of* Kings, *incomprehenſible in Maieſtie, and in powre infinite; give us grace ſo to meditate thy vnſpeakable Attributes, that neither the frailties within vs, nor the terrors without, make vs diſtruſtfull of our ſafety in thee: For, thou art our* King, *our* Lord, *&c our* God. *Thou haſt* Wiſdome *enough to know what is beſt for vs*; Powre *enough to effect it*; Love *enough to grant it*; *&c* Perpetuitie *enough to continue it: Oh! give vs, but* grace *&c* faith *enough, to beleeve &c apply it*; *&c (though the* Waters *rage never ſo horribly) we shall, vndoubtedly be ſafe, for ever and ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 94.

*The* Church *invokes* Chriſt *to come to* Iudgment, *in regard of the cruelty of her Oppreſſors*; *&c shewes the cauſe of their folly, &c preſumption. &c.* It ſerves to informe how ignorant carnall men are of the powre & waies of God; & may help to keep vs vndiſcouraged, during their Inſultings. &c.

LOrd God, whoſe claime avengments are!
Thy ſelfe, the Iuſt Avenger, ſhowe;
Thou judge of all, ariſe, drawe near,
And, on the proud, their meed, beſtowe.
For, Lord, how long! alas how long!
Shall Sinners Ioye, in doeng wrong?
2 Deſpightfull words, their tongues have ſpoke,
Great braggs, the wicked have expreſt;
Yea, Lord, thy people they have ſtrook,
And thine Inheritance oppreſt:

They,

They, widdowes, & the ſtranger ſlay,
They, Orphanes vnto death betray.
3 For, God (ſay thoſe) will never knowe;
This, *Iacob's* God ſhall never ſee.
Oh learne, (yee fooles) more wiſe to growe,
Yee people fond, more prudent be.
Cann, hee or deaf, or blinde be made,
From whome, both ears, & eyes you had?
4 He, to the Nations, ev'ry where,
Corrections & Inſtructions gives;
To ſcourg you (then) will hee forbear,
Who, all mens fruitles thoughts perceives?
They bleſſed are, whome Lord, thou chid'ſt,
And, they whome in thy Lawe thou guid'ſt.
5 Thou giv'ſt them reſt, when miſcheevs rage,
Till pitts prepar'd for Sinners be:
And, Lord, thy Flock, & Heritage
Shall never quite be left of thee.
In Iudgment, Iuſtice ſhall be ſhewed;
And, of all faithfull harts perſued.
6 Who will with mee, lew'd men, reſiſt?
Or, take my part againſt the badd?
Sure, God himſelf, doth mee aſſiſt;
My ſoul, had els bene ſilent made.
But, when I ſayd, that fall I ſhould,
Mee, Lord, thy grace did then vphold.
7 When many thoughts, oppreſt me much,
Thy comforts did my ſoul delight:
For, thou partakeſt not with ſuch,
Whoe ſentence give againſt the right;
Or ſuch, as have the Iuſt withſtood,
To death, condemning, guiltles blood.
8 But thou, oh Lord ſhalt me defend.
Thou art my God, my Rock, my Fort,

N And,

And, all the harmes my Foes intend,
Thou ſhalt vpon themſelves retort;
  Yea, for the guilt of their offence,
  Thou, Lord our God, ſhalt root them hence.

*Oh thou ſupream* Iudge *of the world, & ſevere* Avenger *of all wrongs; Behold the fury, the deſpight, & insolent Cruelties of our Adverſaries; and deliver the pore, the widdowe, the Fatherles, & all thy Oppreſſed Children out of their wicked hands. Thy forbearance, hath made the perverters of Iuſtice, ſeeme to conceive that thou either ſee'ſt not, or els regardeſt not their impieties: Yea, thoſe oppreſſers, are growne ſo powrfull, & ſo mauy, that wee ſcarce finde any to take part with vs againſt their Iniuries; &, but that wee have aſſurance of thy aſſiſtance, wee should be vtterly without hope. Oh! continue our hopes in thee; Sett thou in order, all that is amiſſe; deſtroy all the Favourers of Iniuſtice; & keep vs alway harmles, both in ſoul & body, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord,* Amen.

Pſa. 95.

*This* Pſalme *exhorts to praiſe God, and warnes to harken to his voice whilſt wee have tyme, leſt (like our fore-Fathers) wee be deprived of his Reſt, for our obſtinancie.* It ſhould be often ſung to remember vs, that wee embrace God's free grace, whilſt it is offred.

TO God our Saviour, lett's renewe
  Our ſongs, with chearfull voice,
Our thanckfulnes before him ſhewe;
  With Pſalmes, in him rejoice.
For, God, the Lord moſt powrfull is,
The King of Gods is hee;
The earth's obſcureſt vales are his,
  And, his, high mountaines be.
2 The ſeas, he made, they are his owne:

Drie

Drie land, his Creature was;
Come, ſerve him then, & fall wee downe,
Before our Makers face.
He is our God, his flock wee are,
His paſture-ſheep, are wee:
That, you his voice, may therfor heare,
More tender-harted be.
3 Not like your Fathers, when that in
The Deſert, proov'd they were;
And tempted him, though they had ſeene,
His works of wonder, there.
Full forty years, they moov'd his wrath,
And, therfor, thus ſayd hee;
A wandring hart, this people hath,
My waies, they will ſee.
4 And, I to them, in my iuſt rage,
Did by mine Oath proteſt;
That, none of all that froward age,
Should come within my reſt.

*Oh* God! *the Creator, preſerver, & governour of all things; VVe give thee thancks, for making vs after thine owne* Image, *& for ſending thy* Eternal-word *to regenerate vs, when wee were made worſe then nothing. So far, wee ought to be, from arrogating the powre either of our* Beeing, *or* Well-beeing; *that (wee muſt confeſſe)* to vndoe our ſelves, *is all which wee are able,* of our ſelves do. *Like our fore Fathers, our harts are wandring from thy waies, all our life long; & wee do more & more harden them, by cuſtome in ſinn. Yet, oh Lord, ſeeing wee are the* ſheep of thy paſture; *bring us home to thy Folde: ſeeing we are thy* People, *ſoften our harts; & give us grace, ſo to harken to thy* voice *in this* Day of our Triall; *that, in the* Day of thy Iudgment, *wee may enter into thy* Reſt, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord,* Amen.

Pſa. 96.

*VVee are herein exhorted, to ſing & preach, the* New-ſongs *of the* Goſpell, *to the praiſe of* Chriſt *our King. And (in regard, other Gods are but vanities) all nations are provoked to ioyne in praiſing him. &c.* We ſhould ſing it to glorifie Chriſt, for his powre, & his Truth, &c.

COme now, & in ſome New-indighting,
Bleſſe God (the world's Almightie King)
His Name's due praiſe, in ſongs reciting,
Of his Salvation, daylie ſing.
His Fame, & works of admiration,
Yee people heed, yee Nations hear:
His powre deſerves, high exaltation;
For, all the Gods, leſſe dreadfull are.
2 The Gentiles Gods, are fooliſh fictions,
But our great God, did heav'n creat;
Powr, glory, praiſe, & all perfections,
Attend him, in his holy-ſeat.
To him, due praiſe, yee kindreds render;
Extoll his powre, his glory ſing:
To God's great Name, fitt honours tender,
Approach his Courts; & offrings bring.
3 Within his houſe, with praiſe, profeſſe him.
And, let him be adored there;
Let all the world, their God confeſſe him,
And, ſerve him with a holy feare.
Yea, to the Gentiles let them publiſh.
The Lord their King, & that his might
The wav'ring earth ſhall faſt eſtabliſh;
And, do the wronged people right.
4 Let heav'n & earth, with joy-excelling,
Reioice before him ever more;

The

The ſeas, & all things in them dwelling,
The ſeilds, the woods, & all their ſtore:
For, lo, the Lord approcheth nearlie,
Behold, to judge the world he comes,
The wicked, he will judge ſerverely;
And, give the people righteous doomes.

*Honour & wiſdome, & powre, & praiſe, be aſcribed vnto thee (oh* king of the world) *by all thy Creatures, according to the ſeverall faculties which thou haſt beſtowed vpon them. Be thou glorified, in thy ſelfe alſo; according to that which thy* In comprehenſiblenes *deſerveth, beyond what thy creatures are able to aſcribe. Let all heathenish* deities, *& all thoſe* Idolls, *which carnall men have ſet vp in their harts, appear ſuch vanities as they are; & let thy* Soveraignty *be acknowledged, (& thy worship truely celebrated) by* Iewes, Gentiles, *& all* Nations *throughout the world. Let vs, eſpecially (who are of thy viſible* Church) *performe this duty, & let our harts be ſo eſtablished, & ſo filled with* Holines, *&* filial awe, *that wee may expect thy comming to* Iudgment, *with comefort; & wellcome thy approach, with shouts of tryumphs, & ſongs of exultation.* Amen.

Pſa. 97.

*The ſoveraignty of* Chriſt, *with his comming to* Iudgment; *the Ioy which the faithfull shall conceive thereby, & the confuſion which will fall on the wicked, is here foretold, &c. It may be myſtically applied alſo, to our Saviours firſt comming:* And may be ſung, to ſtir vp our ſpirituall reioicings, in both his *Advents.*

THe Lord is king; be therfor glad
Yee Lands & Iles, now this is known;
With Clouds & darknes, he is cladd,
And Truth & Iuſtice, gard his throne,
A burning flame before him goes,

Wherewith, he ſhall conſume his foes.
2 He, to the world his Glory ſhew'd,
And, earth beheld the ſame with fear;
Like waxe, hills melted, when they vew'd
The Lord (the world's great Lord) appear.
His Righteouſnes, the heav'ns have ſhowne;
His glories, are to all men knowne.
3 All Idoll ſervers, he deſtroies,
And, of all Gods will honor'd be.
It *Syon* gladds, & *Iacob*, ioyes,
His righteous doomes, to hear & ſee.
Above the higheſt hills he dwells:
And, all the Gods, he farr excells.
4 Hate ſinn, yee Lovers of the Lord,
For, he his holie-ones, will ſave:
And, light & Truth, to thoſe afford,
That, harts vpright, & faithfull have.
Yee ſaints therefore, record, confeſſe,
And, praiſe with Ioy, God's holines.

*Oh* Chriſt *(the everlaſting ſonn of the Father) Thou only art the* Catholick king; *& it is no leſſe then blaſphemy for any other to aſſume that* Title. *Rule thou, therfor, in thine owne Kingdome, & caſt all Vſurpers out of thy Throne. Publish thy glories to the world; Let thy Truth & Iuſtice, terrify thy Foes, & conſume all Vngodlines out of the land. Root out all Idolatries; that,* Iacob *&* Syon *(thy* Church *& her Children) may reioice. Enthrone thy ſelf alſo in our harts, & let thy preſence conſume thence, the* Mountaines *of our preſumption (with every thing, which there exalts it ſelf, againſt thee) that, the hatred of Sinn, the Love of thy preſence, the light of thy Truth, & the Ioye of the holy-ghoſt, may be there eſtablished, for ever & ever,* Amen.

Pſa. 98.

Pſa. 98.

A Pſalm. *The whole world, is exhorted to ſing the new ſongs of the* Goſpell, *& the great powre & Victories, of* Chriſt. *It shewes alſo, how we ought to praiſe him.* To theſe ends, we ſhould vſe it &c.

NEw ſongs vnto the Lord indite;
For, mighty marvailes he hath done.
His Right-hand, hath prevaild in fight,
His holy Arme, the conqueſt wonn.
The Gentiles have in publike vew'd,
How iuſt & healpful, he hath beene:
To *Iſr'el*, Truth & Love he ſhew'd;
His Mercies, all the world hath ſeene.
2 Then, through the world his glory ſing;
Sing praiſes, with triumphant voice:
To praiſe the Lord, the Pſalt'rie bringe,
And on the Harp, with Pſalmes reioice.
The Lord, the King, with mirth adore;
With Trump & Flute, this Ioye beginn;
Yee ſeas, with all your fullnes, roare;
Thou earth be glad, & all therein.
3 Before the Lord, your ioyes expreſſe,
Yee Flouds & hills: for, lo, he comes
To judge the world, with equalnes,
And give the people, righteous doomes.

*Almighty Sonn of God, wee bleſſe & praiſe thee for the manifeſtation of thy Mercy to the whole world, in the miraculous work of our Redemption. Thou didſt come to us in deſpiſed* weaknes; *Yet haſt thou therein showne ſuch vnreſiſtable powre, that it prevailed againſt the wiſdome of the worldly-wiſe; & magnified thy derided* Croſſe, *above all the moſt renowned* Deities *of the Gentiles. This thou didſt, by appearing in a contemptible eſtate: Oh! how glorious.*

*& how powrfull wilt thou be in thy ſecond comming! It now draweth nigh. Oh! let it not come vpon vs*, as a theef in the night, *but, as the* Travaile *vpon a woman, who keepeth a iuſt reconing; & ioyeth in the hopes of her* Birth, *more then shee feares the paines of her Travaile: So, according to the counſell of thy holy ſpirit, wee may expect, & receive thee, with praiſes, Triumphs, & reioicings.* Amen.

Pſa. 99.

*It magnifieth the royall dignity of* Chriſt, *& exhorts to feare, ſerve, & praiſe him, according to the example of* Moſes, Aron, *&* Samuel. *VVe may vſe this*, to informe vs, that wee & the Patriarks have but one, & the ſame, Chriſt our ſaviour.

THe Lord is King, & he doth make
Betwixt the Cherubins, his throne:
Yee people fear, yee Kingdomes quake.
For, great in *Syon*, he is growne.
Or'e Nations all, himſelf he raiſ'd:
His Name is fear'd, & holy to.
Oh! let this powrfull king be praiſ'd,
For, he vprightly loves to do.
2 His powre delights in righteous waies;
With *Iacob*, he will juſtly deal.
The Lord our God, oh therfore praiſe,
And, at his holy footſtool kneel.
His Preiſt, with *Moſes* A'ron was;
And *Samuel* did invoke his Name:
Theſe humbly ſought the Lord for grace,
And, they from him, obtaind the ſame.
3 Hee, from the Cloudie-piller ſpake,
And on his words thoſe men relide:
They, of his lawes did conſcience make,

And,

And, God therfore to them replide.
Yea (though their errors, he did blame)
To them, he did his grace afford;
Oh, ſerve our God, & praiſe his Name;
For, ſacred is, our God the Lord.

*Oh* Chriſt *(who ſitteſt betweene the* Cherubims, *& ruleſt both in heaven & earth) wee thy ſubiects, do humbly tender our homage to thy royall Maieſtie; magnifieng thy Iuſtice, thy Mercy, & thy powre. Thou art the ſame* yeſterday, to day, & for ever. *VVee beſeech thee therfor, to make vs both followers of the Patriarks thy ſervants, in their faithfull obedience; & partakers alſo, of thoſe mercies which thou haſt vouchſafed them. Though iuſtly, thou correcteſt our errors; yet, in pitty regard our infirmities, accept our penitence, & hear our prayers; even for the ſake of thy bitter paſsion, ſweet* Ieſus. Amen.

Pſa. 100.

A Pſalme of praiſe. *It commemorates two great* Benifits: *our* Creation *(which is common to all) & that Free* Election, *which is peculier to the Choſen Flock of* Chriſt; *& whereby, they have the Freedom of his paſturage, and of his protection. It is therfore vſefull, to praiſe God for the ſame.*

REioyce in God, yee Nations,
In chearfulnes, adore him;
With ioyfull acclamations,
Preſent your Selves before him:
For, God the Lord, did make vs,
No hand therein, had wee;
He, for his flock doth take vs,
His Paſture-ſheep wee be.
2 His Gates & Courts, poſſeſſe yee,
To thanck him, goe yee thither;

His Name, with gladnes, bleſſe yee,
  And ſing his praiſe togither:
For, God is kinde, for ever,
  His grace, he freely daignes;
His Truth, will ſaile vs never,
  For, endles, it remaines,

*Thy hands, oh Lord, did make vs: therfor we praiſe thee for our Creation, & for all the naturall Faculties, where with it pleaſed thee, to endowe our ſoules & bodies. Thou haſt alſo redeemed us: wee therfor likewiſe, praiſe thee; & for our Election, Vocation, Iuſtification, Sanctification, Illumination, Preſervation, hope of Glorification, & for all the pretious Lincks of that* golden Chaine, *wherein are ioyned together the meanes of our* Salvation. *Thou haſt, (wee confeſſe) done already ſo much for vs, that we have almoſt nothing to pray for, but thanckfulnes, & the cōtinuatiō of thy free Mercies, hithertovouchſafed: for which, wee humbly beſeech thee; & that wee may truly praiſe thee for thē, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

OH! all yee Kingdomes, praiſe the Lord,
  Before him, let your Ioy be ſhowne:
With ſinging, let him be ador'd;
  And, for your God, let him be knowne.
2 He made vs, & his owne wee be,
His Flock, & paſture-ſheep wee are;
His Gates, & Courts, then, enter yee,
  And, give him thancks, & praiſes there.
3 Yea, praiſe him, & his Name confeſſe:
For, in the Lord, all good reſides;
His Mercies, & his Faithfulnes
  Throughout all Ages, firme abides.

Pſa. 101.

Pſa. 101.

A Pſalme of David. *It perſonates* Chriſt *propoſing the divine, morrall, political, & Oeconomical dutie of good Princes; & promiſing the execution there of, in his Kingdome & Famely. This is, indeed, the right ſinging of* Mercy & Iudgmẽt, & this Pſalme is vſefull, at the Coronatiõ of Kings, or when Magiſtrates, are admitted into their places.

OF Iudgment, & of Love to thee,
Now, Lord, a ſong I will indite;
Oh come! vnite thy ſelfe to me,
And, I will keep my waies vpright.
With perfect hart, my houſe I'le guide,
No wicked thinge, ſhall pleaſe mine eyes;
I'le thoſe deteſt who turne aſide,
And, all their deeds, I will depiſe.
2 No froward hart with me ſhall ſtay,
I will elect no wicked mate;
The ſlandrous tongue I'le cutt away,
High-lookes I ſhun, proude mindes, I hate.
But, through the land, to dwell with mee,
I will equire for men vpright;
And, thoſe men ſhall my ſervants be,
Whoſe harts, in perfect waies delight.
3 No Cheater, ſhall with mee have place,
No Liers, in my ſight ſhall ſtay;
And, from God's Land, I ſoone will chaſe,
And, root all wicked men away.

*Oh Lord God! all Authoritie is from thee; and, thou placeſt good* Magiſtrates & Governours, *both in* Church & Commõwealth, *for a bleſsinge: or, permitteſt Tirants, Fooles, & corrupt perſons, for the punishment of a wicked people. Defend us, wee pray thee, from this plague; and, grant*

*grant, that they whome thou ſetteſt over vs, may be ſuppreſſers of all* vices; *protectors of al* virtues; *favourers of true* Pietie; *& be alwaies, good examples (in life & converſation) both to their Equalls & Inferiors. Let us alſo, be the ſame in our ſeverall places & Callings; that (walking with good* conſciences, *& vpright* harts, *in an vndefiled* way) *wee may as well ſing of thy* Iudgments, *as of thy mercies.* Amen.

Pſa. 102.

A prayer of the Afflicted, when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord. *The Title shewes*, it may properly be ſung by the *pore in ſpirit*, who are *afflicted, by the ſight of theirownevnworthines&c. Iteontaines, a confeſsion, with a prediction of the benifits of the* Goſpell; *& shewes the eternity of* Chriſt's *Kingdome.*

LOrd, mark my ſuite, receive my crie,
Be preſent at my need:
Thine eares to my complaints apply,
And, hear my ſuite with ſpeed.
For, ſmoke-like, ſumes my tyme away,
My bones are parcht with heat;
My wounded hart, dries vp like hay,
And, I forgoe my meat.
2 My panifull groanes, have made me leane,
And nought but skinn & bone;
I fare, ev'n like a Pelicane,
In deſerts, left alone.
Yea, like the deſert owle, am I;
And, watching, I have ſate,
As when alone, on buildings high,
A Sparrow, wants her mate.
3 Mee, all day long, my foes revile,

At

At mee, they frett, & ſwear:
And, Aſhes are my bread the while;
My drinck, my Weepings are.
For, thou in wrath advanced'ſt me,
That, vile I might be made.
My dayes, like ſhades declininge be,
Like new-ſprung graſſe, I fade.
4 But, Lord, thy tymes, are without end,
All Ages thee record;
Now then, ariſe thou, & befreind
Afflicted Sion, Lord.
For, now the tyme to favour her,
Fullfilled is outright,
And, greeved all thy ſervants are,
To vewe her wofull plight.
5 That, Earthlie Kings, may ſtand in ſeare,
And, Princes dread thy Fame,
Build *Syon's* wall, & ſhew thou, there,
The glorie of thy Name.
Then, thou ſhalt hear all thoſe that mourne,
Then, thou ſhalt healp the pore;
Which I'le record, that men vn-borne
May praiſe thee, Lord, therefore.
6 For, from thy holy-place, on high,
The world ſurvayeng, then,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt hear the pris'ners cry,
And ſave condemned men:
Thy Name in *Syon* to declare;
And in Ieruſalem;
(Where Nations all, Aſſembled are)
To ſhewe thy praiſe to them.
7 Short-liv'd, & weak, & ful of greeſe,
Thou mad'ſt me, in my way;
But, Lord, at noonetyde of my life

Remove

Remove me not I pray.
Thy yeares, through ages all extend,
Thy hands, long ſince, did frame,
Both heav'n and earth; yet, when they end,
Thou ſhalt remaine the ſame.
8 They old ſhall growe, as garments do,
And, be renew'd by thee:
Yea, thou, oh Lord, ſhalt change them ſo,
And, they ſhall changed.
But, from all Changes thou art free'd,
Thy yeares, for aye endure:
And, all thy ſervants, & their ſeed,
Shall bide in thee, ſecure.

*Oh Lord, the ſole comforter of all deſtreſſed ſoules! pittie the ſighes & complaints of thy pore afflicted Childrē, whome thy diſpleaſure for Sinn, hath worthily deſeaſed, both in minde & Body. Open vnto vs the Armes of thy compaſſion; & grant, that what we have loſt by our* Offenſes, *wee may recover by thy Bounty, vpon our true repentance, & amendment of life: which amendment, we beſeech thee to haſten; leſt wee be cut short in the midſt of our hopes. Repaire alſoe, the Decayes of thy* Church *(in thy tyme appointed) that her children may praiſe thee for it, before mē, during their short abiding here; & that, when thou haſt changed our Corruption into incorruption, we may glorify thee among thy bleſſed Angels, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 103.

A Pſalme of David. *The Prophet, praiſeth & exhorts to praiſe God, for many perticuler Benifits, magnifieng his Compaſsion, longſuffring, Iuſtice &c. & declares the frailty of man. &c.* It is vſefull to magnify the manifold Mercyes which wee have receaved by Ieſus Chriſt.

Come

COme praiſe the Lord; come praiſe his Name,
My ſoul, & all that is in mee.
My ſoul, come praiſe his holy Name,
And, of his favours mindfull be.
For, all thine errors he forgave;
He cur'd thy greefs, he clos'd thy wound;
Thy Life, he ſaved from the grave,
And, thee with tender mercies crown'd.
2 With Goodnes, he, thy mouth doth fill,
He like on Eagle, makes thee younge;
And, righteous Doomes he giveth ſtill,
To ev'ry one that ſuffers wrong.
His waies to *Moſes* he declar'd,
His deeds to *Iſr'el*, he did ſhowe;
And, kinde, & gratious is our Lord,
To mercy, prone; to Anger, ſlowe.
2 He, will not alwaies vs vprayd;
Nor, evermore diſpleaſd is hee:
Nor, hath he foe our ſinns repaid,
As, juſtly they deſerve to be.
For, they that fear him, finde his grace,
Out-reach the ſpreadings of the ſkye;
And, he from vs, our ſinns doth place,
As farr, as Eaſt from Weſt doth lie.
4 He pitties them who fear his Name,
As fathers pitty their owne ſeed:
For, well he knowes our britle frame,
And, that from duſt, wee did proceed.
Our tyme, is like the feild-bred-flowres,
Which, now doe made a goodly ſhewe;
Anon, ſome blaſt their forme devours,
And leaves no token where they grewe.
5 But, ſtill there's mercy in the Lord,
For them, that awfull of him bee:

To

To them, that keep, & minde his word,
His righteouſnes, imputeth hee.
His Throne abone the heav'ns is raiſ'd,
And, over all, he beareth ſway:
Of powrfull Angells, he, is praiſ'd;
They hear his voice, & him obay.
6 Let all his hoaſts; his ſervants to,
Performe his will, and praiſe his name:
Yea, ſoe let all his creatures doe,
And oh! my ſoul; do thou the ſame.

Father of all pittie *(who art ſlowe to anger, & ready to forgive) Looke vpon our infirmities; conſider our frailties; in thy abundant compaſsion, forgive our treſpaſſes; and deal not with us according to our deſerts. Cauſe us to be renewed like* Eagles *by caſting of, the* old Man: *Fill our Mouths, with ſongs of thy praiſe; & our harts, with thine owne ſelfe, that vnmatchable ſweetnes! that vnſpeakable goodnos! Cure all our* infirmities; *& healp in all our weakneſſes, by thy* fatherly *care. Preſerve vs in thy* feare; *in the remembrance of thy* Covenant; *and in the wayes of thy Commandements, to our lives end. That, wee honouring thee, by thy* Creatures *here; may glorifie thee among thy* Angells *&* Saints *hereafter, world without end.* Amen.

Pſal. 104.

*The* Majeſtie, wiſdome, *&* powre *of* God, *in the Creation & preſervation of all his Creatures, is here deſcribed, by excellent* Metaphors. We may ſing it to praiſe him, for making & preſerving all things, to his owne glorie, & for our confortable vſe. &c. *The Title is*; Halelujah.

NOw, ſhall my ſoul to praiſe the Lord aſſay;
For, Lord my God! vnbounded is thy might:
With glories beames, thy ſelf thou doſt aray,

And

And as with Robes, are cloth'd about, with Light,
Thou curtaine-like, the heav'ns abrode diſplayeſt;
And, in great flouds, thy chābers roofs thou layeſt.
2 The rowling Clouds, thy ſpeedy Charrets are,
And winged windes, thy ſwift-paſd Courſes be;
Thy Meſſages, the glorious Angells beare,
And burning fires, like ſervants, waite on thee.
The Globe of Earth, ſo firmly thou haſt grounded,
That none can ſhake the ſtructur thou haſt foūded.
3 As with a robe, with flouds thou clothdſt the ſame
And, then, the waves above the hills aſpir'd:
But, at thy Check, ſoone downe againe they came,
And, when thy voice did thunder, back retir'd:
From lofty heights, by winding Vallies, tracinge;
They thither fel, where firſt they had their placing.
4 And, ſtrongly there, thou boundeſt them about,
That they, no more, the world ſhould overflowe;
Among the Dales, clear ſprings, thou ſendeſt out,
Which run between the mountaines to & fro. (eſt
Thou drink from thence, to ſorreſt heards convai-
And, there, the thirſt of Aſſes wilde, alayeſt.
5 Then by the Bancks of all thoſe running Rills,
Among the boughs the, birdes make melodies:
Thou from above, with ſhewres bedew'ſt the hills,
And giv'ſt enough, all Creatures to ſuffice.
For Cattell, graſſe; for man, thou herbs ordaineſt;
And, him with food, out of the earth ſuſtaineſt,
9 From thence proceeds, the hart-reioicing-wine;
Refreſhing oyle, from thence doth alſo flowe;
That pretious oyle, which makes the face to ſhine;
& bread, wherby man's hart more ſtrōg may grow.
Thy Cedars tall, due moyſture have not wanted;
Not they, which high, on *Libanon*, are planted.
7 The feather'd foules, their neſts on thē do build,

O The

The loſty Firrs, are dwellings for the ſtorke;
For clyming goats, the mountains, refuge yeald,
In craggy Rocks, the fearfull connies lurke.
The changing Moon, the tymes apointed ſhoweth
The conſtant Sunn, his howr of ſetting knoweth.
8 Thou Darknes cal'ſt; ſo, night ſhutts vp the day;
And, then, abrode the Forreſters do roame:
With roarings loud, the Lions hunt theyr prey,
And, vnto thee (oh God) for meat, they come.
The riſing ſunn, anon returneth hither
And, in their denns, they couch againe togither.
9 Then, man till night, afreſh, his labour plies.
How many, be thy wondrous works oh Lord!
In ev'ry thing, thou art exceeding wiſe.
The ſpatious Earth, by thee is fully ſtor'd;
And, in the ſea are many creatures dwelling,
Both great & ſmall, whoſe number paſſeth telling.
10 There, ſail the ſhipps, &, there thou didſt creat
*Leviathan*, to ſport vpon the Floud.
Thy Creatures all, from thee expect their meat;
And, that thou ſhouldſt in ſeaſon, give them food,
Which thou beſtow'ſt, & they (the ſame receiving)
Are filld with Goodnes, of thy bounteous giving.
11 Thou hid'ſt thy face, & loe, they troubled are;
Thou ſtopt'ſt their breath, & lifeles duſt they bee:
Againe, thou breath'ſt: & they reviv'd appear,
And, all the earth is new arayd by thee.
Oh! let the Lord, with honour ſtill be named,
And, let him ioy in that which he hath framed.
12 If with his eye, the earth he but ſurvay,
The fearfull earth, doth tremble at his look;
If on the hills, he but a finger lay,
His very touch, doth make the hills to ſmoke.
And, whil'ſt my Life, or beeing, is enioyed,

To

To praiſe my God my, tongue ſhall be employed.
13 Sweet thoughts of him, conceaved are in me;
And, in the Lord my hart ſhal ever ioye:
For, from his Land, the wicked rooted be;
And, he, will them, perpetually deſtroy.
Oh let his praiſe, for ever, be confeſſed;
Praiſe God my ſoul, & ſay: *The Lord be bleſſed.*

*Moſt glorious* Lord God! *thy admirable powre & wisdome created the world (which having once overflowed for Sinn, thou didſt againe replenish the ſame) continueng the maine* Fabrick *ever ſince; &, therein maintaining a ſucceſſion of innumerable different Creatures, by a wonderfull providence (& with a ſpeciall regard vnto mankinde above them all) Give vs therfore, grace, wee beſeech thee, ſo to meditate thy workmanſhip, thy wiſdome, & thy great mercies herein; that our harts beeing regenerated & revived (by the breathings of thy holy ſpirit) wee may be thanckfull for thy great Favours: & that when our wickednes is rooled out, wee (perceaving all to be good which thou haſt created or ordained) may praiſe thy wiſdome, thy goodnes, & thy bountie, for ever & ever* Amen.

Pſa. 105.

Halelujah. *It typically expreſſeth (by God's deliverances of the Iewes, & his Covenant with them) the ſpiritual League & graces, vouchſafed to us &c.* We ſhould therfor ſing it, not only hiſtorically, but with a reſpect alſo, to the Covenant of grace, & his mercies, by *Chriſt Ieſus.*

COme praiſe the Lord, invoke his Name;
To all men make his actions knowne:
In Pſalmes of praiſe, ſing forth his fame,
And, ſpeak what wonders he hath done.
Let them, who ſeek the Lord, be glad,

Let of his Name, their boaſt be made.
2 Oh ſearch God's powre, & ſeek his face;
Still, minde what wonders he hath done:
Let all, that are of *Abraham's* race,
And *Iacob's*, his elected-one,
God's wondrous works, record with heed,
And, minde what he hath fore-decreed.
3 He, is our God, our mighty Lord;
His Iudgments through the world are ſpread:
He beares in minde his promiſ'd word,
Vnto a thouſand Ages made:
Ev'n that, which he to *Abr'ham* ſwore;
And vow'd to *Iſa'ck* heretofore.
4 To *Iacob*, came the ſame decree,
In *Iſr'el* to continue ſtill;
To thee, & all thy ſeed, ſayd hee,
The Land of *Can'an* give I will.
Yea, thus he ſpake, when fewe they were,
And, they themſelves, meer ſtrangers there.
5 When ſorraigners, they liv'd among,
(And, oft from place to place remoov'd)
He ſuffred none to do them wrong;
But, for their ſakes ev'n kings reprov'd.
My prophets, harme yee not, ſayd hee,
Vntouch'd let my Anointed be.
6 Then, he by dearth, their Land made pore,
And, did the ſtaff of bread withhold;
But, *Ioſeph*, he, firſt ſent before,
Eu'n him, whome for a Slave they ſolde.
With fetters, there, his feet they pain'd;
And, him, in irons, they detain'd.
7 But, when his Triall was decreed,
God's word, his innocence diſcloſ'd;
The king did ſend, to have him freed,

And

And by the Prince, he was vnloſ'd.
  His cheef commander he was made,
  To rule his houſe, & all he had.
8 Of all his Lords, he did command;
That he his Counſellers might guide.
Then, *Iſr'el* came to Egipts land,
And, *Iacob* did with *Cham* reſide:
  And, ſo his Children thrived there,
  That, ſtronger then his foes they were.
9 Whoſe hate, & fraudulent intent
When to his Folk, he well made knowne,
His ſervant *Moſes* then he ſent,
And *A'ron* his Elected-one,
  Who wrought great marvailes in his Name,
  And wonders in the Land of *Ham*.
10 He darknes cal'd; & dark it grewe;
(For his commands were not withſtood)
Throughout their Coaſt, their fiſh he ſlewe,
And chang'd their waters into bloud.
  Vpon their land he froggs did bring
  Which climb'd the chambers of the king.
11 He ſpake, & flies of divers formes,
And, lice through ev'ry quarter craw'ld;
Inſteed of raine, he gave them ſtormes,
And, hayle, & lightnings forth he cald.
  Which, downe, their vines, & figtrees brake,
  And in their groves, great ſpoile did make.
12 The Locuſt came at his command;
And Caterpillers did abound:
The graſſe they waſted from the land,
And ev'ry fruite, vpon the ground.
  Then, he their Eldeſt borne did ſmite,
  The very prime of all their might.
13 His people, rich from thence he brought:

Among his Tribes, no weaklings were :
All *Egipt* ioy'd when they went out ;
For why ? of them, they ſtood in feare.
A Canopy of Clouds they had ;
To give them light, a fire he made.
14 The people askt, & quailes he gave,
With heav'nly bread, he filled them :
The Rocks likewiſe, for them he clave,
And through dry Lands he ſent a Streame :
Becauſe, to minde that promiſe came,
Which he had made to Abraham.
16 His people, & his choſen bands,
He brought away with loyfulnes,
To them, he gave the Gentiles lands,
And, they their labours did poſſeſſe :
That they might mark what he decreed,
And keep his lawes, with carefull heed.

*Preſerve us oh* Lord, *from that hardnes of hart for which thou ſendeſt thy dreadfull iudgments into the world; & withhold alſoe thy plaugues from our Kingdome: But, eſpecially, that ſpirituall* Darknes *& thoſe* Iudgments, *which are miſtically ſignifiied, by* Lice, froggs, Locuſts, *& the reſt of the* Egiptiã *plagues: And as a meanes of this favour, make us mindfull of that* Covenant, *which thou haſt made vnto vs, & wee vnto thee, in* Chriſt Ieſus. *VVee confeſſe thou didſt gratiouſly lead our Fore-fathers in the* wildernes; *feeding, guiding & preſerving them, by thy miraculous powre; Be thou alſo, we pray thee, our Aſsiſtance & protecter in this our Pilgrimage; feeding us with that heavenly* Manna, *& refreſhing us out of that ſpirituall* Rock, *whereof, they had the type; that wee may followe them who are gone before into the* Land of the living, *& there praiſe thee, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 106

Pſa. 106.

Halelujah. *It commemorates the perverſenes of the* Iewes, *in whome the* humane Nature, *was typified*: *therefore (changing the* perſons, *to our ſelves.)* We may ſing it to ſet forth, God's Grace & long-ſuffring toward vs; Who have enioyed the ſame favours, & are guilty of the ſame perverſenes.

COme praiſe the Lord; for wondrous good is he;
And, without end, his tender mercies are.
His powrfull Acts, by none cann vttred be:
His praiſes due, none fully cann declare.
They bleſſed are, that have true judgment heeded,
And in the paths of righteouſnes prooceeded.
2 With ſuch reſpect, let me remembred be,
As that, which to thy choſen thou doſt bear:
Thy ſaving-health, vouchſafe thou vnto me;
And place me there, where thyne Elected are.
That, I may taſt, the pleaſures of thy Nation,
And partner be in all their exvltation:
3 Wee have amiſſe, like our fore-fathers done,
God's wondrous works, in Egipt moov'd not thē,
His mercies great, they never thought vpon,
But, at the Sea (the red-ſea) vexed him.
Who, naitheles, them (for his nameſake) ſpared;
That, his great powr, might be by them declared.
4 The Red-ſea, then, was dride, at his command,
And, there, as through the deſert, they do goe,
He, ſaved them from their oppreſſors hand,
And, them redeemd, from their ſtronghanded foe,
For, in the floud he overwhelmd their haters,
And, non of them, eſcaped from the waters.
5 Then, they beleev'd, & praiſd him in a ſong;
But, ſoone his words, & works forgotten were:

For fleſh, ev'n in the Deſerts, they did long,
And much provok'd the Lord's diſpleaſure there.
Their brutiſh luſt, with fleſh, indeed, he ſerv'd;
But therewithal, their luſtful ſouls were ſterved.
6 Their Campe, at *Moſes* grudgd; & with deſpight
God's holy-one, ev'n *Aron*, did perſue:
For which, the Earth did Swallow *Dathan* quite,
And, quick-devour'd, *Abiram*, & his crewe.
A ſudden flame, their Congregation fired;
And, made an end of thoſe that had conſpired.
7 An Idoll then, in *Horeb*, they did raiſe;
A molten Calfe, as God, adored they:
And gave to God (their *Glory* & their *Praiſe*)
An Oxes forme, that eateth graſſe, & hay.
For God their Garde, nor for his powre they cared
In *Egypt*, *Cham*, or at the ſea declared.
8 God, therefore ſayd, he quite had ruin'd them,
But that, his wrath by *Moſes* was alayd.
The pleaſant Land, likewiſe, they did contemn,
Beleeving not the words that he had ſayd.
And, in their tents, their murmurs were a token,
They did not hear, nor heed, what God had ſpokē.
9 Another tyme, his hand advanced was,
Them, in the Deſert, to have overthrowne;
To mixe their ſeed, among the gentile-race,
And, ſcatter them, through many lands vnknowne.
Becauſe, vnto *Baal-peor*, they had bowed;
And, fedd on meats, to lifeles Idolls vowed.
10 Yea, then, the Plague did faſt among thē run,
Becauſe their fault God's anger had encreaſt.
But, Iuſtice was by *Phineas*, timely done;
And, there vpon, that miſcheef quickly ceaſt.
His righteouſnes, therefore, ſhall be commended
Through Ages all, till Ages all are ended.

11 At

11 At *Meribath*, they made him angry, to,
And, wrath likewiſe, with *Moſes*, for their ſake;
For, they provokt his humble ſpirit ſoe,
That, he, ſome words without adviſement ſpake.
They did not ſlay their foes, as God forewarned,
But, mixt with ſuch, and their ill cuſtoms learned.
12 Their Idol-Gods they ſerv'd; which proov'd a
To Devills, they did ſacrifize their ſeed: (ſnare,
They ſpilt the bloud of thoſe that guiltles were;
Ev'n their owne ſonns, & Daughters blood, they
To *Canans* God, for offrings, thē they killed; (ſhed
And all the Land with bloody ſinns defiled.
13 Thus, by their works, poluted they became,
And, whoriſhlie, perſude what they deviz'd:
Which did Gods wrath againſt them ſo inflame,
That he therefore his heritage deſpiz'd
For, them to ſerve the Nations he conſtrained,
And, over them, their Adverſaries raigned.
14 Their Foes, oppreſt & brought thē verie lowe;
And then (though him their Courſes did provoke)
He helped them, when they did helples growe;
And, when they cride, compaſſion on them tooke.
His Cov'nant, & his grace, to minde he called,
And ſuccour'd thē, by thoſe, who them enthralled.
15 Oh Lord our God! ſtill, ſend vs healp frō thee,
That wee therfore may laud thy holy Name,
Divided from the Gentiles, let vs be,
To ſing thy praiſe & trivmph in the ſame.
Let Iſre'ls God, with praiſe be ſtill confeſſed;
And, let al people ſay; *The Lord be bleſſed.*

*VVee confeſſe, oh Lord God, that wee have ſinned according to all the tranſgreſsions of our foreſathers; & added many Offences vnto theirs. VVee confeſſe alſo, that (as to them) thou haſt multiplied thy mercies towards us; In-*

*ſomuch that our enimies, yea our Afflictions, have beene made comfortable: And in ſteed of Plagues (whoſe encreaſe & continuance wee rather deſerved) thou haſt alured vs vnto thy love, by many extraordinario bleſsings. Oh God! let us no longer abuſe thy patience; but make us now, ſoe to mind our part of the* covenant *which is betwixt us; that wee may be ſeperated from our* heatheniſh converſations; *be remembrend among thy* people; *behold the good of thy* Choſen; *reioice in the gladnes of thy* Nation; *& be pertakers in the glory of thine* Inheritance, *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 107.

Halelujah. *It exhorts, to praiſe God, for his vniverſall Grace; Acknowledgeth him, the deliverer of all men, in all places, and in all troubles; Confeſſeth him the Corrector, Orderer, and diſpoſer of kingdomes, perſons, & famelies, &c.* It is vſefull both for temporall & ſpirituall bleſſings; *for, by bodiey ſuffrings; ſpirituall miſeries, are myſtically ſignified.*

COme praiſe the Lord, & thanckfully confeſſe,
That he is good, & gratious, without end,
Let thoſe whom God redeem'd, his praiſe expers,
Ev'n thoſe whome he did from their foes defend;
Collecting them, from Eaſt, & weſterne Nations,
From Northern Clymes, & ſouthern habitations.
2 In deſerts wilde, & where no dwellings were,
They wandred on, with drought, & hunger, faint:
And, them he freed, from all deſtreſſes there,
When they to him, had vttred their complaint.
He ledd them on, in paths directly guiding
To Citties faire, whear they had ſafe abiding.
3 Oh! let men praiſe the goodnes of the Lord,
And publiſh out, his wonders to their ſeed:

For,

For, he to hungry men doth meat afford ;
And, with good things, the longing ſoul doth feed.
He, thoſe vnbinds, that are in fetters chained ;
And in the bands, & ſhades of death detained.
4 The word, of God moſt high, they did reject,
And ſmall account, of his adviſe they made ;
With heat, & toile, he therfor did afflict
And caſt them downe, when they no helper had.
But, in their need (when they againe complained)
He tooke away the greef, which they ſuſtained.
5 Frō deaths black ſhades, he ſhew'd thē light ſome
And, all their bands, did quite aſunder break ; (wais
Let all mankinde, therfore, his wonders praiſe,
And of his works, among their Children ſpeake.
The brazen Gates, he crakt, & open ſett them :
Their yron barrs he broke, & forth he ſett them.
6 He plaugeth fooles, becauſe they have tranſgreſt ;
And, for their ſinns, they much afflicted are :
Their fainting ſoules, doe pleaſant meats deteſt,
They to the gates of death approached near :
But, ſeeking God (when they were ſo oppreſſed)
From all their paines, & feares, he them releaſed.
7 He ſent his word, which did their greevāce heal,
Preventing ſo, their fall, which haſtned on.
Oh let all men ! God's goodnes, therfore tell,
And ſhewe their ſeed, what wonders he hath done.
Let them declare his works, with joyfull ſinging,
The ſacrifize, of thanckfull praiſes, bringing.
8 They that in ſhipps at ſea employed are,
(And for their gaine to croſſe the waves are bold)
May vewe the works of God-almighty there,
And in the deepes his wondrous deeds behold.
For, he but breaths, & ſtreight a ſtorm appeareth
Which vp aloft, the rowling billowes beareth.

9 Now

9 Now mounts to heav'n; anon, deſcēds the keel,
And they grow faint, with labour & with fear:
As druncken men, they ſtagger, & they reel;
And of their skill, they quite deprived are,
Then, to the Lord they cry, who them releaſes,
From all their feares, their dangers, & deſtreſſes.
10 For, he, the ſtormes, to gentle calmes cōvarts,
And, quiet then the raging ſea, becomes;
Then they are joy'd; Then eaſed are their harts,
And, them he brings, to their deſired homes.
Of theſe his works, let all men make relations,
And ſhewe his deeds, to future generations.
11 Oh ſing his praiſe, where great Aſſemblies are,
And him, among your elders, glorify;
He deſerts makes, where once great waters were;
He draines the ſprings of mighty Rivers drie.
And, from rich Lands, their fatnes, oft he taketh;
When by their ſinn, her dwellers, him forſaketh.
12 The Deſerts vaſt, he turnes to ſtanding Lakes;
And ſprings convaies, to lands which barren were:
For hungry ſoules, a dwelling there he makes,
Who, for themſelues do build a Citty there.
They ſowe & plant, & reap the hoped bleſſing,
Both of their ſeed, & of their Vines encreaſing.
13 He proſpers them; & lo, they are encreaſt,
Their flocks & heards, do fatt & fruitfull grow.
Yet, otherwhile, he letts them be oppreſt, (low,
And with great plagues, he, ſometime, brings thē
He takes from kings, their princely eſtimation;
And, makes them ſtray, in pathles deſolation.
14 But frō all greefs, the meek he ſtill doth raiſe,
And, makes like flocks, his houſholds to appear;
At ſight thereof, the Iuſt will ſing his praiſe,
And they ſhall dumbe be ſtrook, that wicked are.

All

All this, they mark; that have true wiſdom learned:
And, God's great love, by them is well diſcerned.

*Moſt Mercifull God! what Affliction is there, from which wee are not howrely delivered, or preſerved, by thee? Nay, what neceſſarie benifitts are there, which wee have not in the beſt ſeaſons receaved from thee; in what place ſoever, or of what Nation, or condition ſoever wee are? In our wandrings, in our poverty, in our ſickneſſes, in our impriſonments; in our Iournyes at ſea & land, in our labours, in our goods, in our children, in our ſorrowes, in our proſperities, in our perſons, in our families, in life, in death, yea in everie thing, wee have continuall experience of thy Mercies, inſomuch, that we may confeſſe thou delighteſt in nothing, but in shewing Mercy; vnles our ſinns compel thy Iuſtice to afflict us, that thy Mercies may not be deſpiſed: and, there is great Mercy, even in that, alſo. Oh good God! make us ever mindful hereof; & give us wiſdome ſo to mark & conſider theſe things, that both wee & our poſteritie, may magnifie thy vnſpeakable bounty, & declare thy wonderful workings, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa 108.

A ſong or Pſalme of David. *This is compoſed of the later parts of the* 57. & 60 Pſalmes; *yet differs from both: for, thoſe beginn with lamentations, & end with reiocings; but, this is wholy triumphant, & perſonates the Church praiſing God for her enlargment: &c.* Wee may ſing it, when the Church is releaſed from ſome perſecution, or her limitts extended farther &c.

MY hart is fixed; & I, oh Lord,
Will in my ſongs, thy fame record,
And, with my tongue, ſing praiſe to thee:
My Harp & Pſaltry, are awake;
And, I, my ſelfe, will readie make

To

To praiſe thee, where Aſſemblies be.
2 For, through the heav'ns thy Truth doth ſtretch;
Above the Sphears thy mercies reach.
Oh God! be ſtill exalted high.
Thy praiſe, through heav'n & earth extend;
Let thy righthand, thy Dear defend,
And, ſtill vouchſafe me thy replie.
3 For, as thy holy Voice declard,
With trivmphs, *Shechem* I have ſharde;
And, I have meaſur'd *Succoth* Vale.
Mine, *Gilead* & *Manaſſeth* are,
My head, mount *Ephraim* high doth bear,
In *Iudah*, ſtands my judgment Stall.
4 Proud *Moab* is my drugding ſlave,
My foot in *Edom*, fixt I have;
And *Paleſtine* doth ioye in me.
For, who to *Edom* was my guide?
Or, to the Citty fortifide?
But, God of whome deſpiſd were wee.
5 Oh God! who didſt our hoaſt forſake,
From vs, our greefs, thus, alwaies take;
For, man's vaine ſuccours we contemn.
Through God, wee valiant Acts have done;
Our foes, by him, are overthrowne:
And, he ſhall ſett his feet on them.

*Oh Lord God of Hoaſts! true in thy word, & powrful in thy performances. According to thy auncient promiſes, thy Church is wonderfully enlarged; & thou haſt now thy lot of Inheritance in thoſe places, where they have bene enimies to thy Truth. VVee beſeech thee, more & more, to enlarge thy Kingdome, & to be continually preſent with us, in all our ſpiritual conflicts: that, by thy powre we may tread vnder foot, the* world, *the* fleſh, *& the* Devill; *making ſervants vnto us (in the execution of thy* will*) thoſe affections, which have*

*have heretofore prevailed againſt us. VVee rely on thee only: On thee only, our harts are fixed: And, for thy goodnes; we deſire, with all our faculties, to praiſe & magnify thy Name, for evermore.* Amen.

Pſa. 109.

To the cheef Muſition a Pſalme of David. *It is applied vnto* Iudas *Acts* 1, 20. *and* is it vſefull to terrify Gods foes, & all Hypocrites, by ſhewing the Iudgments pronounced by the holy-ghoſt, againſt all ſuch. *But, let none abuſe this, or any ſuch like* Pſalmes, *by repeating them in their owne quarrells; leſt the* Curſes *fall on themſelves.*

OH God my praiſe! now ſilence breake;
For, wicked men that guileful be,
With open Iawes, againſt me ſpeake,
And, with falſe tongues, have ſlandred mee.
With hatefull words they mee encloſe;
Without all Cauſe, with mee they warr,
And for my Love, they are my foes:
Yet, for their weal, my prayers are.
2 For my goodworks, ill deeds I gett;
My love with hate, they do requite:
Or'e them therefore, ſome Tyrant ſet;
At his right-hand, let Sathan waite.
Let Iuſtice, them to death perſue;
Account it ſinn for them to pray:
Cutt ſhort their dayes; & make them fewe:
Let others take their place away.
3 Keep fatherles, their Orphane-breed,
And, husbandles, their widdow'd wives;
Yea, Cauſe thou their accurſed ſeed,
To begg & wander all their lives.
Their vncouth denns, let then forſake;

To

To begg, what muſt their life ſuſtaine :
Their labors, let oppreſſors take,
  And, Strangers rob them of their gaine.
4 Let none regard, though they lament,
Nor pitty take on ſuch a race :
But, quite away (in one deſcent)
Their of-ſpring, & their Name deface.
Let God, ſtill, minde the guilt they drewe,
From both their parents, at their birth,
And, keep it allway's in his vewe,
  Till they are nam'd no more, on earth.
5 For why, they no compaſſion ſhew'd,
To him that greev'd & pained lay.
But, they the needy ſoul perſu'de :
The broken hart, they ſought, to ſlay.
They Curſings Lov'd : let them be made
The part, therefore, of their juſt lot.
In Bleſſings, they no pleaſures had ;
  And, therfor, they poſſeſſe them not.
6 With curſes, they, themſelves did clothe,
As with a gowne, or with a cloke ;
Therefore, as oyle or water doth,
Through bones & bowells, let them ſoke ;
Let Curſes, them like Belts, incloſe ;
And, as their clothes, ſuch men aray :
Ev'n thus, oh Lord, requite my Foes
  Who of my ſoul, amiſſe do ſay.
7 But, (for thy Name ſake) ſave thou mee ;
Deal wel with me, & mercy daigne :
For, wounded is my hart in mee ;
And, I am pore, & full of paine.
I vaniſh like an Evening ſhade,
I, Locuſt like, am toſt about :
My knees, are weake through faſting made ;

My fleſh is leane, & waſted out.
8 They, mee deſpiſe ev'n to my face,
And, ſcornfull nods, at mee they make.
Oh Lord my God! of thy meer grace,
To bring me help, now vndertake,
Make them to ſee, & then confeſſe,
That by thy hand I helped am;
Lord, though they Curſe, yet do thou bleſſe.
And, let them riſe, to ſee their ſhame.
9 But, make oh Lord, thy Servants glad;
Whilſt they, that my illwillers are,
With ſhame (ev'n their owne ſhame) are clad,
As if with Robes arayd they were.
My tongue ſhall praiſe thee then, therfore,
Confeſſing, where Aſſemblies be,
That God is Patron of the pore;
And, from falſe doomes, their ſoules doth free.

*Oh God! terrible art thou in thoſe iudgments, which thou doſt pronounce againſt all malitious & vnrepētāt Sinners. VVee beſeech thee therfore grant us grace, to repent all our tranſgreſsions, & to shewe compaſsion to all thy pore members in their Afflictions; that we may finde Mercy in our ſorrowes. VVee often ſee thy iudgments; but, wee neither know whome thou correcteſt in love to amendment, nor whome in fury to their deſtruction: For, thou reſerveſt that ſecret vnto thy ſelf (To keep vs, both in our dealings & Cenſures, alway charitable to thoſe whome thou ſmiteſt) Oh teach vs, therefore, true Charity; & let vs never doe, or wish evill to any man, in our owne Cauſes: But, let us apply thy iudgmēts, to ſinn in generall; & imprecate that they may fall only, on the enimies of our Lord and ſaviour* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Pſa. 110.

A Pſalme of David. *It is literally of Chriſt, Math. 22.*

*& it mentioneth, the Deity, Humanity, Soveraignety, Preiſthood, Powre, Conqueſts, Paſſion, & Reſurrection of the* Meſſiah. Wee may ſing it with reſpect to thoſe perticulers.

VNto my Lord, the Lord, thus ſpake,
  Sitt downe at my right hand;
And, of thy foes, I'le footſtooles make,
  Whereon thy feet ſhall ſtand.
The Lord, ſhall out of *Syon* bring,
  The ſcepter of thy might;
And, over them thou ſhalt be king,
  Who now reſiſt thy right.
2 On thy great Day, in ſerving thee,
  Men, willing mindes will ſhewe;
And, from the wombe, thy birth ſhall be,
  As is the morninge dewe.
The Lord, hath ſworne, (& will nor check,
  Nor change the word he ſwore)
Thou art, (as was Melchizedek)
  A preiſt, for evermore.
3 The Lord, ſhall ſmite when wroth he growes
  Great kings, at thy righthand.
The Gentiles judge, &, ſlay his foes
  Which are in ev'ry land.
The heads of kingdomes he ſhall ſlay;
  And, as he paſſeth-by,
Shall drinck the Torrent in the way,
  And, raiſe his head on high.

*Almighty God, who haſt given thy eternal Sonn (with whome thou art the ſame in Eſſence) to be in an vnſpeakable manner conceaved in the* Virgines wombe: *To be made an everlaſting* preiſt, *for us, after the Order of Melchizedek. And in his Paſſage through this life, to drinck*

*drinck the bitter* Torrent *of his* Paſſion: *Grant wee beſeech thee, that by virtue of his bleſſed* Incarnation, *our nature may be ſanctified & prepared for Grace; that by his* Death, *we may dye to ſinn; that by the powre of his* Reſurrection *wee may ariſe to righteouſnes; & by his glorious* Aſcention, *be victorious over all our enimies, both ſpiritual & temporall, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 111.

Halelujah. *It praiſeth God for his miraculous works, his wiſdome, Mercy, Iuſtice, & for the Covenant of his Grace &c. It may be ſung to continue in vs, the fear of God, & to praiſe him for his benifits; eſpecially, for our Redemption.*

WIth all my hart, God's praiſe I'le ſing,
  Where ſaints aſſembled are.
For, they, God's works to minde will bring,
  Who, love to them doe bear.
Moſt famous deeds, the Lord hath done,
  His Iuſtice, hath no ends:
His works are worthy to be knowne,
  His bounty, farr extends.
2 All them that feare his Name, he feeds;
  His League he thinks vpon;
And, for his folke, by wondrous deeds,
  The Gentiles Realmes he wonn.
His hands, have Truth & Iuſtice, wrought;
  His precepts, all, are ſure;
With Truth & Iudgment, fully fraught,
  For ever to endure.
3 God ſent, and hath his Flock redeemd;
  His Leagues eternall are:
His Name is rev'rently eſteem'd;
  And, full of holy-feare.

The feare of God, is Wiſdome's gate;
And, therefore wiſe is he,
Who ſeekes to enter in thereat:
His praiſes, endles be.

*Moſt mercifull Father (wōderfull in thy workings, dreadfull in thy iudgments, vnfallable in thy Truth, & vnſpeakable in thy Mercies) fill us wee pray thee with that ſanctified Feare which is the beginning of true VViſdome; So manifeſt vnto us thy eternal Truth; ſo remember vs of thy Covenant; & ſo feede us with ſpirituall nourishments, that we may be ſtrengthned to walk in thy wayes; & at the laſt, enter the Gates of eternall bleſſednes, through the mediation of* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

AL praiſe to God, my hart now render ſhall.
Before the Iuſt; of him I'le mention make,
Confeſſing that his wond'rous Actions, all,
Deſerve that wee ſhould pleaſure in them take.
Exceeding great, his glorious deeds appear,
From age to Age, his Iuſtice doth extend;
Growne famous, all his glorious workings are,
His Bounties, & his Mercies have no end.
In feeding ſuch as feare him, he is free;
Kept firme, his promiſe is, from age to age.
Long ſince, that ſo, his Folk his powr might ſee,
Made were, the Gentiles lands their heritage.
Nor Truth nor Iuſtice paſſe, but from his hand.
Of all his lawes, the firme fulfillings, be,
Provided ſoe; that, they ſhall ever ſtand
Quit, from all wrongs, & from all falſhoods, free.
Redeemer of his people, he became.
So firme a League likewiſe, he did ordaine,
That, he hath fixt, & fortifide the ſame,

Vnchan-

Vnchangably, for ever to remaine.
With holines & ſeare, he clothes his Name:
Yea Wiſdome's firſt foundation is his fear.
Right wiſe are they, that well obſerve the ſame:
And ſuch, from Age to age, commended are.

Pſa. 112.

Halelujah. *It mentions many priviledges & properties of the* Elect; *& shewes, that the wicked (for their greater vexation) shall behold their happines &c.* It is a conſolatory Hymne; and ſerves to keep vndiſcouraged, thoſe whoe are exerciſed by the skoffs & proſperities of worldlings.

WHo on Gods lawe his love doth place,
And, feareth him, right bleſt is hee:
God, will on earth advance his race,
And, bleſt his faithfull ſeed ſhall be.
His houſe with plenty ſhall be dight,
His Iuſtice, ſhall not be confinde;
In darknes, he ſhall ſtill have light,
For, he is meek, & juſt, & kinde.
2 The righteous lends, & helps the pore,
His dealings, he diſcreetly weighes;
His fame, abides for evermore,
And in a ſtate vnchangd, he ſtaies.
He ſtarts not, evill Newes to heare.
On God, his hopes & muzings be.
His hart is fixt, & will not fear
Till on his foes, his wiſh he ſee.
3 He, on the pore, doth Almes beſtowe,
And, alway juſt, he doth abide.
For which, his horne ſhall powrfull growe,
And, with renowne be dignifide.
Which, when vngodly men perceave,

They ſhall, through envy & deſpight.
Growe furious, gnaſh their teeth, & greeve.
And, looſe thir hopes, & longings quite.

*VVe humbly beſeech thee oh mercifull God, to infuſe into our harts, ſuch a filial fear of thee; Such a firme truſt in thy Mercies; Such a prudent regard to all things which are neceſſarily pertinent to our ſelves; So charitable a reſpect vnto the neceſsities of our pore brethren: & ſoe conſtant a willingnes, to performe all the duties in which we are obliged to any of thy Creatures: That, being without ſlaviſh terrors, we may be couragious, what rumors ſoever we hear; & enioy the commodities of this life, to the vexation of our ſpiritual foes; & eternall* Bleſſednes *hereafter to thy glory.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

ALl they that fear the Lord, attaine to bliſſe;
Becauſe, that, ſuch delight God's will to doe.
Conferd on them, ſhall honors be, for this,
Deriving to their ſeed, great bleſſings to.
Encreaſing wealth, their houſes, full ſhall fill.
For aye, the Iuſtman's righteouſnes remaines.
Great light, on him, in darknes beameth ſtill.
He righteous is, & kinde, & Mercy daignes.
If need reqnire he lends, & gives beſides.
Kept ſtreight are all his waies, by prudent care.
Layd faſt his groundworke are; & firme he bides.
Made endles, his memorialls (likewiſe) are.
No fears he feels, though evill Newes there be;
On God with fixed heart he doth relie:
Puts truſt in him; not ſhrincking, till that hee
Quite overthrowne doth all his foes eſpie.
Releef among the pore beſtoweth he;
So keeping, ſtill, his dealings, all, vpright,

That,

That, him advanc'd, Vngodly men ſhall ſee;
Vex, gnaſh their teeth, & looſe their lõgings quite.

Pſa. 113.

Halelujah. *It magnifieth God for his great love to mankinde both in generall & in perticuler. But, cheefly for extending his* Church *ſo vniverſally; for raiſing us from the dunghills of corrupted* Nature, *to the thrones of* Grace; *& for taking away our ſpiritual ſterrillity. &c.* The vſe appears.

YEe ſervants of the Lord,
With praiſe, God's Name, adore;
The Name of God the Lord,
Bleſſe, now & evermore.
Oh ſing his praiſe!
Through ev'ry place, which in his race,
The Sunn, ſurvaies.
2 All nations, fear his powres,
His glory mounts the ſky.
There is no God like ours:
No other Lord, ſo high.
Yet, he doth bowe,
All things to ſee, that in heavu be,
Or Earth belowe.
3 The pore, from ground he ſetts,
From dyrt, the meek, he brings;
And, them with kings he ſetts,
Ev'n with his peoples kings,
And, her that had
A barren wombe; he, made become
A mother glad.

*Glorious Lord God! who (to the confuſion of the proud & hauty) haſt made choiſe of the vile & deſpiſed things of this world, thereby to magnify thy Name. Raiſe us, we pray the,*

*thee, from the Dunghill of our Corrupted* Nature; *that by thy* Grace, *wee may become* Rulers *over our owne Affections: And make us alſo (who have bene heretofore barren in all Goodnes) ſo fruitfull, hereafter, in Faith & good works, that our ſoules, may be ſaved, & thy Name glorified, throughout the whole world, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

PRaiſe yee the Lord, & bleſſe his Name;
  Yea, now & ever bleſſe the ſame,
  Yee ſervants, of the Lord our God.
For, from the Sunns aſcending place,
Ev'n to the vtmoſt of his race,
  His Name's due praiſe, is ſam'd abrode.
Or'e Nations all, yea, or'e the Sphears,
The Lord our God, his glory rears,
  And, never was his equall found.
For, though his dwelling he on high,
He doth beholde with humbled eye,
  All things in heav'n, & on the ground.
2 The pore, from duſt & mire he brings,
To ſit with Princes, & with Kings;
  Ev'n of his people to be King.
And, he, a joyfull mother made
Of her, that erſt no children had.
  Vnto the Lord, oh therefor ſing.
To *God* the *Father*, To the *Sonn*,
And *holy-Ghoſt*, (thoſe, *three in one*
  And, that eternall *One in three*)
All *glory* bee, for ever more;
All *powre* & *praiſe*, as heretofore,
  Aſcribed, now & ever be.

Pſa. 114.

Pſa. 114.

*By alluding to the deliverance from* Egipt, *to the driving back of* Iordan *& the* Redſea, *to the trembling of* Sinay, *& forcing waters from the hard rocks; our ſpirituall deliverances, & reformations, are typified.* Therefore, our Church vſeth this Pſalme, as proper for *Eaſterday.*

WHen *Iſr'el*, brought from Egipt was
And, *Iacob* from a forraigne tongue;
In *Iudah* was his holy place,
To him, did *Iſr'els* rule belong.
The Sea ſaw that, & fledd away,
Ev'n *Iordan* alſo, backward ſlipt.
The mountaines then, like Rams did play;
Like Lambes, the leſſer hillocks tript.
2 Thou ſea, what made thee ſo to fly?
Why did'ſt thou, *Iordan*, backward goe?
Why daunc't like Rams the mountaines hye?
Yee hills, like Lambs, why tript yee ſo?
Shake earth, at preſence of the Lord,
When *Iacob's* God is preſent, ſhake;
For, he, from Rocks, a ſtanding Ford,
And, fountaines, in the flints doth make.

*Almighty God, the deliverer of all pore deſtreſſed Captives; wee are by Nature the ſlaves of* Sinn, Death *& the* Devill, *who do labour to hold us in eternall bondage: But, wee praiſe thee, thou haſt made a miraculous paſſage for our eſcape: Oh! grant therfor that thy preſēce, may ſo ſtartle us out of our ſecuritie, & ſoe molliſie our flintie nature, that the teares of true penitence may flowe plentifully from vs; & that, we (thanckfully walking in that way which thou haſt prepared for our entrance into the* Land of the living) *may be quite freed from our ſervitude; & enioy peace & reſt in thy Kingdome, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſal. 115.

*The Faithfull deſire that al honor may be aſcribed to God alone, & that their foes may not blaſpheamouſly queſtion his powre. Then, in the name of* heathen Idolls, *& their worshippers, reproovcs the vanity of all thoſe aſsiſtances whereon carnall men rely &c.* It is vſefull when falſe worſhippers blaſpheame God, by reaſon of our afflictiion &c.

NOt ours the glory make,
Lord, give not vs the fame:
But, for thy Truth & Mercy ſake,
Aſcribe it, to thy Name.
2 To ſay, where is their God!
Why ſhould the Gentiles dare?
Since he in heav'n hath his abode,
And, works his pleaſure there?
3 Men's hands, their Idolls make;
They, gold & ſilver be:
Poſſeſſing mouthes that cannot ſpeake
And, eyes that cannot ſee.
4 Their eares are ſenſeles to;
Their noſtril ſmelleth not:
Their hands & feet, nor feel, nor goe;
No breath is in their throte.
5 All they, whoe thoſe adore,
(Or forme them) like them be:
In God, let *Iſr'el* truſt therefore,
For, their defence is he.
6 On God, preſerving them,
Let *Aron's* houſe depend:
Let thoſe, who feare him, truſt in him;
For, he will ſuch defend,
7 God, will remember vs,

And,

And, on vs, Mercy ſhowe.
On *Iſr'el*, & on *Aron's* houſe,
He, bleſſings will beſtowe.
8 He proſpers great & ſmall,
That, fear of him profeſſe:
You & your ſeed, likewiſe, he ſhall
Still, more & more, encreaſe.
9 Of God, you bleſſed be
Who made both earth & heav'n:
The heav'n of heav'ns, inhabits, he,
And, earth to men hath given.
10 Lord, none cann thee adore,
Who dead, & ſilenc't are:
But, I, both now & evermore,
Thy praiſes will declare.

*Not for our owne deſervings, cann wee claime any thing (oh Lord God) neither for our owne ſakes, or our owne glorie, ought wee to deſire any deliverances, or benifits from thy Maieſtie. As much, therfor, as our* ſelf-love *will permit, wee deſire, meerly for thine owne honour ſake, that publike Idolaters, & carnall minded men (who ſerve Gods of their owne making) may not ſcandalize thee, or thy Truth, by occaſion of ſuch Miſeries or Diſgraces, as fall on vs, who profeſſe the ſame. But, make vs (oh God) to love thee & thy glory, ſo farr above our owne lives & reputations; That, whether wee be delivered or no, wee may ſubmit our ſelves to thy pleaſure; & be truly comforted, hartely pleaſed, & reioyce vnfainedly, that wee are counted worthie to ſuffer for thy glorie.* Amen.

Pſa. 116.

*The Faithfull profeſſe affection to* Chriſt; *Acknowledg their condition, both by* Nature & Grace; *encourage others to truſt in Gods favour; & reſolve the ſame in them ſelves.*

We

We may ſing it, when, after ſome great Affliction or temptation, wee are comforted, & ſenſible of our preſent, & paſſed eſtate &c.

I love the Lord; for, hee an eare
  To my complaints doth give:
And, ſince he pleaſeth me to hear,
  I'le ſeek him, whil'ſt I live.
The feares of death, encloſd me round;
  Hell torments, mee enthrald.
But, ſtill, when paind my ſelf I found,
  On God's great Name, I cal'd.
2 Preſerve my ſoul, oh Lord, I ſayd;
  For, thou art full of grace.
Iuſt, kinde, & ev'ry pore man's ayde.
  My healp, when greev'd I was.
My ſoul, to this thy refuge fly;
  For, God is thy larg meed.
From death my ſoul; from teares, mine eye;
  From falls, my feet he freed.
3 I ſhall, with God, enioy my life
  Where livinge meu abide.
This I profeſſe, with firme beleif,
  Though I was terrifide.
Yea, though in raſhnes I did ſay,
  That all men liers were;
What for thy guifts I ſhould repay,
  Now, Lord, my queſtions are.
4 Thy Cupp of ſaving-health I'le take.
  Vpon thy name, I'le call;
And, of my vowes, I'le payment make
  Before thy ſervants all.
Thy ſaints, their deaths, & ſuffrings, be
  Right pretious in thine eye.
Oh Lord, thy ſervant ſerving thee,

Thy

Thy handmayds Childe, am I.
5 My fetters all, thou brak'ſt away,
And, I, oh Lord, therefore,
The ſacrifize of thancks will pay;
And, thy great Name adore.
To thee, oh Lord, I'le pay my vowes,
Where thy Aſſemblies be;
Ev'n in the Courts of Gods owne houſe
*Ieruſalem*, in thee. *Haleluiah.*

*Hear our prayers oh* Lord God, *& deliver our ſoules from the Death of Sinn. For, we are compaſſed with many perills & fearfull Temptations; Inſomuch that wee are ſometime almoſt ready to deſpaire, & diſtruſt that there is noe Truth in any of our hopes. Oh keep us (by thy ſpeciall grace) from falling into thoſe whirlpooles, out of which there is no returning. VVhen the guilt of Sinn, the fears of Death, the torments of hell, & the ſugeſtions of the Devill (conſpiring with our frailties) have once encloſed vs. VVee have then, no powre of reſiſtance in our ſelves; & it is thy great Mercy, if the little ſpark of our faith be not wholy quenched. Help vs therfore in our extremityes. Break the chaines of our Sinns, unloſe the ſnares of Sathan, & give us grace to praiſe thee in thy* Ieruſalem, *& to magnify thy Mercy in the Land of the living, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 117.

*This is the leaſt* Pſalme; *but it hath reſpect vnto the greateſt* Myſterie. *For it provokes all Nations to praiſe God, for extending his grace to the whole world; as appears Rom.* 15. We ſhould ſing it to praiſe God for his *Vniverſal Grace.*

GOd's praiſe, yee Nations all declare;
The Lord, yee people all adore:

For

For, large to vs, his Mercies are,
His Truth endures for evermore. *Haleluiah.*

*VVee praiſe thee oh Father of Mercy, for that* Vniverſall Grace *which thou haſt vouchſafed, in offring thy ſalvation (without reſpect of perſons) vnto all mankinde, forſaking none vntill they have firſt forſaken thee. Make effectuall vnto vs, wee beſeech thee, this generall favour; That wee embracing the ſame, by the* Will *(which thou firſt makeſt capable of what thou preſenteſt therevnto) and that co-operating with thy* Spirit *(according to the powre which thou ſhalt give vs) we may be partakers of that* ſpeciall grace, *which makes vs the Obiects of thy* eternall Election; *& from which there is no falling away. Grant this, even for* Ieſus Chriſt *his ſake.* Amen.

Pſa. 118.

*This Pſalme* Chriſt *applied vnto himſelf. Math* 24. *For, he is that Corner-ſtone here mentioned. Here alſo are miſtically touched vpon, his* Paſſion, Reſurrection, *& ſonne other Evangelicall Verities. It is therefore vſed by our* Church, *as proper for* Eaſterday.

THe Lord is good, him therfor bleſſe;
And, for his Grace that faileth never,
Let Iſr'el alſo, now confeſſe,
His Mercy doth abide for ever.
Yea, let the houſe of *Aron* ſay,
His Mercies have no ending day.
2 Let all, who fear him, publiſh out,
His Mercies, that eternal be:
For, when at need, his healp I ſought,
Hee, heard my plaint, & ſett me free:
And, ſince the Lord, is thus mine Aide
Of man, I cannot be afraid.
3 My helpers, God's aſſiſtance have;

And,

And, I perceave it on my Foes.
More ſafe it is God's help to crave,
Then on man's healping to repoſe,
  Yea, faith in God, more ſafety brings,
  Then to rely on mighty kings.
4 All Nations, ſeige to mee did lay,
But, in God's Name, I them deſtroyd;
They me beleaguer'd ev'ry way,
But, in God's Name, I them deſtroy'd.
  As Bees, they compaſt me about,
  Like fire in thornes, ſoone in, ſoone out.
5 I ſoone deſtroy'd them in Gods Name,
For, when they ſought to do, me wrong,
The Lord, my gratious ayde became,
My ſtrength, my health, my ioyfull ſong.
  And, in his houſe, the Iuſt may ſing,
  What God's right-hand to paſſe did bring.
6 For, God's right-hand is lifted high,
Greats things the Lords right-hand hath wrought;
And, from the Grave eſcap'd am I
To tell, what God to paſſe hath brought,
  For, though he ſore afflicted me,
  Yet, he from death did ſett me free.
7 Of Righteouſnes vncloſe the gate,
That, I God's praiſes may expreſſe:
This Gate is God's; yea, this is that,
By which the Righteous have acceſſe,
  And, him I'le praiſe; for it is hee,
  That heares, & healps, & ſaveth me.
8 That's now the cheeſeſt Corner-ſtone,
Which once the builders did deſpiſe;
It was the work of God, alone,
And, ſeemeth wondrous in our eyes.
  This is the day the Lord hath made;

Come,

Come, let vs all, therein be glad.
9 Save Lord ; oh ſave vs, Lord, wee pray ;
Bleſſe him, that commeth in thy Name.
That from his houſe God bleſſe vs may,
We pray, & much deſire the ſame.
For, God's the Lord, by whome our ſight
Obtaines the Viſion of his Light.
13 With Cords the Sacrifices binde ;
Them, to the Aulters Corners, tye.
Thou art my God, whoſe praiſe I'le minde ;
My God, whome I will glorify.
Oh ! praiſe the Lord, for, great is he,
And, without end his Mercies be.

*Oh* Lord Chriſt our ſaviour ! *Thou art that pretious* corner-ſtone *which vnites, not* Iewes *&* Gentiles *only, but even the* Godhead *and the* Manhood *into one ſpirituall Buildinge. Thou, art he by whome all our Enimies are deſtroyed. Thou, art hee, by whome wee eſcape the* grave *of ſinn, & the terrors of everlaſting Death. Thou, only, art that* Gate of Righteouſnes, *by which wee enter into life eternal ; And, thou only, art that Light, in whoſe bleſſed* Viſion, *our happines doth conſiſt. Oh give vs part in all that, which thy* Incarnation, Paſſion, Death, Buriall, Reſurrection, *&* Aſcention, *hath merrited & conquered for vs ; & (if it pleaſe thee) let this be the Day, which thou haſt made to fill vs with ſuch a gladnes, as shall make vs ioyfull, for ever more.* Amen.

Pſa. 119.

*This* Pſalme *conſiſteth of many exhortations, promiſes, prayers, complaints, conſolations, directions, Reſolutions, & thanckſgivings ; varciouſly intermixt, according to the* Churches *various Occaſions : &* principally informes, that God's word is the Rule of Life. &c.

Alaph. 1.

Alaph. 1.

HEe's bleſt, that in the perfect way
Of God's pure *Lawe* hath trod
Who doth his *Teſtaments* obay,
And, wholy ſeeketh God.
For, ſuch will take no ill in hand,
Nor, from his *Pathway* ſwarve,
But, Lord, as thou doſt give command,
Thy *Precepts*, they obſerve.
2 Would God! my waies were ſo direct
That keep thy *Lawes* I might.
For, whilſt I thy *Commandes* reſpect
On mee, no ſhame cann light.
With vpright hart, thee praiſe I will,
When, learn'd thy *Iudgments* be;
And, then I will thy *Lawes* fullfill;
Therefore, forſake not mee.

*Another of the ſame.*

ALl thoſe are bleſt that in a blameles way,
Have by the *Lawe* of God their feet confinde,
As bleſt are thoſe, that his *Decrees* obay,
With all their harts, deſiring him to finde.
An evill act, they never take in hand,
Nor frō Gods *Pathway*, ſhall their footing ſwarve
Wee, likewiſe, are inioyn'd by thy Command,
That wee, thy *Precepts*, duely ſhould obſerve.
Ah! therefor, would my wayes were guided ſo,
That, all thy *Statutes*, well obſerve I might.
For, if thy *Lawes*, I have regard vnto,
No ſhame at all, on mee ſhall then alight.
And, when thy righteous *Iudgments* I have learn'd
With hart ſincere, I'le ſing thy praiſe therefore.
To keep thy *Lawes*, I will moreover learne.

Q Oh!

Oh! then, forſake me not for ever more.

*Give us, oh Lord, ſuch perfect knowledge of thy* Lawe; *ſuch regard of thy* Teſtimonies; *ſuch practiſe in thy* Waies; *ſuch obedience to thy* Precepts; *ſuch love to thy* Statutes; *Such diligence in thy commands, & ſuch awe of thy* Iudgments: *that our vnderſtanding may be freed from* error, *our* Converſations *from* polution, *our* Affections *from vanity: & that thou mayſt ever be glorified by us; & wee, never be forſaken of thee. Even for* Ieſus Chriſt *his ſake.* Amen.

Beth. 2.

HOw cann youth's pathway cleanſed be
But by thy *word*, oh Lord?
With all my hart, I ſeek to thee,
Oh! guide mee by thy *word*.
I'le keep thy *Lawe*, with all my hart,
That I diſpleaſe not thee.
Oh Lord (that alway bleſſed art)
Thy *Statutes*, teach to mee.
2 To preach the *Iudgments* of thy Mouth,
My lipps I will employ.
For, in thy *Teſtimonies*, truth;
As, in great wealth, I ioye.
Vpon thy *Lawes*, & *VVaies*, alone,
My thoughts, & Love are ſett.
Thy *Statutes*, my delight is on:
Thy *VVord*, I'le not forget.

*Another of the ſame.*

BY what, may yongmẽs wayes made blameles be;
But, by their taking heed vnto thy *VVord*?
With all my hart, I have deſired thee,
From thy *Commands*, let me not wander, Lord.
By layeng vp thy *VVord* within my hart,

To

To keep me from offending thee I thought.
Oh Lord my God, thou alwaies bleſſed art,
Vouchſafe to me thy *Statutes* may be taught.
Betweene my lipps, I oft have ſounded forth
The *Iudgments* of thy mouth; and I have deem'd
Thy *Teſtimonies* path of greater worth
Then riches are, (by others moſt eſteem'd)
Both on thy ſacred *Precepts* I do muſe,
And, ever, to thy *VVaies* have borne reſpect.
Thy *Statutes*, as my pleaſures I will vſe;
And, Lord, *word*, I never will neglect.

*Su , to deſerr the amendment of our li we be decrepit with age; but let thy word reform in our youth; at leaſt, from this preſent howre, let us beginn the cleanſing of our waies with our whole harts. Let us ſeek, thee, bleſſe thee, ſpeak of thee, Muſe on thee, & ſo delight in thee; that thou maiſt delight in us, & keep us in the way of thy Commandements, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Gimel. 3.

LOrd, grace thy ſervant ſo, that he
May live, & keep thy *VVord.*
The wonders of thy *Lawe* to ſee,
Enlight mine eyes oh Lord.
A ſtranger here on earth, I, am;
Thy *Precepts*, let me knowe.
My ſoul, with longings, ſaint became,
Thy *Iudgments*, love I ſo.
2 Their Curſed pride thou haſt contrould,
Who from thy *Lawes* do ſwarve:
But, ſhame & ſcorne, from mee withhold,
For, I thy *Truth* obſerve.
Enthroned Princes mee reproov'd,

Yet, on thy *Lawes* I thought.
Thy *Teſtimonies* I have lov'd:
To mee they Counſell taught.

*Another of the ſame.*

COnfer ſuch Bountie on thy ſervant Lord,
That to fulfill thy *Lawe*, ſurvive I may:
That, I may ſee the wonders of thy *VVord*
Vnclofe, likewiſe (oh Lord) mine eyes I pray.
Confid'ring that on earth I am a ſtranger,
Hide not from me the knowledge of thy *Truth.*
My ſoul, to leave the body is
Shee ſo deſires the *Iudgments* of thy
Controld thou haſt, the Curſed pride of them
Who from thy iuſt *Commandements* have ſwarved.
Remoove away their ſcornes who mee contemn;
For, I thy *Teſtimonies* have obſerved.
Conteſted with, by Princes, I have binn:
Yet, I thy ſervant, on thy *Statutes* muſe.
Thy *Teſtimonies*, my delights are in,
And, them to be my Counſellers I chuſe.

Almighty God (*ſeeing wee are but* Pilgrims *here on earth (ſubiect to many wants, many Infirmities, & many oppreſsions) gratiouſly vouchſafe us, that which is outwardly neceſſary for the body; Supply that which is defective in our ſoules; & let thy* Lawe *arme us againſt the oppoſition of all our Adverſaries, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Daleth, 4.

ACcording to thy *word*, now chear,
My ſoul, which lowe is brought.
My life's Confeſſion, thou ſhalt heare,
Let mee thy *Lawe*, be taught.
Mee, in thy *way* appointed, ſet:

And,

And, I'le they works record.
Greef tires my ſoul, oh comfort it,
According to thy *word*.
2 Me, from the path of Lies, remoove,
And, by thy *Lawe*, direct.
For, I the waies of Truth do love;
Thy *Iudgments*, I affect.
Diſgrace me not, for, firme I ſtand,
To what thou haſt *decreed*:
And, I will runn at thy *Command*,
When thou my hart haſt freed.

*Another of the ſame.*

DEclined is my ſoul, ev'n to the ground;
Oh quicken mee, according to thy word.
My waies I ſhew'd, & I thine anſwere found;
Thy *Statutes*, alſo, teach to mee oh Lord.
Diſcloſe to me thy *Teſtimonies* path,
And, of thy wondrous works my talke ſhall be.
My life conſumes, becauſe much greef it hath;
According to thy *VVord*, eſtabliſh mee.
Divide mee from that Path which liers love,
And gratiouſly vouchſafe to mee thy *Lawe*.
The way of *Truth*, is that which I approve;
And, of thy *Iudgments*, I do ſtand in awe.
Diſtruſtfull of thy *word* I never grewe,
Permit me not, oh Lord, to be diſgrac't.
The way of thy *Commands* I will perſue,
As ſoone at thou my hart enlarged haſt.

*Indowe our harts oh God! with ſuch vnfained* humiliation, *with ſuch true* Confeſſion, *with ſuch harty* contrition, *with ſuch love to thy Truth, with hatred of error, & with a renewing of the whole man; that wee may be more & more enlarged from our ſinns & Corruptions, vntill*

*wee be perfectly reſtored to the full liberty of the* Sonns of God, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

He. 5.

SHewe mee thy *Truth*, & from that way,
I never will depart.
Teach mee thy *Lawes*; & them, for aye,
I'le keep with all my hart.
Thy *Statutes* Paths, to mee declare;
For, I delight theron.
To love thy *VVord*, my hart prepare,
And, Avarice to ſhunn.
2 From folly, turne my eyes, oh Lord,
And, keep mee in thy *way*.
Confirm thy Servant in thy *VVord*,
That, ſo, I fear thee may.
Becauſe thy *Iudgments* gratious be,
My feared ſhame remove.
And, in thy *Statutes* quicken me,
For, Lord thy *Lawes* I love.

*Another of the ſame.*

ETernall God, thy *Statutes* teach to mee,
That til their end, I may fulfill them all.
To keep thy *Lawe* let me inſtructed be,
And, I with all my hart, obſerve it ſhall.
Enable me, to keep each *Lawe* of thine,
Becauſe, that in their path, I pleaſure take.
My hart vnto thy *Teſtaments*, incline,
That ſo, all Avarice I may forſake.
Eſtrange mine eye, from Obiects that are vaine,
And, let mee be revived in thy *Path*.
Thy *word*, to mee thy ſervant, now make plaine
Who, to thy fear, him ſelf devoted hath.
Expell thou far away, the ſhame I fear:

For

For, juſt, & good (oh Lord) thy *Iudgments* be.
See, what my longings for thy *Precepts* are,
And, in thy righteouſnes, revive thou mee.

*Oh Lord! Ignorance of thy* Lawe, *is the Cauſe that wee neither love nor beleeve it; & want of* Love *&* Beleef, *are the occaſions of all our errors. Give us therfor, wee pray thee, that Love, that knowledge, & that beleef of thy* word, *which may keep us in thy Paths. Root* Covetuoſnes, *out of our harts; let no folly allure our eyes to wander aſide, hereafter: & (becauſe there is Mercy in all thy Iudgments) keep us from the shame which wee fear, & have already deſerved: Even for* Ieſus Chriſt *his ſake.* Amen.

Vau. 6

THy loving ayde, vouchſafe mee ſtill,
As thou haſt *promis'd*, Lord:
So, I my ſcorners anſwere will;
For, I beleeve thy *word*.
Since, on thy *Iudgments* I rely,
Oh! do not, Lord, with drawe
Thy *VVord of Truth*; & then, ſhall I
For ever keepe thy *Lawe*.
2 Now I to ſeek thy *way*, am bent,
I cann with freedome walke
And, I will of thy *Teſtament*,
To Kings, with boldnes talke.
In thy *Commands*, I will delight:
For, I have them approov'd.
I'le minde thy *word*, & keep aright
Thy *Lawes*, which I have lov'd.

*Another of the ſame.*

FVfill thy promiſd *word*, & favour daigne;
Yea, grāt thou mee thy ſaving-health oh Lord!

So, I ſhall make replies to them, againe,
Who flout at me, becauſe I truſt thy *word*.
Firme truſt, vnto thy *Iudgments*, Lord I have,
Therefor, to leave thy *Truth* permit me never:
But, make me to thyne *Ordinances* cleave;
And, keep thy *Lawes*, for ever & for ever.
Free, ſhall my walkings be, & vncontrould;
Becauſe thy *precepts* are belov'd of me.
Thy *Teſtaments*, to kings I will vnfold,
And, of the ſame, no whit aſhamed be.
Full dearly, I have loved thy *commands*;
And, they my moſt affected pleaſures prove.
I'le in thy *precepte*, exercife my hands,
And, muſe vpon thy *Lawes*; for, them I love.

*VVrite thy Lawes in our harts, oh Lord, & engrave them in our minds wee humbly beſeech thee. Soe regenerate us, that wee may become a* Lawe *vnto our ſelves; & have no deſires in us, but thoſe which are agreable to thy* Will. *So, wee shall neither ſlavishly fear, the powre of any Authority; nor be made ashamed by any bitter Cenſurers, or ſcornfull reproovers: but, maytake confidently, & vſe conſcionably our liberty in* Chriſt Ieſus. Amen.

Zain. 7.

THat *promiſe* keep, which thou haſt made,
Thy ſervant's hope to be.
From thence (in greefs) I comforts had:
Thy *word*, revived mee.
Though my diſgrace, the proud have fought,
Vnto thy *Lawe* I clave.
Vpon thy *Iudgments* paſt, I thought:
And, ear to them I gave.
2 Of ſinners, who thy *Lawe* forſake,
I am in greevous feare.

Yet,

Yet, where my Pilgrim-Inn, I take,
My ſongs, thy *Precepts* are.
I kept thy *Lawe*, & on thy Name,
I mus'd when many ſlept.
And, thus to paſſe, oh Lord, it came,
Becauſe thy *Lawe* I kept.

*Another of the ſame.*

GIve heed vnto that *VVord*, which thou haſt ſayd;
That *VVord* which thou didſt make my hope to be.
For, thence in my Afflictions I have ayde:
It is thy *VVord* that ſtill reviveth mee.
Growne quite deſpiſ'd I was, in proudmens eyes,
And, yet, I from thy *Lawe*, declined not.
Thy *Iudgments*, paſt, did in my thought ariſe;
And Lord, from them, I conſoiation got.
Great horrors have ſurprized me, becauſe,
The wicked from thy *precepts* have gone wrong.
And, in my houſe of Pilgrimage, thy *Lawes*,
And thy *Commandements*, have beene my ſong.
Good Lord! I mention of thy Name have made,
Ev'n in the night; & I thy *Lawe* have kept.
And, ev'ry profitable thing I had;
Becauſe, I from thy *Precepts*, have not ſtept.

*Oh Iord! there is no better comforter in trouble, then a faithfull remembrance of thy gratious promiſes; nor any meanes to prevent the feare, the diſgraces, or the miſcheevous practiſes of the proud oppreſſor, then by the* Meditation, *&* practiſe *of thy* Lawes. *Grant therfore, wee may ſoe* minde *the One, & ſo* performe *the other; That wee may reioyce in this houſe of our Pilgrimage, all our life long.* Amen.

Chith. 8.

I Vow'd oh Lord, to keep thy *VVord*,
For, thou my portion art.

Thy *promis'd Mercies* now afford;
  I begg them with my hart.
I turned to thy *Teſtaments*,
  When I had ſcann'd my waies;
In keeping thy *Commandements*,
  I vſed no delaies.
2 By troups of ſinners, robd I was:
  Thy *Lawes*, yet, minde I ſtill.
And, that thy *Iuſtice* I may praiſe,
  At midnight, riſe I will.
Whoe e're dreads thee, & keeps thy *word*,
  Shall my Compainon be.
Thy Mercy fills the world, oh Lord,
  Oh! teach thy *Lawes* to mee.

*Another of the ſame.*

HOw that thou art my portion, Lord, I ſayd,
  And, I to keep thy *Lawe* have made a vowe.
  With all my hart, I for thy grace have prayd,
  According to thy *VVord*, have mercy now.
Here, I have called vnto minde thy *waies*,
  And, turn'd my feet vnto thy *Teſtaments*.
  Yea, I have ready bene, without delayes,
  In executing thy *Commandements*.
Huge Troupes of wicked men have robbed mee:
  Yet, ſtill thy *Precepts*, in my hart I bear.
  At midnight, I will riſe, & ſing to thee,
  Becauſe thy *Iudgments*, true & righteous are.
Here, I have gain'd the fellowſhip of thoſe,
  Who ſtand in fear of thee, & keep thy *VVord*.
  Throughout the world, thy *tender-Mercy* flowes,
  Let me be train'd in all thy *Statutes*, Lord.

*Grant us Grace oh God! ſoe to examine the Courſe of our life paſt, & what waies wee intend to walk hereafter; that wee*

*wee may returne to thee with ſpeedy repēntance: & ſo reſolve to keep thy commandements during the tyme to come; that wee may enioye thee for our* Portion; *& (both in the* Night *of our afflictions, & among the troups of our* perſecutors) *be comforted in the rememberance of thy abundant Mercyes, through* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Teth. 9.

THy ſervant, Favour hath receiv'd
According to thy *word.*
And, thy *Commands* I have beleev'd,
Therfore inſtruct me, Lord.
Though till my troubles, I mis-trod,
Thy *VVord*, I follow now.
Thy *Precepts*, teach to mee, oh God:
For, Good, & kinde, art thou.
2 Thy *Lawe*, with all my hart I ſeek;
Though, mee the proud belye.
Their harts are fatt, (ev'n Brawner-like)
But, lov'd thy *Lawes*, have I.
Now, I have learn'd thy *Statute's* Truth,
My Cares, I bleſſings deem:
And, I the Precepts of thy Mouth,
Above all wealth eſteem.

*Another of the ſame.*

IN all things, to thy Servant thou art juſt,
According as thy *VVord*, oh Lord, hath ſhowne.
Since therefor, to thy *Covenant*, I truſt,
Thy *Iudgmēts*, & thy Truth, to mee make knowe.
If that, I had not bene, by ſorrowes croſt,
I, ſtill had err'd: But, now I keep thy *VVord.*
Moſt Good thou art, & all is well thou doſt:
Therefore, thy *Statutes* teach to mee, oh Lord.
I, by the proud, have greatly bene belide;

Yet,

Yet, ſtill, I keep thy *Lawe* within my breſt:
Their hart (with fat) like brawne is ſtupifide;
But, with delight, thy *Lawe* hath mee poſſeſt.
It is my weal, that I afflicted was;
For, by that meanes, thy *Statutes*, now, I heed.
That *Lawe* of thine, which from thy mouth did paſſe,
Great ſums of gold, & ſilver doth exceed.

*Sanctifie vnto us (oh Lord, all our Afflictions; that, being by them purified from our Corruptions, wee may become vpright in all our wayes. Suffer vs not to be ſo fatted in our proſperities as to become inſenſible of thy* Mercies *or* Iudgments. *Let our experience in thy word, teach us, to ſee & acknowledge, that our Afflictions are bleſſings; And what ſoever Scandalls do ariſe, let us continue in Obedience to thy* Lawe, *& thanckfully eſteeme the ſame as wee ought, for ever & ever,* Amen.

Iod. 10.

TO learne thy *Lawe*, inſtruct mee, Lord,
For, mee thy hands have made:
So, when they ſee mee truſt thy *word*,
Thy ſervants will be glad.
I knowe thy *Iudgments* righteous are;
And all thy Stripes are Love.
Now, let thy grace, thy ſervant chear
And, true, thy *VVord* approve.
2 I love thy *Lawe*, grant mee therefore,
Thy grace, that live I may,
Deſame the proud, who wrong mee ſore;
For, I thy *VVord* obay.
Who knowes thy *VVill*, & feareth thee,
All ſuch to mee convart:
And, in thy *Lawes*, leſt ſham'd I bee,
Lord, rectify my hart.

*Another*

*Anather of the ſame.*

KIndle the knowledge of thy *Lawe* in mee.
For, by thy hands, I faſhion'd was, oh Lord,
Thy ſervants will reioice, my face to ſee,
Becauſe I have relied on thy *word.*
Knowne, well, thy *Iudgments* are, to be vpright.
And, Lord, on mee thy ſtripes in love thou laydſt.
Oh, make thy *Tender-mercies* my delight,
And comfort mee, as in thy *VVord* thou ſaydſt.
Kinde, let mee finde thee Lord; that I may live:
Becauſe contentement in thy *Lawe* I finde.
Deſame the *Proud*, who mee vniuſtly greeve;
For on thy *Precepts*, I employ my minde.
Keepe thoſe who thee do feare, & know thy *VVill*,
That they may be converted vnto mee.
And in thy *Lawes*, my hart confirme thou, ſtill,
That from diſgrace, I may preſerved bee.

*Lord, wee are the workmanſhip of thy hands: Soe inſtruct vs therfor, in the vnderſtanding and performance of thy* Lawe, *that wee may accomplish the end of our Creation. Make our knowledge of thy* Statutes, *our Faith in thee, & our conformity to thy* Will, *ſoe evident; that thy Servants may reioice, our foes become aſhamed, our corrections appear tokens of thy Love; our ſhame be prevented, our harts cheared, & life eternal obtayned.* Amen.

Caph. II.

MY ſoul, for ſuccour panting lies.
Yet, is thy *word* my ſtay.
I ſeek thy *Truth* with longing eyes,
*Oh Comfort mee*, they ſay.
I, like a ſmoke-dride botle ſeeme;
Yet, on thy *Lawe*, I thought:
Summ vp my dayes, & *iudge* all them,

That

That have my ruine ſought.
2 For mee, the Proud ſunck pitts, which be
Forbidden by thy *Lawes:*
Thy *VVords* are true, oh ſave thou mee,
Perſu'de without a Cauſe.
Quite from the Land, they drove me nigh,
Yet, to thy *Lawes* I cleave.
Oh chear mee, by thy grace, that I
Thy *VVord* may never leave.

*Another of the ſame.*

LOrd, for thy healp my longing ſoul doth pant,
And, on thy *Promiſe* al my hopes do lye.
Mynes eies do faile, becauſe thy *VVord* I want,
*Come comfort mee*, with ſpeaking looks, they crie.
Like botles in the ſmoke I do appear,
Yet, ſtill, thy *Statutes* minded are of mee.
How long ſhall I thy ſervant ſuffer hece!
Thy *Iudgments*, on my foes, oh, let mee ſee.
Lo, for my life, the proud deep pitts have made,
Such as thy *Lawe* forbiddeth to prepare.
They mee perſued, though no cauſe they had;
Oh helpe; for all thy *Precepts*, faithfull are.
Long ſince, my ruine they had nigh contriv'd:
I, naitheles, thy *Statutes* did not leave.
Let mee by thy compaſſion be reviv'd,
And, to thy Teſtimonies, I will cleave.

*Oh* Lord, *wee have Adverſaries, continually digging pitts for our ſoules. VVee are ſenſible of great Afflictions, & our life daylie wears out by vnperceaved infirmities. Yet, wee feel not that longing to obtaine an incorruptible eſtate, as to continue our preſent vanities. Oh let that* experience, *which wee have of miſeries here*; & *that* Faith *which vve ought to have of vvhat thou haſt promiſed hereafter, make our*

*our harts pant vvith longing after the accomplishment of thy Truth, & for our full fruition of thee, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Lamed. 12.

THy *VVord*, in heav'n remaines for aye;
  Thy *Truth* ſhall ſtill abide.
The earth, ſo firmely thou didſt lay,
  It cannot ſwarve aſide.
Thy *Lawes* keep ev'ry thing vpright;
  For, all, thy ſervants be.
But that thy *VVorde* was my delight,
  My Cares had ruin'de mee.
2 I will not from thy *Truth* decline;
  For, life to mee it brought.
Oh ſave thou mee; for I am thine;
  And, thy *Decrees*, have ſought.
Though ſinners do my ſpoile intend,
  Thy *VVord*, in minde I bear.
Of all good works I ſee an end;
  But, large thy precepts are.

*Another of the ſame.*

MAde firme in heav'n, thy *promiſe* is, oh Lord,
  And, ſhall for ever, & for ever, laſt.
  Thy *Faith fullnes*, all ages will record,
  For as earths globe, the ſame thou fixed haſt.
Moſt firme to thy *Decrees* thy works do ſtand,
  And, all things as thy ſervants, wait on thee.
  But, that I pleaſure take in thy *Command*,
  My ſorowes, long er'e this, had ruin'd mee.
My hart ſhall never from thy *Lawes* decline;
  For, I, by them, to life againe, was brought.
  Vouchſafe to ſuccour mee, for I am thine:
  And, after thy *Commandements* have ſought.

Much

Much waiting, hath among the wicked bene,
My fall to ſee; but, I thy *Statutes* minde.
Of all perfections, I an end have ſeene,
Save of thy *Lawe*; which cannot be confinde.

*Almighty God, by being obedient vnto the Lawe of their Creation, thy other Creatures are preſerved in order, & cōtinue thy faithfull ſervants. Man-kinde only is rebellious; & yet, wee have had often experience that a litle delight in thy Lawe, is rewarded with great Bleſsings. Soe encreaſe therfor, our beleef of thy* Truth, *& our love to thy* Lawe; *that wee may be more & more conformable to thy* Will, *& at laſt be ſaved, through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord.* Amen.

Mem. 13.

IN thy *Commands* I pleaſure take,
My dayly thoughts they bee;
Mee, wiſer then my foes *they* make,
And, ſtill, remaine with mee.
More, learne I from thy *Statutes*, then,
My Teachers vnderſtand.
And, wiſer am, then aged men,
By keeping thy *Command.*
2 My feet, from evill waies I kept,
That keep thy *Lawe* I might.
I, from thy *Iudgments* have not ſtept,
For, mee thou holdſt vpright.
Though hony to the mouth be ſweet,
Thy *VVord* more ſweetnes hath.
Through thy *Commands* I grewe diſcreet,
And ſhun'd the Liers Path.

*Another of the ſame.*

NO parte of all the day I cann forbear
To minde thy *Lawe*; becauſe I love the ſame.
It makes me wiſer then my haters are,

For

For my companion ſtill thy *Lawe* became.
Nay, more then all my teachers I conceave;
Becauſe, my Muſings are vpon thy *VVill.*
And, more then aged men I do perceave;
Becauſe they *Teſtimonies* I fulfill.
No wicked paſe, or Path, my feet ſhall vſe,
That ſo, thy *VVord* the better keep I might.
And, I thy *Iudgments* never will refuſe,
Becauſe thou haſt inſtructed mee aright.
Not halfe ſo ſweet is honie to my mouth,
As are thy *VVords:* for, perfect ſweet are they.
Thou haſt encreaſt my knowledge, by thy *Truth*:
And, therfor, I abhorr each evill way.

*The wiſdome (*oh Lord*) of this world, is but foolishnes, in reſpect of that which is learned by thy* Word: *For, nothing is ſoe profitable or pleaſant, as that; if it be meditated aright. Give us grace, therfor, wee pray thee, ſo to love it, & ſo to meditate thereon; that wee may crack the shell which hides the ſweet kernell thereof, from the world; &, by help of thy ſpirit, thereby attaine that wiſdome which (our Ordinary Teacher) the bare Letter hath not powre to diſcover; & let it guide us out of all error, both in life & doctrine, though* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Nun. 14.

THy *word* is to, my feet a light:
A Lampe, my way to ſhowe.
I vow'd thy *doomes* to keep aright,
And I will keep my Vowe.
I, ſore am greev'd; Lord, me revive,
According to thy *Truth.*
Teach mee thy *Iudgments*; & receive
The Praiſes of my mouth.
2 Although my ſoul in danger be

Thy *Statutes* I obay;
And keep thy *Lawes*, although for mee,
The wicked, ſnares do lay.
Thy *Cov'nants* are mine Heritage;
They much reioice my minde;
And, thy *Decrees*, from age to age,
To keep, I am inclinde.

*Another of the ſame.*

OH God, thy *VVord* like Lāps my way doth ſhow,
And, to my feet, it is a ſhining flame.
To keep thy righteous *Iudgments*, I did vowe;
And, I reſolve that I will keep the ſame.
Oppreſt I am; Me, therefor Lord revive
As by thy *VVord*, thy promiſe is to do.
Accept that praiſe which I ſhall freely give;
And, in thy *Iudgments* Lord, inſtruct me to.
On thy *Commands*, my thoughts are alway ſett,
And, lo, my ſoul is alwaies in my hands.
Vngodly men, for mee have laid a nett;
Yet walk I not aſtray from thy *Commands*.
Of all my Ioyes thy *VVord*, alone, is cauſe:
Thy Teſtaments I make mine heritage.
My hart reſolves, to love & keep thy *Lawes*
While time endures, & throughout evry Age.

*Many waies (oh Lord) is thy* Lawe *healpfull vnto vs. It is a* Schoolmaſter, *to teach us; A* Rule, *whereby to ſquare our Actions*; A glaſſe, *to shew us our deformities*; A light, *to guide us out of error*; *& a* Remembrancer, *to shewe vs what we are liable vnto by* Nature; *That ſo, the terrors thereof may make the flesh more obedient to the ſpirit (& their harts the more thanckfull, whome* Grace *hath freed from the Curſe & condemning powre thereof) yea, it is alwaies vſefull in ſome kinde or other. Oh, write it therfor*

*therfor in our harts & engrave it in our mindes, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Samech. 15.

THy *Lawe* I love with all my hart,
And wicked thoughts deteſt.
The place of my defence thou art;
And, on thy *VVord*, I reſt.
Lewd men avoyd; for I would faine
My God's *Commands* obay.
According to thy *VVord*, maintaine
My life, & hopes, I pray.
2 Support mee, & I nought ſhall dread:
For, to thy word I cleave.
Vpon thy *Lawes* tranſgreſſers tread:
For, guile ſhall them deceive.
Purgd out like droſſe, the wicked be:
I therefore love thy *Lawe*.
And, of thy *Iudgments*, & of thee,
My fleſh doth ſtand in awe.

*Another of the ſame.*

PRroud thoughts I hate, and ſuch as cauſe offence
But, with much love thy *Lawe* I do embrace.
Thou art my ſheild, oh Lord, and my defence;
And in thy *VVord*, my confidence I place.
Pack hence, all yee, that evill doers be;
For, all my God's *Commands*, I will obay.
According to thy *VVord*, vphold thou mee;
That both my life & hopes, enioy I may.
Protect me, & no dangers I ſhall fear:
For, in thy *Statutes*, I will then delight.
Suppreſſe all thoſe that from thy *Precepts* err:
For why, they muſe on nothing but deceit.
Purg'd out by thee, like droſſe, thee wicked are;
And, I thy *Teſtimonies* love therefore.

My fleſh doth dread thee with a trembling fear;
And, by thy *Iudgments*, I am frighted ſore.

*Oh Lord, let the conſideration of thy* Iudgmēts *purge out all our wickednes, & ſo terrify our wanton fleſh, that it may tremble to offend thee. Let the Meditation of thy* Lawe of Love, *ſo work vpō our harts, that our verie thinckings may be ſanctified. And let us be continually ſupported by thy aſsiſting* Grace, *that in thought, word, & deed, wee may perſevere in obedience to thy* Will, *& be ſafe vnder thy protection, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Aijn. 16.

IN Iudgment, I vprightly deal;
Let no man mee oppreſſe.
Be ſuretie, for thy ſervants weal;
From Tyrants, me releaſe.
Mine eyes, are dimm'd ſince for thy *VVord*,
And ſaving-health I ſought.
Deal well with mee thy ſervant, Lord,
Let me thy *Lawe* be taught.
2 Since, thee I ſerve, Lord, grant I may
Thy *Teſtimonies* knowe.
Now, is the time to work; for they,
Thy *Law* would overthrowe.
Far more then gold, (then fineſt gold)
Thy *Statutes* I affect.
Thy *Lawe*, in all things, I vphold,
And, errors way, reject.

*Another of the ſame.*

QUit me from ſuch as doe my harme aſſay;
For, I according to thy *Lawe* have wrought.
Be ſuretie, for thy Servants weal, I pray,
That, to the proud, in thrall I be not brought.
Quite waſted are mine eyes, & almoſt blinde,
Since thy juſt *VVord*, & healp I did expect.

Accor-

According to Mercie, be thou kinde;
And, me thy ſervant, by thy *Law* direct.
Quench not that Light by which thy *Truth* is known
But, give thy ſervant knowledg in thy *VVord:*
For, they thy bleſſed *Lawe* have overthrowne,
And, it is time that thou thy healp afford.
*Quick therfore be*: For, I above all gold,
Yea more then gold refinde, thy *VVord* affect.
Thy *Statutes* all, to be vpright I holde;
And all erroneous waies, I diſreſpect.

*Preſerve us, oh God, from their wickednes, who pretending a* Chriſtian Libertie, *ſeek to overthrowe, & make voyd thy* Lawe *(to the quenching of the ſpirit, & to the fullfilling of their fleshly* Will*) Grant rather, that the more wee are freed, from the* Bondage of the Lawe *(& the leſſe obliged to the works thereof, for our* Juſtification*) the more we may labour to fullfill the ſame; even for the love of* Righteouſnes *in* Ieſus Chriſt, Amen.

Pe. 17.

RAre things, thy *Teſtaments* compriſe,
And are my ſoules delight.
Thy *Statutes* make the ſimple wiſe,
Their knowledg giveth light.
Through longing for thy *Lawe*, I drewe
My breath with panting Mouth.
Veiwe mee in Love, as thou doſt veiwe
The Lovers of thy *Truth*.
2 So guide my goengs by thy *VVord*,
No ſinn in mee may raigne.
From ſpoile of men, preſerve me Lord,
For I thy *Truth* retaine.
Teach mee thy *Lawes*, & let thy face,
Vpon thy ſervant ſhine.

For, Streames I weep, when men tranſgreſſe,
Or break a *Lawe*, of thine.

*Another of the ſame.*

RIght wonderfull thy *Teſtimonies* are:
And, therfor Lord my ſoul to keep thē ſtrives.
Thy *VVord's* approching, makes great light appear,
And, Vnderſtanding to the ſimple gives.
Reſpire & pant I did, with mouth vnclo'ſd;
So greedy of thy *Precepts*, I became.
Oh look on mee, as when thou art diſpoſd,
To look vpon the Lovers of thy *Name*.
Reſtraine my ſtepps according to thy *VVord*;
And let no ſinn, in me domion gaine.
From Cruel men, defend thou mee oh Lord,
So, I thy ſacred *Precepts* will retaine.
Reflect on mee the brightnes of thy face,
And, ſhewe thy *Teſtimonies* vnto mee.
For, downe my cheeks the teares do flow apace,
Becauſe, thy *Lawes* deſpiſd & broken be.

*Sweet Ieſus, though we deſire to ſeeme wiſe; wee are very ſimple in the beſt knowledge: Oh encreaſe our vnderſtanding. Though vvee profeſſe great Affection to thee & thy* Lawe; *yet vvee ſoone deny (yea forſvvear) both, if vvee are in danger to partake of thy ſuffrings. Oh look vpon vs therfor, vvith ſuch an aſpect, as thou didſt caſt on thy* Apoſtle *St.* Peter, *that vveeping bitterly for our Sinns & vnkindeneſſes as he did; vve may obtaine the ſame forgivenes.* Amen.

Zade 18.

THou juſt in all thy doengs, Lord,
And in thy *Iudgments* art.
Thy *Teſtimonies*, & thy *VVord*,
Are true in ev'ry part.
I burne with zeal, becauſe I ſee

My

My foes, thy *Truth* neglect.
Thy *VVord* is pure, which cauſeth mee
That I the ſame affect.
2 Thy precepts, I will ſtill retaine,
Though I deſpiſd am growne.
Thy *Iuſtice*, alway ſhall remaine;
Thy *Lavve*, & Truth, are one.
In thy *Commands*, my pleaſures are,
Though troubles on mee fall.
Thy juſt eternall *VVill* declare,
And, thereby, live I ſhall.

*Another of the ſame.*

SIncere thou art, oh Lord, in all thou doſt:
A true, & righteous *Iudgment* thou haſt paſt.
Thy *Teſtimonies* are exceeding juſt:
And, ſo is all that thou *Commanded* haſt.
Spent, through my zeal I am, & almoſt pin'de,
Since of thy *Truth* my foes regardles growe.
Thy *VVord*, is to the vttermoſt refin'de;
And, for that cauſe, thy ſervant loves it ſoe.
Scorn'd & deſpiſ'd I am; yet cannot this,
My thoughts from thy *Commandements* withdrawe.
Thy *Iuſtice* an eternall *Iuſtice*, is;
And, *Truth* it ſelf, thou giveſt for thy *Lavve*.
Sore paines & ſorrowes, have layd hold on mee:
Yet, I from thy *Commands* content receive.
Thy righteous *Teſtimonies* endles be:
Oh let me know them, Lord, that I may live.

*It is true oh Lord, that vvhat ever thou* willeſt *is* Juſt, *& needs no other reaſon thereof, but that thou* Willeſt *it, becauſe thy* Will *is* Truth *&* Juſtice *it ſelf. Keep us therfor, from queſtioning the* Juſtice *of any thing vvhich thou haſt* Willed *or Decreed: & preſerue us, alſo, from*

*their madnes, vvho fancie* Decrees *vvhich thou never mad'ſt; & ſuch as doe not make thee iuſtifiable by humane Reaſon. Teach us to knovve, that, though thy* Juſtice *is incomprehenſible, yet ſo much as thy vvord hath expreſſed of it, is ſuch a* Juſtice, *as makes thee (even in our capacities)* Juſtifiable, when thou art iudged; *& ſuch, as may encourage us, to endeavour, to be* juſt as thou art juſt, *&* holie as thou art holy, *by thy example. This grant, for* Ieſus Chriſt *his ſake.* Amen.

Coph. 19.

LOrd hear; for, in my hart I crie,
And, I thy *VVord* obay.
To hear my call, thine ear apply,
That keep thy *Lavves* I may.
Relieng on thy *VVord*, I call'd,
Before the Morning-light;
To mark thy *VVords* mine eyes foreſtald,
The Watches of the night.
2 As *iuſt* & *loving*, Lord, thou art,
So, hear & quicken mee.
Lo, ſuch as from thy *Lavve* depart
For miſcheefe, comming be.
Oh Lord, to mee, now nearer drawe:
Thy *VVord* all truth containes,
And, long agoe, I knewe thy *Lavve*,
Eternally remaines.

*Another of the ſame.*

THey, healp oh Lord, with all my hart I crave,
Thy juſt *Commands* reſolving to obay.
To thee I call aloud; mee daigne to ſave,
That ſo, thy *Teſtimonies*, keep I may.
To thee, before the break of day, I call,
And, for my certaine ayde, thy *VVord* I take.

The

The watches of the night mine eyes foreſtall,
That on thy *Lawe*, my muzings I may make.
Thine ear, vnto my voice, in mercy, bowe;
That, mee, thy *Iudgments* may revive, oh Lord.
They faſt approach, who ſeek my overthrowe,
Ev'n they, who ſtrangers are vnto thy *VVord*.
To mee, oh Lord, at all tymes, be thou nigh.
Thy *Statutes*, all perfection do containe.
And, many daies agoe, informed was I,
That thy *Commands*, for ever ſhall remaine.

*VVee riſe early, (oh Lord) & cann ſit vp late at night, to proſecute our common affaires, or to prevent the miſcheevous purpoſes of any temporall Adverſary. Cauſe us, vvee pray thee, to be as vigilant, in ſeeking thee; in Meditating the deep Miſteries of thy* Lawe; *& in foreſeeing vvhat ſpirituall enimies are approching to endanger our ſoules. Vouchſafe this, oh Lord: & in all our endeavours, aſsiſt us; in all our prayers, hear us; & in all our neceſsities be preſent vvith us, in* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord*, Amen.

Reſh. 20.

REgard my greef, & ſave me Lord,
For, I obaie thy *Lawes*.
Hear me, according to thy *VVord*,
Oh ſave, & plead my Cauſe.
Becauſe thy *VVord* they muſe not on,
From health are ſinners far.
Revive mee Lord, as thou haſt done,
For, great thy *Mercies* are.
2 My foes, & ſpoilers many be;
Yet, I thy *VVord* profeſſe,
And greeve when I the wicked ſee,
Thy *Statutes* to tranſgreſſe.
Thy *Lawe* I love; oh quicken mee,

As thou haſt promiſ'd Lord.
For, endles thy juſt *Iudgments* be;
And, ever true, thy *VVord.*

*Another of the ſame.*

VEwe Lord, what ſorrowes have oppreſſed mee:
For, to obſerve *Lawe*, My minde I give.
Let mee adiudged, & deliver'd be;
And, mee according to thy *vword* revive.
Vngodly men from ſaving health are far,
Becauſe they do not ſeek thy *Statutes*, Lord;
Exceding great thy *Tender-mercies* are;
Reviue thou mee according to thy *vword.*
Vext & perſude, by many, I have beene;
And, yet, I from thy *Precepts*, have not ſtraid.
I greeved was when ſinners I had ſeene;
Becauſe, thy holy-*vword*, they diſobayd.
Vnto thy *Lawe*, obſerve what love I ſhew;
And, of thy tender mercie, quicken mee.
Thy *vword*, through all eternitie is true;
And, everlaſting thy juſt *Iudgments be.*

*Oh Chriſt the Mediatour; in our minds wee are lovers & obſervers of thy* Lawe; *but in our mēbers wee are captivated vnto the* Lawe *of* Sinn: *for which, our greeved ſpirits do complaine with ſighes & groanes, that are neither vtterable by the voice, nor ſenſible to the flesh. Oh deliver us from this bondage; Plead thou our cauſe to thy Father; Comfort our deiected ſoules; & let our love & practiſe of thy* Lawe, *quicken us, in the way of Righteouſnes, & make us partakers of thy* Tender-Mercies, *for ever more.* Amen.

Schin. 21.

THough Princes, cauſeles, wrong'd mee much,
Thy *Lawe* I fleighted not:
But, in thy *word*, my ioies were ſuch

As

As his that Spoiles hath got.
The lienge lipps I do abhorr;
But I affect thy *vword.*
Seav'n times a day, I praiſe thee, for
Thy righteous *Doomes,* oh Lord.
2 The Lovers of thy *Lawe* have peace;
And, harme they ſhall have none.
Lord, on thine aide my hopes I place;
And, thy *Commands* have done.
My ſoul thy *Teſtimonie* kept;
In love therewith I grewe.
I, from thy *Precepts* have not ſtept;
For, thou my waies doſt veiwe.

*Another of the ſame.*

WHē cauſe was none, ev'n Princes wronged mee;
But, of thy *word* alone, my hart had feare.
And, in that *word,* my Ioies, moreover, be
As great as their's that ſharing booties are.
With much diſlike, all falſhood I deteſt:
And, I thy *Lawe,* vnſainedlie affect.
Sev'n times a day, thy praiſe I have expreſt;
Becauſe thy righteous *Iudgments* I reſpect.
What perfect peace have they that love thy *word?*
Ev'n ſuch, that nothing cann their quiet marr.
For thy ſalvation, I have hoped, Lord;
And, thy *Commands* by mee performed are.
Well pleas'd, & with exceeding much delight,
My ſoul thy *Teſtimonies* keepeth ſtill;
Thou know'ſt; for all my waies are in thy ſight;
That I, thy *Precepts,* & thy *Lawes,* fulfill.

*Oh bleſſed Redeemer, who wert perſecuted by* Princes, *for my ſake, without a Cauſe; Thy many* Prayers, *daylie offred to thy* Father; *thy true delight in his* Word; *thy deteſtation*

*deteſtation of falshood, & thy perfect fulfilling of the* Lawe, *have obtained, that thy righteouſnes may be aſcribed vnto us. Oh grant, that by performing what thou haſt enabled us to do, wee may retaine & encreaſe the* Talent *freely given; & enioy thy* Peace, *which paſſeth all vnderſtanding; for ever & ever.* Amen.

Tau. 22.

REceive my cry, & guide thou mee
As thou haſt promiſd, Lord,
Give ear, & ſaved let mee be;
According to thy *vvord.*
When thou to me haſt ſhowne thy *vvaies,*
My lipps thy praiſe will ſhewe.
My tongue thy bleſſed *vvord* ſhall praiſe;
For, all thy *Lawes* are true.
2 Mee, let thy powrfull hand protect;
For, I thy *Lawe* approove.
Thy *Saving-health* I do affect,
Thy *Precepts* I do love.
Oh, let mee live to ſing thy praiſe;
In *Iudgment,* mee preſerve.
Thy ſervant ſeek, who ſheep-like ſtraies;
For, I thy *Lawe* obſerve.

*Another of the ſame.*

YEald my Complaint, oh Lord, thy graitious ear,
And, knowledge of thy *Lawe,* to me afford.
My humble ſuite, vouchſafe, I pray, to hear;
And, ſave thou mee, according to thy *vvord.*
Yea, ſave thou mee; & I thy praiſe will preach,
When thou ſhalt thy *Commands* to mee declare.
Thy *vvord* likewiſe, to others I will teach;
For, all thy *Precepts,* true & righteous are.
Yeald me thy hand, my ſaftie to aſſure;

For,

For, thy *Commands* my choſen part, I make.
Thy Saving-health, I labour to procure,
And, in thy *Lawe*, oh Lord, I pleaſure take.
Yet, longer let me live, to ſing thy praiſe;
And, let thy *Iudgments* Lord, my helpers be.
Now, mee thy ſervāt ſeek, who ſheep-like ſtraies,
For, never is thy *Lawe* forgot of mee.

*Moſt mercifull Father, wee have all erred & ſtrayed from thy waies like loſt sheep; give us therefore that* Lawe of Faith, *by which wee may be brought home to thy* Folde. *VVhen wee have obtained this Grace; let us truely eſteeme it, hartly praiſe thee for it, & diligently preach it to others. Oh ſpare our lives, vntill the* New-man *shall be fully perfected in vs; that wee may accomplish the work for which wee were created, & glorify thy Name, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 120.

A ſong of Degrees. *VVhy theſe* Pſalmes *are ſo called, it is vncertaine (for, Iewish fancies are not vworth heeding) but, perhaps, our* Degrees *towvard the ſpirituall* Temple, *are here myſtically included: for, the firſt* degree *thithervvard, is to have a ſight of our miſery, & a deteſtatiō of the worlds vanities (figured by* Meſech & Kedar, *in this Pſalme.* It is vſefull, when wee are conſtrained to live among falſe worſhippers, or wearied by our owne corruptions &c.

I Call'd on God in my deſtreſſe,
Who heard mee when I prayd:
From lieng & deceitfulnes,
Lord, ſave my Soul; I ſaid.
What hire, oh thou deceitfull tongue!
Prepared is for thee?
But, arrowes that are ſharp & ſtrong,

And

And coales that burning be?
2 Ah! woe is mee, that I ſo long,
In *Meſech* muſt reſide!
And, that, perforce, I muſt among
The Tents of *Kedar* bide.
My ſoul hath beene too long, alas!
With ſuch as wranglers are:
For, when I ſpeake to them of peace,
For warr, they do prepare.

Father of Mercie; *Keep vs from the lieng deceits of the* Devill, *&c his* Members; *&c reward them according to their malice. Vouchſafe to us, alſo, ſuch a ſight, &c loathing, of our naturall eſtate; that wee may have an earneſt longinge to be tranſlated from the* Tents *of Vngodlines, &c be incorporated into thy heavenly* Ieruſalem *through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 121.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Degree, *is to fixe the eye of our ſoul on God, acknowledging him only, the meanes of our deliverance, &c our defence &c.* It directs vs, to whome wee ſhould ſeek; & encourageth to depend on God in all our waies.

MIne eyes above the hills, I reare,
And, thence, of healp, I hopefull am;
For, from the Lord my ſuccours are,
From him, that heav'n & earth did frame.
My feet vnmoov'd, he alway keeps;
He, is my garde, that ever wakes:
For, he nor ſlumbers, neither ſleeps,
Who charge of *Iſr'el* vndertakes.
2 The Lord, ev'n as thy ſhade, will ſtay
On thy righthand, for thy defence.
Nor Moone by night, nor Sunne by day,

Shall

Shall harme thee by their Influence:
For, God will ſave thee from all woe,
Hee, will thy ſoul from dangers free;
And (whether in, or out, thou goe)
Thy gard, at all times, he will bee.

Gratious Protector; *Cauſe us, to expect all our deliverances from thee, with a conſtant dependance vpon thy ſavegard, in all proceedings. Keep us without ſlavish fear, or wavering, in our* Faith: *And, be thou allway ſoe watchfull over vs, & ſo near vnto vs; that neither thoſe dangers whereto wee are commonly ſubiect, nor the extraordinarie* Influences *of the heavens, nor any other vnexpectede Evēts, harme our bodies, endanger our ſoules, or interrupt our lawfull callings, either now, or hereafter.* Amen.

Pſa. 122.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Stepp, *is a delight in the pietie of others, ioined with love to God's worship, & accompanied with harty wellwishing to his* Church. *The* Elect *are here perſonated reioicing on this* Degree. Wee ſhould vſe it to provoke vs vnto the ſame.

I Ioyed, when they ſaid to mee,
God's houſe let vs aſcend vnto:
For, now *Ieruſalem*, to thee
And, through thy Ports, our feet ſhall goe.
*Ieruſalem* is fairly Scited;
A Towne well-built, & well-vnited.
2 There meet the Tribes (God's Tribes alone)
Hus name in Iſr'el, to declare.
There, placed is, the *Iudgment* Throne;
The Thrones of *Davids* houſe are there.
Oh ſeek her peare, for, they are bleſſed;
That have to *Salem*, love expreſſed.

3 Let

3 Let Peace, a Bullworke round her make,
Let Plenties in her Turrets be:
This Peace wee wiſh, ev'n for their ſake,
Who, mates, & Brethren are to mee.
Yea, God our Lord's ſaire habitation,
Thus, makes mee pray for thy Salvation.

*Inſpire us, oh Lord, with a delight, & mutuall deſires, to further each other in thy ſervice. Let us take pleaſure in thy* Sanctuarie: *&, be alwaies, to our powre, helpfull & zealous, to effect & continue the Peace of* Syon; *even for the ſakes of our brethren, for our owne ſakes, & for thy glory ſake (oh* Father*) that, wee may reap the benifit of her Peace & Plenties, through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 123.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Stepp *is obedient attendance of God's will, in all ſuffrings, with aſſured faith in him; vvhich is here profeſſed by the faithfull ſoul.* It is vſefull, to advance vs to this Degree.

OH Lord, that in the heav'ns remaineſt,
Lo, wee advance our eyes to thee:
And, Lord our God, till healp thou daigneſt,
They ſhall on the affixed bee,
As men or Maides, that waiting ſtand,
Vpon their Lord, or Ladie's hand.
2 Oh, grant vs Lord, thy dear compaſſion;
For, wee extream contempts have borne.
Vouchſafe vs, Lord, thy Conſolation,
For why? our harts are greev'd with ſcorne,
Ev'n by the ſcornes, & pride of them,
Who live at eaſe, & vs contemn.

*Hovv ever thou shalt pleaſe to afflict vs, oh Lord (or hovv long ſoever thou deferr any deſired Bleſsing) let vs be con-*

*contented to attend thy Pleaſure; & watchfull, to performe what thou shalt require further at our hands; ſoe our ſuffrings, shall the ſooner, be redreſſed, & our dutifull obedience, be rewarded through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 124.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Staire, *is acknowledgment of former deliverances, & of the beginnings of Gods graces already obtained, as in this* Pſalme. Wee may vſe it after any Deliverance, but eſpecially, ſuch as are moſt publike.

BUt, that the Lord, our part did pleaſe to take,
But that God holpe vs, *(Iſr'el* now may ſay)
When men did their Aſſaults againſt vs make,
Wee to their throtes had bene a living-prey;
For, wroth at vs, with ſpighfull rage were they.
2 Wee by the Flouds, had then bene cloſed round;
Ev'n quite above our ſoul, the ſtreames had gone:
The ſwelling flouds, our ſoul had ſurely drownd.
Wee, therfor, bleſſe & praiſe the Lord, alone,
That, by their teeth wee were not ceaz'd vpon.
3 For, as a bird, out of a fouling ſnare,
Ev'n ſo, our ſoul eſcaped from the ginn:
The nett is broke, & wee deliver'd are; (binn)
And, God, (whoſe work, the heav'ns & earth have
Is hee, whoſe Name, our healp conſiſteth in.

*Many times oh Lord, wee are delivered, by thy Mercy, from evident & vnavoidable perills: But, there is no moment in which wee are not compaſſed about with inviſible foes (& vnthought of Dangers) far more fearfull & more impoſsible to be avoyded; vnles thou didſt gratiouſly defēd us. Grāt therfor, that a filiall awe of thy* Iudgmēts *& a true eſteeme of thy* Mercies, *may make us hartily thanckfull*

S *vnto*

*vnto thee, for them, now & for ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 125.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Aſcent, *is firme Beleef in God. The ſafetie of ſuch, is here alluded to the impregnability of* Mount-Syon, *&* Ieruſalem : *& the punishment of wavering* Apoſtates *is threatned &c.* It is vſefull to raiſe vs to this *Degree &c.*

M*Ount-Syon* like, for ever fixt are thoſe
Whoſe hopefull truſt vpon the Lord is founded
For, he his faithfull People will encloſe
(Ev'n as with hills *Ieruſalem* is rounded)
As long as Time's perpetuall motion goes.
2 The Rod of wicked men ſhall not alight,
Where God the Lot of righteouſnes beſtoweth.
Leſt righteous men pertake in evill might.
For, to the Good, the Lord his mercy ſhoweth
And, favours all that are in hart vpright.
3 But, Sliders-back, & ſuch as wander wide,
In their owne crooked paths, & waies vneven,
Shall by the Lord, be thither ledd aſide,
Where, portion due to hypocrites, are given :
But, *Iſr'el* ſhall in endles peace abide.

*Oh God, many ignorances & errors, both in* Iudgment, *&* Manners, *wee are naturally ſubiect vnto. Teach us therfore what wee ought to* Beleeve, *or practiſe; & then preſerve vs vnwavering in our* Faith, *& ſo ſincerely conſtant in a holy* Life; *That wee may not have our portion, with* Apoſtates, *or* Hypocrites, *but, be pertakers in the true* Peace *of* Iſr'el, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 126.

A ſong of Degrees. *another* Degree *is a reioicing in our* Electiõ *& ſpirituall freedome; which is here typically expreſ-*

*preſſed, with a prophetical prayer for that ioye promiſed by* Chriſt *vnto the true* Mourners. *Ioh.* 16, 20. Wee may ſing it as a thanckſgiving for our Redemption; & to comfort in ſpiritual mournings.

WHen God made *Syon* free;
And her from thrall did bring,
It ſeemed as a Dreame to be;
And, wee did laugh & ſing.
2 The Lord (the heathen ſedd)
Great Marvailes wrought, for vs.
Great marvailes he hath, wrought, indeed,
And, therfor, ſing wee thus.
3 Lord, back our Captives bringe,
As Flouds to ſea-ward flowe,
So, they ſhall then reioice & ſing,
Who did in ſorrowe ſowe.
4 Who, outward-bound, doth mourne,
If he good ſeed employ,
Shall doubtles, back againe returne,
And, bring home ſheaves with ioy.

*Let our greateſt reioicings (oh Lord) be in thy redeeming us from the Bondage of Sinn; & that our Names are in the Book of Life: for, marvailous was this deliverance. Let our greateſt ſorrowes be for our Offences, and for the loſſe of thy favour; which are, indeed, Cauſes of the greateſt Lamentation: ſoe, our short ſorrowe shall be turned in to everlaſting Ioyes, & glorious Triumphs, world without end.* Amen.

Pſa. 127.

A ſong of Degrees for Solomon. *Another* Staire *is to ascribe our* beeing *&* well-being *to the* Mercie *&* providence *of God.* It may be ſung to acknowledge the ſame, in all our works, & endeavours, &c.



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IF God the Pallace build not,
  The workmen looſe their paine,
If God the Cittie ſheild not,
  The watchman wakes in vaine.
In vaine is early ſtirring,
  In vaine, late watch wee keep,
Or eat the bread of caringe,
  But, thoſe God loves, may ſleep.
2 A fruithfull wombes poſſeſſing,
  At God's diſpoſing ſtands:
And, Chrildren are a bleſſing,
  Like ſhafts in Giants hands.
Right bleſt is he, that beareth
  His Quiver ful of thoſe;
For, in the Gate, he dareth,
  To meet, & ſmite his foes.

*Grant almighty God; that whether wee endeavour for our ſoules or bodies, we never glory or truſt in our owne* workings; *For, thou muſt bleſſe the* beginning, proceeding, & conluſion *of every endeavour, or all our induſtry is loſt. Nay, wee have not, ſo much as powre over our bodie, or the fruite therof. Let us therfor, neither forget thee in the vſe of the meanes, nor neglect the meanes which thou haſt appointed. That, (what ever the events be) our vndertakings may, bring profit to us, & glory to thy holy Name.* So be it.

Pſa. 128.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Stepp, *is filiall feare of God; to which, many temporall bleſsings are here promiſed.* It is vſed at the ſolemnization of mariages; & ſerves to encreaſe in vs, the feare of God.

IF God thou feare, & keep his way,
  He, bleſſings will beſtowe:

Thy

Thy labour ſhall thy food purvay,
  And, happie thou ſhalt growe.
Like fruit-full vines vpon thy houſe,
  Thy wife ſhall proove to thee;
Thy Children, like faire olive-boughes,
  Shall round thy Table be.
2 Thus, thou that feareſt God ſhalt thrive;
  From *Syon* he ſhall bleſſe:
And, thou ſhalt ſee (whilſt thou doſt live)
  *Ieruſalem* in peace.
He ſhall prolong thy life, till thou
  Thy Childrens Children ſee;
And, that thy ioye may greater growe,
  In *Iſr'ell*, reſt ſhall bee.

*Oh Lord; of thy abundant Mercy, thou haſt promiſed, not only the bleſsings of the next life; but alſoe, all thoſe which are moſt comfortable in this world, ſo far forth as shall conduce to their happines, who truly ſerve & feare thee. Oh teach us that filiall fear, & that obedience, for which thou haſt made thoſe promiſes, that wee may performe what thou requireſt. Yet, not for the outward bleſsing ſake; but meerly for the love of* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 129.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Step, *is a patient ſuſtaining of the Croſſe. VVhich patience of the ſaints, is here mentioned; & both the tiranny & condition of their oppreſſors, breeſly illuſtrated.* Wee may, vſe it to increaſe & continue Chriſtian Patience.

FUll often ſince my youth, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
  Full often ſince my youth, they mee aſſailed;
And, ſtill, without ſucceſſe they went away: (trailed,
Yea on my back, their ploughs, the ploughers
  And, on the ſame, long furrowes ploughed they.

2 The Lord, (who is a perfect Righteous-one)
The Cords of wicked men in peeces breaketh.
And, *Syons* foes, ſhall quite be overthrowne,
Ev'n like that graſſe, which root on houſes taketh,
And, fades away, before it ripe is growne.
3 For, nor his Armefull, nor his handful, there,
Remaines for him that bindes, or him that mo-
Nor is there any high-way Paſſenger, (weth.
Who, there, is bleſſing, in God's Name beſtoweth.
Or, doth ſo much, as, bidd them well to fare.

*Sweet* Ieſu, (*who wert perſecuted, even from thy cradle, to thy grave; & on whoſe back, the sharpe ſtripes, ploughed long furrowes for our Sinns*) *worthelie have wee deſerved to be whipped with reproches to our face; to be furrowed with ſlanders behinde our backs, and to ſuffer all other indignities. Nevertheles, ſince by thy ſuffrings, thou haſt as well prevailed for us, as for thy ſelf; make voyd the attempts of our Adverſaries; & enable us to ſuſtaine with Chriſtian patience, that part of thy* Croſſe *which thou appointeſt us to bear: that being chearfull partakers of thy ſuffrings, we may partake alſo, thy victorious Triumphs in the Kingdome of heaven.* Amen.

Pſa. 130.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Aſcent, *is earneſt prayer: VVhich the Faithfull ſoul here powreth forth for aſſiſtance, &c.* It may ſerve as a forme of prayer in great extremities.

LOrd, from the depths, to thee I ſue;
My vocall prayer hear.
And, when my Voice, my wants doth ſhewe
Encline to mee thine ear.
Lord, who cann bear it, if ſevere,
To mark our faults thou be?
But, that wee faint not in thy fear,

Com-

Compaſſion waites on thee.
2 On God I waite, & on his word,
My ſoul her hopes doth lay:
My ſoul, more waiteth for the Lord,
Then watchmen, for the day.
Oh Iſr'ell, truſt in God; for, hee;
Hath gratious help, in ſtore.
And, from thy ſinns delivers thee,
Both now & evermore.

*Gratiouſly hear our prayers, oh Lord, in all our troubles & enter not into iudgment with us thy ſervants, vnles thou overshaddowe us by the wings of thy Mercie; for, our iuſtice is vnrighteouſnes in thy ſight. Give us grace to hope in thee, with patient expectation of thy good pleaſure; & ſoe enable vs (at leaſt in our true deſire) to fulfill our promiſes to thee, that without infringment of thy* Juſtice, *we may be delivered both from the guilt & punishment of our ſinns, through thy* Mercie *in* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 131.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Degree *is vnfained* humilitie: *For,* ſuch as humble them ſelves ſhall be exalted. *Here, all arrogance, ambition, & ſelftruſt is diſclaimed, a ſole dependance on God profeſſed, and others exhorted to the ſame.* It is vſefull, to beget humility.

OH Lord, I have no ſcornfull eie,
Nor proud nor loftie minde.
I ſeek not things that are too high,
But, humbly am inclinde.
My ſoul is like an infant wean'd,
(Ev'n from his mothers breſt)
And, Iſr'el, ſo (to be ſuſtaind)
On God, ſhould alway reſt.

*None of thy Creatures, oh God, have made them ſelves*

*to be ſo vile as wee; yet, none are more proud or ſelfeconceited; none more preſumptiouſly inquiſitive into thy forbidden* Seacrets. *Oh give us more* humility; *& leſſe deſire to thoſe curioſities which are above vs, & pertinent to advance the* Kingdome *of* Sathan, *rather then the* Kingdome *of* Heaven; *which is to be entred which a* Childlike *Obedience &* humiliation. *This* Humiliation, *wee againe beſeech thee to grant vs, for* Ieſus Chriſt *his ſake* Amen.

Pſa. 132.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Degree, *is a hartie purpoſe to prepare a* Temple *for God, in our harts; & to endeavour the ſetling of his outward* worſhip, *which is here myſtically applied.* It is vſefull to ſtirr vs to this Degree.

REmember Lord, what *David's* troubles be,
And, what to *Iacob's* mightie God, he ſwore.
In houſe or bedd, I will not reſt, ſaid he,
Nor ſhall mine eyes, or ſleep, or ſlumber more;
Vntill a place be found, of my providing,
For, *Iacob's* God, the mighty Lord's abiding.
2 Lo, *Ephrata*, wee heard, the place ſhould be,
And, in the forreſt-feilds, wee found the ſame.
Thy houſe therefore, to enter, purpoſe wee,
And, at thy footſtoole, will adore thy Name.
Ariſe, oh Lord, aſcend thy reſting bowre;
Thou, & the *Arck*, of thy Almightie powre.
3 Let Righteouſnes, thy ſacred Preiſts aray,
And, let thy ſaints a ioyfull tryvmph make:
Oh turne not thy *Meſsiah's* face away,
For, thy beloved Servant *David's* ſake,
To whome thou ſwar'ſt thy promiſe, vnrecalled,
That on his Throne, his Seed ſhould be inſtalled.

4 If

4 If they, ſaidſt thou, my League & word reſpect;
Thy Children, on thy Throne ſhall ever ſitt:
For, I the Lord, did *Syon* hill, elect;
And, for my dwelling, I have choſen it.
My ſetled reſt is there, & I'le poſſeſſe it;
I love it, & with plenties, I will bleſſe it.
5 The pore thereof, with bread I will ſuſtaine,
Her Preiſts I'le clothe with health, her ſaints ſhal (ſing,
A Lamp for mine Anointed, I'le ordaine,
And, I will make the horne of *David* ſpring:
I, thoſe will ſhame, that for is harme endeavor;
But, on himſelf, his Crowne ſhall flouriſh ever.

*Suffer vs not, oh Lord, to take reſt in any thing, vntill wee have provided thee a dwelling in our ſoules; & then, let vs entertaine there, nought els, but that which may be ſerviceable vnto thee. Take thou poſſeſsion of vs, & furnish vs, as becommeth Temples for thy preſence. Remember all thy promiſes to the* Faithfull; *for they only are that ſeed of* David, *to whome thy Covenants belong; they are thoſe* Elect-ones *whome thou haſt promiſed never to forſake. Give vs, all outward meanes, of this inviſible grace; Continue among vs the* ſucceſſion, *of holy & faithful* Paſtors; *The* Bread *of thy* Word; *the* Clothings *of* Righteouſnes; *the* Lampe *of Illumination; the* Horne *of good* Goverment; *& the* Ioye *of the* Holy-ghoſt; *that the enimies of thy* Church, *may be ashamed, & shee crowned, with honour & bleſſednes, for ever.* Amen.

Pſa 133.

A ſong of Degrees. *Another* Step, *is that, which the prepoſterous Zeal of* Schiſmaticks *hath much defaced. (to wit)* Charitie, *& brotherly* Vnitie; *which is here, excellenly Illuſtrated, to moove vs to aſcend it.* Wee ſhould ſing it, to encreaſe *Vnitie* & *Love.*

SEe Breth'ren, ſee, how ſweet a bliſſe
It is our lives in love to lead.
It like that pretious Oyntment is,
Which once anointed *Aron's* head;
And, on his beard, from thence did flowe,
Ev'n to his garment ſkirts belowe.
2 It like refreſhing dewe doth prove,
Which downe on *Hermon's* topp diſtills;
Ev'n like the dewe, which from above
Deſcendeth downe on *Syon* hills.
For, there, God promiſd, heretofore,
To bleſſe with life, for ever more.

*Oh God! ſo deare to thee, is brotherly Love, that all* Faith, *(yea, &* Martirdome*) wanting that Virtue, is of no eſteeme: So profitable is it vnto vs; That (like pretious oyntment on the head, or like shewres falling on high mountaines) it deſcends & ſpreads vntill every member be refreshed therewith. Encreaſe therfor, wee beſeech thee, this* Virtue *among vs (without which, all others are counterfeits) & let vs ſo preſerve Vnity &* brotherly kindnes *in this life, that wee may enioy thy eternall* Love *&* Vniõ, *in the life to come, through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa 134.

A ſong of Degrees. *This is the laſt* Degree: *For the higheſt* Aſcent, *is*, the glorifieng of God. *Note, that the firſt & laſt* Degrees *only, are placed according to their* Order; *becauſe, neceſſarily, our firſt ſtep to Godward, muſt be* the ſight of our Miſery; *The higheſt, is*, to praiſe him: *The reſt are not aſcended by all, in one and the ſame order; & therefore no preciſe order is obſerved in their placing.* Wee ſhould ſing it to provoke to this Dutie.

COme now, & praiſe the Lord, all yee,
That his attendants are;

Ev'n

Ev'n you, that in God's temple be;
  And praiſe him, nightly, there.
Your hands, within Gods holy-place,
  Advance, & praiſe his Name;
And, yov, from *Syon*, he ſhall bleſſe,
  That heav'n & earth did frame.

*Lord, wee were created for thy Glorie; All the time of our Pilgrimage on earth is to fill vs for thy praiſe; & the higheſt* Degree *which wee cann attaine to, either in that life, or the next, is to ſing* Halelujah *vnto thy* Name. *Oh grant wee may ſo honour thee in theſe* Temples *of our* Bodies *(here, vpon the* Way*) on whome the* Nights *of affliction, & the* Dayes *of conſolation, doe interchangably ſucceed; that in thy* Ieruſalem *wee may ſing praiſes vnto thee, in that ſpirituall Temple, wherein, the preſence of the* Lambe, *maketh a continuation of Day, of Ioy, & of all happines, for ever more.* Amen.

Pſa. 135.

Halelujah. *It exhorts to praiſe God, in regard of his greatnes; for our election; for his omnipotency, Mercy, Iuſtice, eternitie; & becauſe other Gods are but ridiculous fictions, &c.* To this end, wee (who are miſtically the Sonns of *Aron* & *Levy*) ſhould ſing it &c.

OH all yee ſervants of the Lord,
  His Name with praiſe confeſſe;
Ev'n you, that of our God the Lord,
  The houſe & Courts poſſeſſe.
Oh praiſe God's Name; for, ſweet it is,
  To ſing of his renowne.
For, *Iacob*, he hath choſe for his,
  And *Iſr'el*, for his owne.
2 God is, (I knowe) a powrfull one;
  He doth all Gods excell:

In

In heav'n, his pleaſure he hath done;
  In earth, in ſea, in hell.
He maketh vapours to ariſe,
  Ev'n from Earth's fartheſt ends:
And, he out of his Treaſuries,
  Winde, raine, & lighting, ſends.
3 The firſt-borne, through the *Egiptian* coaſt,
  Of man, & beaſt he ſlewe.
And, on king *Pharoh*, & his hoaſt,
  Rare wonders, hee did ſhewe.
Great kings & kingdomes, downe he brought,
  Ev'n *Schon*, *Heshbon's* king,
And, *Og*, of *Bashan*; yea, to nought
  All *Can'an's* Realmes, did bring.
4 Then, for his *Iſr'els* heritage
  Their lands, he did beſtowe:
For which, hee's fam'd, from age to age,
  And, ſtill ſhall famous growe.
When he to judge them doth appeare,
  His people, ſhall be ſav'd:
But, heathen God's, man's makings were,
  Of gold & ſilver grav'd.
5 Their carved mouthes are ſpeachles found,
  Their eyes, no light cann ſee:
Though they have eares, they heare no ſound;
  Their throates, quite breathles be.
Much like to theſe, their Makers are;
  And they, that ſerve them, toe.
The Lord, therefore, let *Iſr'el* fear;
  And, ſo, let *Aron* doe.
6 The Lord, let *Levie's* houſhould bleſſe;
  In *Syon*, let all them
Who fear the Lord, the Lord confeſſe
  That keeps *Ieruſalem*. *Haleluiah.*

*Oh*

*Oh* Lord *our* God, *wee hartely thanck thee, for our creation & preſervation. VVee magnify thy wiſdom, thy powre, thy providence, thy Iudgments, & thy Mercies; and wee acknowledge that the Deities of heathenish and carnall men) yea & all other things in which wee truſt (are but vanities, & falſe Gods, faſhioned by our owne wicked fancies. Grant therfore, that all of us (even preiſt & people) who in* Word *profeſſe thee; may in* hart, *fear thee; & in* deed, *faithfully ſerve thee; now & for ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 136.

*This* Pſalme, *exhorts to praiſe God both for generall and perticuler benifits; & ſhewes, that all are beſtowed for his meer mercy-ſake, which is eternall.* It may be ſung, literally to commemorate, what God did for the Patriarks: or, miſtically, as a thanckſgivinge for the ſpirituall deliverances, which theſe typified.

THe Lord is Good; him therfore bleſſe:
*And, for his* Grace, *that laſteth ever.*
The God of Gods, let vs confeſſe;
*Becauſe, his* Mercie *faileth never.*
The Lord of Lords, with praiſe extoll;
*For, where he* loves, *he alway* loveth.
His Acts, alone, are wonderfull;
*Becauſe, his* Favour *endles proveth.*
2 His Wiſdome, did creat the ſpheares,
(*For, to all times, his* Kindnes *laſteth*)
And, earth above the ſeas he rears;
*Becauſe, his* Pittie *never waſteth.*
He, did the greater Lights provide;
*For, through each Age, his* Grace *extendeth,*
He made the Sunn, the day to guide;
*Becauſe, his* Goodnes *never endeth.*
3 He fram'd the Moone & ſtarrs, for night;
*For, without bound, is his* Compaſſion.

And,

And, *Egipts* eldeſt-borne did ſmite,
*Becauſe, his* grace *hath no ceſſation.*
He brought forth *Iſr'el* from their land;
*(For, ſoe his endles* grace *procured)*
With ſtretcht-out Arme, & powrfull hand;
*Becauſe, his* Mercie *ſtill endured.*
4 Hee did the Red ſea, then divide;
*(For, ſtill, his* Kindnes, *he retaineth)*
And, *Iſr'el* through the ſame did guide;
*Becauſe, his* Favour, *ſtill, remaineth.*
There, he did *Pharoh's* Army drowne;
*(For,* Love, *hee freely, ſtill, beſtoweth)*
And through the Deſerts brought his owne;
*Becauſe, eternall* Grace *he showeth.*
5 Both huge, & powrfull kings he ſlewe;
(*For, everlaſting are his* Graces)
Yea, famous kings he overthrewe;
*Becauſe, his* Love, *times date ſurpaſſes.*
Great *Sehon,* king of th' *Amorites,*
*For, his* Affection *never faileth*
And, *Og* that ruld the *Bashamites,*
*Becauſe, his* Mercy, *ſtill prevaileth.*
6 Their heritage beſtow'd hath he,
*(For, ſo, his endles* Love, *required)*
His *Iſr'el's* heritage to be;
*Becauſe, his* Grace *is vnexpired.*
He did exalt vs, from belowe;
*(For, he to* Pittie, *ſtill, enclineth)*
And, hee redeem'd vs from our foe;
*Becauſe, no time his* Grace *confineth.*
7 Hee to all fleſh their food hath given;
*For, his great* Mercy *faileth never.*
Oh glorify, the God of heav'n:
*Becauſe his* Grace *abideth ever.*

*When*

*VVhen wee looke back, oh Lord, vnto the beginning of thy viſible workings (pondering, the never interrupted ſucceſsion of thy Mercies, vnto this day) & therewithall obſerve the performance of all thy promiſes to thy* Church *heretofore; & the continuance of thy abundant* Loving-kindnes, *to us at this preſent: VVee are aſſured that thy* Goodnes & Compaſſion *is* eternall. *VVee therfore, beſeech thee to give vs true thanckfulnes, for the ſame; that wee may confeſſe it aſwell in* deed, *as* word; *& praiſe & magnify thy* Name *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 137.

*This Elegiacal* Hymne, *miſtically expreſſeth the Zeal, & love of the Faithfull, to the* Citty of God: *And Prophecies, the fall of the ſpirituall* Babilon. Wee may ſing it to comfort vs during the continuance of our Naturall bondage, & the tirranies of *Antichriſt.*

AS wee nigh *Babel* River ſate,
Wee, overcharg'd with weepings were,
To thinck on *Syon's* pore eſtate;
And hung our harpes, on willowes there:
For, they to whome wee were inthralled,
On vs, for ſongs of *Syon*, called.
2 Come ſing, they ſayd, a *Syon-hymne.*
Lord! cann wee ſing thy ſongs in thrall?
Vnles (oh dear *Ieruſalem*)
Thee, in my mirth, preferr I ſhall;
Or, if the thought of thee forgoe mee,
Let hand & tongue, prove vſeles to me.
3 Oh Lord, remember *Edom's* brood,
And, how, whilſt thy *Ieruſalem*,
Vnſackt, & vndefaced ſtood,
Her ſpoile was haſt'ned on, by them.

For,

For, loud thy cryed, race it, race it;
And, to the groundwork, downe deface it.
4 Oh daughter of proud *Babilon*,
Thou ſhalt, likewiſe, deſtroyed be;
And, he will prove a bleſſed-one,
Who ſhall avenge our Cauſe on thee:
Ev'n hee, that payes thee our diſgraces;
And, braines thy babes, in ſtony-places.

*Oh* Lord, *many of thy people, ſuffer the ſcornes, & inſultings, of that* Babilon *which was typified, by the* Chaldean *Citty*; *And the Myſticiall* Edomites, *labour the vtter defacing of thy* Church. *But, deliver us oh Lord, & reward them according to their intentions againſt us. Let us take no pleaſure in any temporall thing, till wee have prevailed againſt the fury of our ſpiritual deſtroyers: & give vs grace, ſo to crush all ſinns, & hereſies, in their firſt birth; that we may be made eternally ſafe & happy, through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

AS nigh *Babel* ſtreames wee ſate,
(Full of greefs, & vnbefreinded)
Minding *Syon's* pore eſtate,
From our eyes, the teares deſcended;
And, our Harps wee hanged, by,
On the willowes, growing nigh.
2 For, (inſulting on our woe)
They, that vs had there inthralled,
(Their imperious powre to ſhowe)
For a ſong of *Syon*, called.
Come yee Captives, come, ſaid they;
Sing vs now, an Hebrewe Lay.
3 But, oh Lord, what hart had wee?
In a forraigne habitation,

To

To repeat our ſongs of thee,
For our ſpoiler's recreation?
  Ah, alas! wee cannot, yet,
  Thee, *Ieruſalem*, forget.
4 Oh *Ieruſalem*! if I
Do not mourne (all pleaſure ſhunninge)
Whilſt thy walls defaced lie;
Let my right-hand, looſe his cunninge:
  And, for ever, let my tounge
  To my Pallet, faſt be Clung.
5 Oh remember, bleſſed Lord,
E're *Ieruſalem* was waſted,
How the ſonns of *Edom* roar'd;
And, her totall ruine haſted:
  Till, they levell, all had laid,
  Raſe it, raſe it quite, they ſaid.
6 But, thou ſhalt be ſpoiled thus;
And, be vſ'd (oh *Babels* daughter)
Iuſt as thou haſt vſed vs,
And, that man, who in thy ſlaughter,
  On the ſtones, thy Child'ren braines,
  Shall be bleſſed, for his paines.

Pſa. 138.

A Pſalme of David. *God is here praiſed for the truth of his* Word; *for glorifieng his* Sonn Chriſt; *for confirming his* Elect; *& for the* Common grace *vouchſafed to all, &c.* It may be ſung for any Deliverance; But, eſpecially for our Redemption.

WIth all my hart, I'le ſing abrode thy fame,
  And praiſe thee, where the Gods aſſebled are;
Ev'n in thy houſe, I'le magnify thy Name,
And, for thy Truth, & Love, thy praiſe declare:
  For, thou thy Name, & word, o're all, doſt rear.

2 When I did call, thou mad'ſt replie to mee,
And, ſtrength vnto my ſoul, thou didſt afford,
All kings of earth, ſhall, therfor honour thee,
As ſoone (oh God) as they have heard thy word;
  And, ſing thy praiſe, in thine own Paths, oh Lord.
3 For, thou art great, & thou oh Lord, art high,
Yet, haſt regard of humble men, belowe.
Thou vew'ſt the proude, but, with a ſleighting eye.
Therefore, altho through many greefs I goe,
  I certaine am, thou comforts wilt beſtowe.
4 Thy righthand Lord; ſhall my ſalvation bee,
My foes feirce rage, thy ſtretcht-out hād ſhal ſtay.
Thou ſhalt performe all things concerning mee.
Thy mercies, Lord, abide the ſame, for aye;
  Reiect not then, thy handy-work, I pray.

Oh Lord our Creator, *thou cauſlesly reiecteſt none whome thou haſt made; neither art thou ſuch an accepter of Persōs, as, too many fancie thee bee: But impartially accepteſt in every Perſon that which is the Obiect of thy eternall Election; & (where ſoever thou findeſt the ſame) loveſt that, vnto the end. Therefore, thou extendeſt thy Truth and Mercy to all; vouchſafing, alſo, thy Aſsiſting powre, to perfect that work which thy* free-grace *hath begunn; yea & thou effectually perfecteſt that work: in ſoe many as do humbly ſubmit them ſelves to thy will, & reſiſt not proudly the motions of thy ſpirit: And (though they paſſe through many temptations & hazards) thy hand ſtill reacheth vnto thē comforts, & meanes of ſafe perſeverance vnto the end. Oh give us wiſdome to perceave, & grace humbly to acknowledge this great* Mercie *(which who ſoever denies; Denies thy greateſt glory) & make thou, our endeavours anſwereable to the grace & powre which wee have receaved through* Ieſus Chriſt, *our Lord.* Amen.

Pſa. 139.

Pſa. 139.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It confeſſeth, the all-ſeeing providence, powre, wiſdome, and Mercy of God; And expreſſeth a deſire of the* Faithfull, *to be ſerched, & rectified, by him, &c.* It warnes vs, not to live Hypocriticallie; in regard, God beholds vs, at all times, & in all places &c.

OH Lord, thy all-beholdinge eies,
Have ſerch'd, & well obſerved mee.
Thou, ſee'ſt me ſitt, thou ſee'ſt mee riſe;
Thou, know'ſt my thoughts e're thought they be.
Thou, vew'ſt my wayes & walkings Lord;
Thou ſee'ſt what in my bedd I doe;
And, I do never ſpeak a word,
But, lo, thyne ears do hear it to.
2 Thou ſtandſt before me, & behinde;
Thy hand, on mee, doth alwaies lie:
Thy wiſdome cannot be confinde,
And, for my reach it is too high.
Then, from thy ſpirit, & from thee,
Oh whither cann I fly, or goe?
If heav'n I clime, thou there wilt be;
If hell I dive, there art thou to.
3 If on the Mornings wings I ride,
And, thinck to fly beyond the ſeas;
Thy hand, ev'n there, cann be my guide,
They right-hand, there, on mee cann ceaze.
Or, if I ſay, the Duſkie night
Shall hide mee; Night ſhall me bewray;
For, darknes, is to thee as light;
The day like night, the night like day.
4 My Reines, to thee apparant are;
For, in the wombe, thou cloſedſt mee:

 I, ſtran-

I, ſtrangely was compoſed there,
And, therefore, I will honour thee.
Thy wondrous works, my ſoul doth knowe;
And, that my ſubſtance thou didſt marke,
Ev'n when (as in the earth belowe)
  I was compoſed in the darke.
5 Before I perfect Beeing, tooke,
Or, Forme, or Matter, for this frame;
My Members all, were in thy booke,
And, thou foreſaw'ſt what now I am.
Therefore, thy thoughts of vs; how dear!
And, Lord, how infinite they bee!
As num'rous as the Sands they are;
  And, wake mee, ſtill to muze on thee.
6 Vngodly men, & men of blood,
Deſtroy, & cauſe them to be gone;
For, they ſpeak ill of thee, oh God,
And, vainely proude, thy foes are growne.
Thy haters, I have hated, Lord,
And, greev'd at ſuch as thee oppoſe;
With perfect hate, I them abhord,
  And, thoſe accounted as my foes.
7 Oh God! a ſtrict enquiry make;
My hart, & ev'ry thought ſurvày:
Search, if an evill Courſe I take;
  And, ſhowe mee thy eternall way.

*There is nothing, oh Lord, in the ſtructure of our bodies or in the diſpoſition of our mindes, but it is knowne to thee, with every Cauſe & effect thereof. Neither darknes nor diſtance of place cann ſo hide us from thee, but, that, thou ſeeſt our Actions, heareſt our words, & perceaveſt our thoughtes; Yea, & what they are enclinable vnto, before wee thinck them. Give us grace therefor, to behave our ſelves, alwaies, as in thy ſight. Let our ſecret intentions be vpright,*

*vpright; & cauſe us to love and hate, as thou doſt. Purge away all that which is evill in us; & infuſe into our harts all thoſe graces, which may make us acceptable to thee in* Chriſt Ieſus. Amen.

Pſa. 140.

To the cheef Muſitian a Pſalme of David. *It perſonates* Chriſt's *myſticall body, deſiring deliverance, from Oppreſſors; And deſcribing their malice, pride, & Trechery &c.* It is vſefull, when any *Congregation* is greeved by the bitter ſcandalls, lieng doctrines, or miſcheevous inſinuations, of Atheiſts, & falſe brethren &c.

LEt me, oh God, from ſinners be defended.
From thoſe that are to violence inclined:
For, in their harts, they miſcheef have intended,
And in malitious Leagues, are faſt combined.
Their ſtinging tōgs the vipers teeth have matched
Between their lipps, is Adders poyſon hatched.
2 Lord, frō the hands of wicked men releaſe mee;
From Cruel-men, vouchaſe ſecure to make me:
For, to ſupplant my goengs, they oppreſſe me;
And lo, the proud prepareth ſnares to take mee.
Yea, they have netts, & ginns, & trapps prepared.
In al my waies that I might be inſnared.
3 Lord, hear I pray, & mark my ſupplication;
Thee, for my God, oh Lord, I have profeſſed:
And, thou (Lord God, the ſtrength of my Salvation)
Did'ſt gard mee, when in Fight I was oppreſſed.
Oh, grant not, what the wicked man deſireth,
But, croſſe his plotts, leſt hee too high aſpireth.
4 The Miſcheef of their lipps will fal vpon them
Ev'n on their heads, that mee have circumvented.
Coales burning-hot; ſhall downe be hurled on thē.
They ſhal with flames, in dung'ons be tormented;

And, in thoſe Pitts infernall, be detained,
From whence, Redemption never cann be gained.
5 On earth, hee ſhall not thrive, that's evill tōgued,
For, wicked men, Reveng, to death perſueth.
But, God (I knowe) doth patronize the wronged
And, in the pore man's cauſe, his judgmet ſheweth.
For which, the juſt, within his preſence living,
Shall glorify his name with praiſes-giving.

*Deliver us, oh* Mercifull God, *from the cruel purpoſes, ſtinging ſlanders, & miſcheevous practiſes of our wicked & proud Adverſaries, who ſeek the ruine of our ſoules. Arme us againſt them, as hither to thou haſt bene pleaſed: Fruſtrate their deviſes; bring on them, their owne wickednes; & inflict on them that vengance which is prepared for impenitent Perſecutors: That wee being ſaved by thee, thou mayſt be glorified by us, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 141.

A Pſalme of David. *It perſonates* Chriſt, (*the lifting vp of whoſe hands on the Croſſe, is accepted, inſteed of the legall ſacrifice) prayeng in the behalfe of his Members.* And it is vſefull for vs, to deſire God's acceptation of our Prayers; to give us the Goverment of our tongues, & to rectify our thoughts &c.

LOrd, hear with ſpeed my voices lamentation;
Vouchſafe to give my mournfull clamors hearing.
As incenſe, or an Afternoones Oblation,
Accept my Prayers, & my hands vprearing.
Lord, let my mouth, as with a watch, be warded;
And, let the Portalls of my lipps be garded.
2 Leſt I to ſinn, with ſinners, may be trained,
Preſerve my hart, oh Lord, from ſinns infection
Who, rather then, their pleaſures to have gained,
Deſire in Love, the righteous man's correction.

As

As curing balme, the ſame ſhould be received;
And, I would pray for thē, whē they were greeved.
3 Whē frō the Roks, their judges down are heved,
The reſt wil hear: for, I ſweet words have ſpoken:
As on the Land, where blocks are hew'd & cleaved
Our bones before the Grave, lie ſtrow'd, & brokē.
Yet, ſtill, mine eye on thee oh Lord attendeth,
And, ſtill, my ſoul on thee alone, dependeth.
4 Then, ſuffer not my ſoul to be reiected.
And, (that I be not by their wiles enſnared)
Let me from thoſe cloſe engines be directed,
Which for my ſoul, the wicked have prepared. (thē,
Let their own ſnares, which they have layd, intrap
And, let me, Lord, for evermore, eſcape them.

*Accept oh Lord, our petitions, in the mediation of* Chriſt Ieſus. *Make us watchfull over our tongues, & ſo purify our harts from all evil affections; that the pleaſant baites of the wicked alure vs not to be partners in their ſinns. To that end, teach us to bear patiently, & accept thanckfully, the reproofs & Corrections of thy Children; yea, let us pray for them, who shall charitably reforme us. And, though by perſecution wee should be ſcattred like bones among graves, (or chipps vpon the face of the earth) yet, let us alway truſt in thee; & at laſt be gathered vp, revive, & be made bleſſed everlaſtingly, through* Ieſus Chriſt. Amen.

Pſa. 142.

Maſchil of David, when he was in the Cave. *It ſeemeth miſtically to perſonate* Ieſus Chriſt, *expreſsing the agony of his ſoul in the Garden; Or his being forſaken at his Paſsion.* It may be ſung when wee are left comfortles of the world.

MY voice to thee, Oh God, I reare,
To thee, oh Lord, I ſue;

To thee, my troubles, I declare,
  My greefs, to thee I ſhew.
For, when o're whelm'd my ſpirit was,
  My Path was knowne to thee:
Ev'n when they hidd, where I ſhould paſſe,
  A ſeacret ſnare for mee.
2 I looked on my right-hand ſide,
  But, noe man knew mee there.
All ſuccours faild; not one I ſpide,
  That of my ſoul had care.
Then, Lord, thou art my hope ſaid I,
  My Lot, whilſt life I have.
In my deſtreſſe, obſerve my crye;
  From ſpoile, thy ſervant ſave.
3 Yea, ſince for mee they are too ſtrong,
  To praiſe thee, ſett mee free:
So, righteous men to mee ſhall throng,
  When thy great Love, they ſee.

Sweet Ieſu, *in thy bitter Agony, thou hadſt not any one (no not among thyne owne deſciples) ſo ſenſible thereof, as* to watch with thee one howre. *A ſecret ſnare was layd for thee in that* Garden, *whither thou went'ſt to pray for conſolation; And, when they ledd thee to thy* Paſſion; *None would knowe thee; None aſsiſt thee; Neither had any one, care of thy ſoul. Oh* Dereſt Redeemer, *this, is often the Caſe of us thy* Members *in ſome Degree; And, when our Spirits are moſt overwhelmed with ſorrowes, it ſo happens; That no man pitties it; No eye beholds it, but thyne. For, thy Paſsion ſake, do thou behold us with commiſeration in theſe extremities, that wee may be comforted; & that wee & others, may magnify thy great mercie, for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 143.

A Pſalme of David. *It expreſſeth with much forvencie,*

*vencie, many conflicts of the ſpirit; emploreth God's free Mercy; in regard of our vniverſall impurity, of the malice of our foes, & disability of our nature &c.* The vſe is manifeſt.

LOrd, my humble ſupplication,
Heed, & heare with acceptation,
In thy Doomes, of Truth & Right.
Iudge, but judge thou not ſeverely;
For, if thou obſerve vs nearly,
None are blameles in thy ſight.
2 By the foe, my foul is chaſed,
Wounded, & in darknes placed,
As one buried, long agoe.
I, am inwardly, perplexed,
Yea, my ſpirit ſore is vexed;
And, my hart is full of woe,
3 On the times, now paſt, I ponder,
And, on all the works of wonder,
Which were framed by thy hands.
Thee, I ſeek, with due ſubmiſſion;
And, my foul, for thy fruition
Longeth, as the thirſtie Lands. *Selah.*
4 Lord, with ſpeed, give ear vnto me,
And, thy face divart not fro me;
For, my ſpirits, feeble growe.
Since, on thee I have depended,
Let mee timely be defended,
Leſt, into the grave I goe.
5 Guide my feet by thy direction,
For, thou haſt my hart's affection.
Me from all my foes releaſe.
Lord my God (my ſafe abidinge)
Bring mee, by thy ſpirits guiding,
To the Land of Righteouſnes

6 Grace, to do thy pleaſure give mee:
For, thy Nameſake, Lord, revive me;
Let thy Iuſtice be my gard.
Yea, deſtroy (of thy compaſſion)
Thoſe that ſeek my ſoules vexation:
For, I am thy ſervant Lord.

*Oh* Lord God; *if thou shouldſt iudg us according to our deſervings, wee & all flesh, should everlaſtingly perish. VVee appeal therefore, to thy Mercie; &, with a thirſty longing, deſire ſpeedy aſsiſtance, according to thy accuſtomed* Loving-kindnes; *leſt wee be ſwallowed vp by Deſpaire, or devoured by our foes. For thine* owne ſake *(even for thy* Iuſtice, *for thy* Mercy, *& for thy* Name ſake*) direct us in thy waies; Inſtruct us in thy VVill; protect us from all evills; & bring vs into the* Land of the Living, *through* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

LOrd, mark my ſuite; my ſad complaining hear;
And, in thy Truth & Juſtice, anſwear give.
Iudg not thy ſervant, with a doome ſevere,
For, in thy ſight, not one doth blameles live.
The foe hath chas'd my ſoul, of life nigh reft mee.
And in the dark, as one long dead hath left mee.
2 In mee, therfore, my ſpirits downe are caſt;
My hart is fill'd with many a heavie thought:
I muſe vpon the dayes, that now are paſt,
And on thy works, (ev'n al thy hãds have wrought)
With ſtretchtout hands, & with ſoul-thirſty pãting
I thirſt for thee, as Land, when raine is wanting.
3 My ſpirit faints (oh God) with ſpeed give ear,
If longer, thou thy face obſcure, I dye.
Oh let thy Love to mee betimes appear;
For, I on thee; on thee alone, relye.
Yea, let me Lord, within thy Paths be trained;

For,

For, vnto thee, I liſt a ſoul vnfained.
4 Protect mee, Lord; in thee is my abode:
Keep off my foes, & teach thy will to mee.
Let thy good ſp'rite, (becauſe thou art my God)
My guide vnto the Land of Iuſtice be.
Yea, mee, oh Lord, for thy Nameſake, revive thou,
My ſoul, ev'n for thy Iuſtice ſake, reprive thou,
And, of thy grace, all thoſe that mee oppreſſed,
Deſtroy thou Lord, for, I am thine profeſſed.

Pſa. 144.

A Pſalme of David. *It bleſſeth God, for his regard of the humane Nature; Deſires* Chriſt's *approch to Iudgment; And requeſteth to be delivered from worldlings &c.* It is vſefull to theſe purpoſes, & to inform vs, that to be God's choſē-ones, is the greateſt happines &c.

OH praiſe the Lord, for, he is all my Powre,
My hands & Armes, in warlike feats directing;
My grace, my gard, my ſheild, my healp, my Towre,
My truſty freind, my foes to me ſubiecting.
Lord, what is mā that thou art pleaſd to know him?
Or what his *child* that thou ſholdſt favor ſhow him?
2 Mā is as nought, his ioys like ſhades forſake him.
The heavn's, oh Lord, decline, & down deſcēd thou
But touch, the Hils, & thou to ſmoke, ſhalt mak thē;
To ſcatter them, thy dreadfull lighting, ſend thou:
Shoot out thy ſhafts, vntill they be deſtroyed;
Let thy ſtrong hand, to healp mee, be employed.
3 Oh ſave mee, from the water's over-ſwelling;
Let mee from forraigne Children be ſecured,
Whoſe mouthes, are alwaies lies & folly, telling,
And, whoſe righthands, to falſhood, are envred.
Then, to thy praiſe, new ſongs, I will be ſinging,

On

On harp, & Pſalt'ry of a tennfold ſtringing.
4 Let him, who doth on kings beſtow ſalvation,
(And, from the ſword, his ſervant *David* ſaveth)
Protect me frō that forraine generation, (ceaveth
Whoſe mouth ſpeakes lies, & whoſe right-hand de-
Who beg for ſonns & daughters, in their prayer,
Like plants & pretious ſtones, welſhap'd, & faire.
5 Who pray for Granards, fully ſtored ever,
Whos floks yong breed, evn in their ſtreets aboun-
Whoſe wellfed Oxe, in labour, faileth never; (deth:
&, in whoſe Townes, nor cry, nor tumult ſoundeth,
For, tho ſuch men a bleſſing have poſſeſſed; (ſed.
Yet, they whoſe *God's* the *Lord*, are much more bleſ-

*Father of Mercy & God of all Conſolation; thou art alwaies, our powrefull deliverer, & becommeſt every thing vnto vs, which our harts cann deſire. Oh, make vs thanckfull vnto thee, for thy great regard of ſoe vnworthy Creatures: And, though meer* worldlings, *& Carnall* Profeſſors, *ſeeke thee for temporall Bleſsings; Let vs, love, ſerve, & praiſe thee, meerly for thine owne ſake. Keep vs from their falshood, Hypocriſie, & ſelfelove, with all their other wicked conditions; And, though they boaſt of thy tranſitorie Bleſsings, which wee enioy not: Let us be contented that thou art our God. Let that be our portion of happines, & let vs enioye it, (oh Lord) for ever & ever.* Amen.

Pſa. 145.

Davids Pſalme of Praiſe. *It may be vſed as a Patterne wherby to glorify God, according to his principal Attributes, ſuch, as his* Infinitenes, Omnipotencie, Majeſty, Juſtice, Mercie, Goodnes, Providence &c. *VVhich are mentioned in this Pſalme.*

I'Le honour thee oh God my king,
And, laud thy Name for aye:

Ev'n

Ev'n to thy Name, I'le alway ſing,
  And praiſe thee ev'ry day.
For, thou art great, beyond all bounds,
  And, great, thy praiſes are:
Through Ages all, thy glory ſounds,
  Thy wonders they declare.
2 I'le, alſo, ſhew thy royall ſtate,
  And thy rare works vnfolde;
That men thy wonders may relate,
  When I thy powre have tolde:
That, they thy Righteouſnes may ſhow,
  And, much, thy glorie minde;
For, thou to anger, Lord, art ſlowe,
  Right gratious, meek, & kinde.
3 Thy goodnes, & thy mercies, be
  In all thy workes expreſt;
Ev'n all thy works, Lord, honour thee,
  And, thee, thy Saints have bleſt.
Thy kingdomes glory they will ſhowe,
  And, ſing thy greatnes forth;
That, all mankinde thy powre may knowe,
  And, ſee thy Kingdomes worth.
4 For, thou for evermore ſhalt raigne,
  And, rule through Ages all.
The weak, oh Lord, thou wilt ſuſtaine
  And, lift vp thoſe, that fall.
On God, all creatures fixe their eyes,
  And, fedd, in ſeaſon be;
For, all things living to ſuffice,
  An open hand hath hee.
5 The Lord is juſt in all his waies;
  His works, are ſacred all.
Nigh them who call on him, he ſtaies;
  Nigh thoſe, who truly call.

Their

Their hopes, who fear him, he effects;
  Ands, hears, & ſaves all thoſe:
Ev'n thoſe who love him, God protects;
  But, ſinners overthrowes.
6 Oh let my mouth due praiſe, therefore,
  Vnto the Lord expreſſe;
And, let all fleſh, for evermore,
  His holy Name confeſſe.

*Great oh Lord, is thy Kingdome, thy Powre & thy glory; great are thy VVorks, thy VVonders & thy Praiſes: Great alſo, is thy VViſdome, thy Goodnes, thy Iuſtice, & thy Mercy: Yea, ſo infinite art thou in theſe, & all other excellencies; That no attributes, are ſufficient to expreſſe thee. Nevertheles, wee thy Creatures, being partakers of thy Abundance, & witneſſes of thy Bounty, towards all whome thou haſt made; Do (according to the meaſure of our Capacities) bleſſe thee for the ſame: And deſire, to praiſe and magnify thy* Name, *for ever & ever.* Amen.

Another of the ſame.

ADvance I will, thy Name, oh God my king;
  For evermore, I will extoll the ſame.
Bleſſe thee, I will, oh Lord, & alway ſing,
  A daylie ſong of praiſes, to thy Name.
Conſid'ring, that thy, Greatneſſe, bound hath none
  (And, how thine honor ſhould as boundles be)
Declare I will, thoſe wonders thou haſt done;
  That, men from age to age, may ſpeak of thee.
Ev'n of thy Fame, & glories, I will treat,
  And, ſhewe how rare, thy wondrous workings
For, when thy dreadfull Acts I ſhall repeat, (are:
  Then, other men their largnes will declare.
Great ſpeach, of thy great goodnes, they ſhal make,
  And, (ſinging of thy Iuſtice) they ſhalt ſhowe,

How

How apt thou art, compaſſion ſtill to take;
  How prone to pitty; &, to wrath, how ſlowe,
In doeng good; to all, thou Lord, art free.
  Thy Mercies are, vpon thy Creatures all.
Kept glorious, by thy deeds, thy praiſes bee
  And, therfor, all thy Saints, confeſſe thee ſhall.
Lord, of thy kingdome's glorie, they ſhall tell,
  And (ſhewing ev'ry where, what powre, thou haſt)
Make knowne how much thy mighty Acts excell;
  And, with what ſtate, thy royall Throne is plac't.
Not as a king that's only temporall;
  For, endles & eternall, is thy throne.
On thee, who e're depends, though he ſhould fall,
  Thou, Lord, wilt lift him vp, when he is down.
Plac't are on thee, all creatures eyes, oh God!
  And, thou doſt give them food, in ſeaſon, ſtill.
Quite open, thou doſt reach thy hand abrode,
  Each living Creatures longing, to fulfill.
Right juſt, thou art, oh Lord, in all thy wayes;
  And (as in all thy works thou holy art)
So, thou art near to ev'ry one that praies;
  To all, that ſeek to thee, with honeſt hart.
To thē, that fear thy Name, their wiſh thou giv'ſt;
  And, ſuch as call vpon thee, thou wilt ſave.
Vngodly men, of ſafety thou depriv'ſt
  But, all thy Lovers, thy protection have.
Wherefore, oh Lord to publiſh out thy fame,
  In praiſefull wiſe, my mouth ſhall ſtill endeaver
Yea, & all fleſh, ſhall bleſſe thy holy Name,
  And praiſe the fame, for ever, & for ever.

*Oh Lord thy ſpirit hath ſaid*, thou art good to all, *& that* thy Mercy is over all thy Works. *Stop the mouthes therfore of all thoſe perverters of thy Truth (and blaſpheamers of thy moſt glorious* Attribute) *who dare af-*
*firme,*

*firme, that thou haſt eternally* Dereed, *purpoſſely* Created, *& irrevocably* neceſſitated, *that the greateſt number of ſoules, should be veſſells of wrath & condemnation, without any reſpect vnto Sinn; Good God, let this damnable blaſphemy, ſpread no further. Give all men grace to perceave, that they who pretend to honour thee by this doctrine, do (conſequently & vnavoydably) imputevnto thy ſacred* Majeſtie, *all the wickednes both of men, & Devills; contrary to all piety, contrarie to thy expreſſe* Word (*which is perverted to maintaine this hereſy*) *& contrarie to that which naturall Reaſon, hath written in our harts. Lord, theſe are they, which have made thouſands hide their Talent, by ſayeng, that* thou expectest to reap where thou ſowedſt not: *& they have ſoe corrupted their owne iudgments (& moſt of their hearers) that there is no meanes to prevent this, peſtilence of the ſoul but by prayer. Vnto thee, therfor wee pray. Oh hear us; even for thine owne honor ſake, & for thy* Mercie *ſake, in* Ieſus Chriſt *our Lord* Amen.

Pſa. 146.

Halelujah. *It ſtirreth vp the ſoul to perpetuall thankſgiving, & to depēdance vpon God alone; giving reaſons for the ſame &c.* Wee may ſing it to minde vs of thoſe duties.

MY ſoul, praiſe thou the Lord;
(As long as thou haſt breath)
In ſong his praiſe record,
And, honour him till death.
No credit place
In earthlie kings, or ſuch vaine things
As humane race.
2 Breath failes, & duſt they be;
One day, their pompe deſtroies:
Right bleſt therefore, is hee

That

That *Iacob's* God enioyes;
And hopes in him,
Who framed theſe, heav'n earth, & ſeas,
And all in them.
3 For, God is Faithfull, ſtill,
Men wrong'd, aſſiſt will hee,
The hungry he doth fill,
And, ſetts the priſ'ner free.
He, Sight beſtowes,
Loves men vpright, & maketh ſtreight
What crooked growes.
4 The ſtranger he receives,
To Orphanes, help imparts:
The widdowe he releives,
And Sinners paths ſubvarts.
The Lord, therefore,
Oh *Syon*, ſhall be king of all
For evermore. *Haleluiah.*

*Almightie God, Creator of heav'n & earth, & the ſure healper of all who truſt in thee; pitty our oppreſsions; ſatiſfy our ſpirituall hunger; free vs from the bondage of ſinn; cure the blindnes of our Vnderſtandings, & be merciſull to vs in all the reſt of our neceſſities & infirmities. Grant, alſo, that (renouncinge all other Confidence, & depending only, on thy favour) wee may praiſe thee, for theſe, & all thy Mercies, in* Chriſt Ieſus. Amen.

Pſalme 147.

*It exhorts to praiſe God, for encreaſing & building his* Church, *typyfied by* Ieruſalem; *for many particuler mercies to his people, & for overthrowing the proud &c.* The vſe is apparant.

OH glorify the Lord;
For, of God's praiſe to ſing,

V Wiih

With juſtice doth accord :
Yea, 'tis a pleaſant thing.
*Ieruſalem*,
Hee will erect, and reccollect
His Flock to him.
2 The Contrite hart, hee heales,
Hee cures their bruiſes, all.
The Starrs, he, alſo, tells ;
And, them by Name cann call.
This Lord of our,
In wiſe foreſight, is infinite,
And great in powre.
3 The Lord, the Meek doth raiſe,
The proud, he brings to ground.
Oh therfor, ſing his praiſe,
Let Harps, his praiſe reſound.
He, Clouds doth bring,
And, ſhewres diſtills, which on the hills,
Makes graſſe to ſpring.
4 Ev'n Beaſts, & Ravens yonge,
He feedeth when they call :
In horſe, or footmen ſtrong,
He ioyeth nought at all :
God loves all them ;
Who in his grace, their hopes doe place,
And honor him.
5 *Syon*, & *Salem*, bleſſe
The Lord your God, (in ſong)
Who doth your ſeed encreaſe,
And, hath your Gates made ſtrong.
His Peace hath, yet,
Your bounds vphild ; &, you he fild,
With flowre of wheat.
6 Through earth, his Mandates goe,

His

His word, with ſwiftnes flies,
Like wooll, he giveth ſnowe;
His froſt; like Aſhes lies:
And, then (beſide)
He forth doth ſlice, cold flakes of Ice,
Which who cann bide?
7 He ſpeakes, & ſtreight it thawes:
He breaths, & water flowes.
His, Statutes, & his Lawes,
He, to his people ſhowes:
No nation els,
His Iudgments know, & therfore, ſoe
With none he deals. *Haleluiah.*

*Moſt mercifull God, who buildeſt vp thy heavenly* Ieruſalem, *by the gathering together of all the Faithfull; Not only taking notiſe of them, who have ſtarr-like perfections; but even of vs alſo, whoe are of thoſe* Blind *and* Lame, *whome thou haſt cauſed to be called to thy banquet: Nay; though wee are as brute Beaſts, or vncleane Birds, thou art ready to extend thy Mercy, whenſoever wee ſeek thee. Oh make vs thanckfull for thy great Bounty. Send out thy word to compell us by* Stormes, *or to allure by* Calmes, *according as it shal find vs diſpoſed: & let the graces of thy* Spirit, *ſo thawe our congealed harts, that the teares of true penitence may flow from vs, & produce all ſuch other effects, as may cauſe vs to know thy Iudgments; & to be of thoſe people, whome thou loveſt in* Ieſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

Pſa. 148.

Halelujah. *All Creatures are here, in a* Poetical *manner exhorted to glorify their* Creator. Wee ſhould vſe it to remember vs, that God requireth all his Creatures *(& vs eſpecially)* to praiſe him according to their natures.

THe Lord of heav'n, confeſſe;
On high, his glories raiſe:
Him, let all Angells bleſſe;
And, all his Armies praiſe.
Him, glorifie
Sunn, moone & ſtarrs; yee higher Sphears,
And, Cloudie skie.
2 From God, your Beeings are;
Him, therefore, famous make:
You, all, Created were
When he the word, but, ſpake.
And, from that place,
Where fixt you be by his Decree,
You cannot paſſe.
3 Praiſe God, from Earth belowe,
Yee Dragons, & yee Deeps;
Fire, haile, Clouds, winde, & ſnowe,
Whome, in Command, he keeps.
Praiſe yee his Name
Hills, great & ſmall; Trees, low & tall;
Beaſts, wilde & tame.
4 All things, that creep or flye,
Yee Kings, yee vulger Throng,
All Princes, meane or hye,
Both men, & Virgines yonge:
Ev'n yong & old,
Exalt his Name; For, much his fame,
Should be extold.
5 Oh let God's Name be praiſd
Above both earth & skye:
For, he his Saints hath raiſd,
And, ſett their horne on hye:
Yea, they that are
Of *Iſr'els* race, are in his grace

And

And, ever dear. *Haleluiah.*

Almightie God *(worthie to be praiſed of all Creatures both in heaven & earth) vouchſafe, that thy whole* Creation, *may ioyne in aſcribing to thee, that glorie for which it was ordained: And let vs (whome thou haſt exalted above the reſt of thy workmanship) advance the higheſt Trophies to thy glorie. At leſt, grant this, that, wee who have dishonored thee in all thy Creatures, may ſome way (& in ſome degree) magnify thee, alſo, in every thing which thou haſt made: That ſo, wee may be, yet, more exalted; & continue to be of thoſe people whome thou haſt elected, & loveſt eternally, in* Chriſt Ieſus. Amen.

Pſa. 149.

Halelujah. *This* Pſalme *exhorts to praiſe God, in the* New ſongs *of the* Goſpell; *& declares the powre, which shall be given thereby both to convince the Conſciences of heathen* Idolators; *& to chaine vp our imperious* Affections *&c.* Wee ſhould vſe it, to provoke vs to praiſe God, for the many priveledges, given vnto his Saints. &c.

IN ſongs-newe made, your voice employ,
God's praiſe among his Saints to ſing:
Let *Iſr'el* in his maker ioye,
And, *Syon* tryvmph in her king.
The praiſes of his Name, advance;
With Harpe & Tymbrell, in the dance.
2 The Lord, his people doth reſpect;
And, with his healp, the meek arayes.
Then, let the Saints his praiſe affect,
And, on their bedds, gladd Voices raiſe.
Let in their mouths, his praiſe remaine;
And, two-edg'd blades, their hands retaine.
3 Vpon the heathen people, then,

V 3 They

They ſhall inflict avenging paines,
And, binde their kings, & noblemen,
In yron Fetters, & in Chaines.
For, to fulfill the written doome;
The *S*aints, thus honor'd ſhall become. *Haleluiah.*

*Grant* Almighty God, *that wee may ſing vnto thy* Glorie, *the* New-ſongs *of the* Goſpell, *to the* tenn-ſtringed Inſtrument *of thy* Lawe; *& by thy grace, attaine that meeknes; & that holines which becommeth ſuch, as are thy* Saints, *by their* Viſible Callinge. *Replenish our harts with ioyes of the* holy ghoſt; *fill our mouthes with ſongs of thy* praiſe; *Strengthē our handes to execute* Iuſtice *without partialitie; give vs powre to chaine vp thoſe heathenish* Affections, *& thoſe noble-ſeeming* Paſſions, *which had the* Soveraigntie *over vs heretofore; & ſo enable vs to fullfill all Righteouſnes which thou haſt commanded in thy word: that, wee may enioy all the Priveledges, & honours, pertaining to thy* Saints, *in* Chriſt Ieſus Amen.

Pſa. 150.

Halelujah. *It exhorts all Creatures to praiſe God, & shewes in what manner wee ſhould praiſe him; miſtically expreſsing the ſame by Inſtruments of Muſick.* Wee ſhould vſe it, to ſtirr vs vp to glorify God, with every facultie which he hath beſtowed on vs.

COme praiſe the Lord, come praiſe him,
With in his holy-ſeat:
In all his glories, praiſe him,
And his great Acts repeat.
As he excelleth, praiſe him,
With Trumpet, and with Flute;
With Harp & Pſaltry, praiſe him,
With Viol, & with Lute.
2 Vpon the Tymbrel praiſe him,
In Song, his praiſe advance:

Vpon

Vpon the Organs praiſe him,
  And, praiſe him in the Dance.
On tingling Cimballs praiſe him,
  On Cymballs loud that found;
And, let all Creatures praiſe him,
  In whome, life-breath is found. *Haleluiah.*

*Oh bleſſed God; thou beſtoweſt all things neceſſary, & requireſt nothing backagaine, but thanckfulnes. Grant therfor, wee pray thee, that our ſoul, & every faculty thereof; our body & every member of the ſame; our ſighs, our teares, our grones, our ioyes, our paines, our proſperities, our Adverſities, our Virtues which wee have by thy grace; our very ſinns (which wee have committed by our owne corruption) our lives; our deaths, our ſalvations; the condemnations of the vnrepentant (& all other things which in vs, & in thy whole Creation, have either* Beinge, *or poſſibility to* bee, *or to be thought vpon; may altogether (& ſeverally) both in their Diſcordes & Agreemēts; makevp a pleaſant harmony, to the glorifieng of thy Maieſty, for ever & ever* Amen.

# FINIS.

## A concluding HYMNE.

YEt, *among thoſe many Creatures,*
  *VVhich for* living-breath *are debters,*
  *(Though vnworthy) I am one.*
*But, not many weekes are paſſed,*
*Since, the* Blaſt *that's now poſſeſſed,*
  *VVas in danger to be gone.*
2 They, *that prayd for my Salvation,*
*(Far beyond their expectation)*
  *My deſired preſence have:*
*And, I ſing, among* Livinge,

*Songs of* Thancks, *&* praiſes-givinge,
*VVhome they look'd for, in my* Grave.
3 *Hee,* (oh Freinds) *for whome yee mourned,*
*From thee* Pitt, *is back returned:*
*Ioie, with him, in* God, *therefore.*
*Hee* (my Foes) *whome you oppreſſed,*
*Lives*; *&* *praies you may be bleſſed:*
*VVish him evill, now, no more.*
4 *Come*; *imagine, I were lieng*
*In my* Grave; *&* *let envieng,*
(*Spight, &* *evill Cenſures*) *goe:*
*VVee shall all* (e're long) *come thither*;
*And, be quiet, there, togither:*
*Let us,* whil'ſt wee live, *be ſoe.*
5 *Or, though* God *hath ſo permitted,*
*That wee muſt, for him, be fitted,*
*By each others wounding blowes:*
*Naitheles, his* praiſe, *endeavour*;
*And, Aſſent in what ſoever,*
(*Any way*) *his* glorie *showes.*
6 *VVhen I ſawe* life's *Taper wnſting,*
(*And, my end by ſicknes haſting*)
*Many things, to minde it brought:*
*And, among my* Meditations
Muſings, *&* Expoſtulations,
*Theſe, were often in my thought.*
7 Lord, *are all thoſe hopes bereaved,*
*VVhich I formerly conceaved,*
*That I should have here enioy'd?*
*Shall, as well my* good intentions,
*As my* vaine *&* fond Inventions,
*Now, be fruſtrate, &* *deſtroi'd?*
8 *I haved looked, everie Morrowe,*
*For an ending of may ſorrowe.*

And,

And, once thought, an end I had.
*But, perceaving newe Afflictions*
God, (ſayd I) *whoe gives* Corrections,
May, yet, one day make mee glad.
2 *He hath ſeene ſuch* Follies *in mee,*
*That his* Mercies *cannot winn mee;*
*Therefor, he his* Rodd *extends:*
*But, when that hath purer made me,*
*Peradventure he will glad mee,*
*And, declare that wee are freinds.*
10 *Thus, from tyme to tyme, I eaſed*
*My nigh fainting hart, & pleaſed*
*My* Deſires, *which did rebell:*
*And I ſtrongly, Lord, beleived*
*I, ſome* Good *should have received;*
*Till this deadlie* Arrow *fell.*
11 *But, I finde, my great* Corruption
*Hath bene ſuch an Interruption*
*To my* Earthlie hopes *in mee;*
*That, ther's now no expectation*
*Save, the hope of that* Salvation
*VVhich my* Soul *in heav'n shall ſee.*
12 *VVhen my* Sicknes *mee tormented*
*Thus I muſ'd; & was contented,*
*In my* Soul, *it should be thus.*
*And, I praiſed God in Spirit,*
*For the lot shee should inherit;*
*But, ther's* Fleſh & bloud *in vs.*
13 *Twas enough this* Grace *was showne me:*
*But, my* Fleſhlie-part, *was on me,*
*VVhich was loth, her works to loſe.*
*I,* (Said ſhee) *have watch'd, & cared,*
*Holy* Hymns *to have prepared:*
*VVhat shall now become of thoſe?*

14 A

14 *All my* Youth *I have consumed,*
*(VVhere as els, it is presumed:*
*VVealth or ease, I might have wonn)*
*Pyous* Laies *to have composed,*
*To restraine men ill-disposed,*
*From those* Paths *in which they runn.*
15 *Had I* Honour *sought, or* Treasure;
*I had witt in equall Measure,*
*To the most that walk those* waies:
*But, another Path I prized,*
*VVherein,* Death *hath mee surprised*
*Iust at* Noonetide *of my daies.*
16 *And I see, & see it plainely,*
*That I spent my time as vainely*
*As the most whome I condemn'd:*
*They, had* Fruits *of their* Endeavor;
Mine, *to me, is lost for ever;*
*And, of others, is contemn'd.*
17 *Many things that I intended,*
*Are begunn, & almost ended;*
*VVherein, I my paines have lost.*
*VVhat, on* David's Hymns *I mused,*
*Lies vnperfect, vnpervsed;*
*And, (of all) that, greeves me most.*
18 *Suchlike* Thinckings, *partly holie,*
*(Guilt with* Good, *& mixt with* Follie*)*
*Did possesse my wasting braine.*
*God, had promis'd* Isack *to mee,*
*(And, the Blessing he did show me)*
*Yet, of* Ism'el *I was faine.*
19 *On the* Handmaid *of Perfection*
*(By her* Mistresse's *direction)*
*I begot the* Birth *you see;*
*And, when* Life *was halfe expired,*

In

*In my hart, I much desired,*
*That the* Fruite *might spared be.*
20 *which, behold, my* God *hath granted;*
*And, some hopes I have not wanted*
*That I shall preceave the* Same
*Glad my hart, (that hath bene sory)*
*And, be sung vnto the glory,*
*And the honor of his* Name.
21 *Be it so, as* God *hath willed:*
*Though this hope, be not fulfilled,*
*I have* Hopes *that shall remaine.*
*Nay; those* Hopings *which have failed*
*Are not lost: but, much prevailed*
*My cheef* Longings, *to attaine.*
22 *For which* Grace, *Almighty maker,*
*And, for that I am partaker*
*Of the* Common-life, *this day;*
*I do offer, as* Oblations,
*These my harty* Meditations:
Them, & mee, *accept I pray.*
23 *All my former sinns forgivinge,*
*Grant, that (since among the living,*
*I obtaine a second Breath)*
*I, in* manners, & Affection,
*May beginn that* Resurrection,
*VVhich prevents the* Second death.
24 *Here, let these my* Meditations
*Yeald mee, still, sweet Consolations,*
*VVhilst thy* Grace *this life prolongs.*
*And, at last, advance me thither,*
*VVhere all Blessed* Saints, *togither,*
*Sing to thee, eternall* Songs. Amen.

A Table

## A Table directing to what Tunes, heretofore in vse; every Psalme in this Translation, may be sung.

*TO the* Tune *of the first* Psalme *in the olde* Translation *& to* 30. *other Tunes there vsed, sing these*; 3. 4. 5. 7. 10. 11. 13. 15. 18. 22. 23. 24. 26. 29. 31. 35. 37. 42. 43. 44. 46. 47. 50. 53. 59. 61. 62. 64. 65. 70. 73. 75. 76. 77. 85. 86. 88. 92. 95. 102. 110. 111. 116. 119. 120. 128. 130. 131. 134. 135. 142. 145.

*To the* Tunes *of the* 51. Psalme *& of the* 100. *Psalme heretofore vsed*; *& to the* Tunes *of the X* commandements. *Of the* Lamentation *imprinted at the end of the old* Psalmbooke, *& to the* Tune *of the* Songe, *beginning thus.* From Turke & Pope *&c. Being five severall Tunes, may these* Psalmes *be sung.* 1. 2. 6. 14. 16. 19. 20. 21. 27. 28. 30. 32. 34. 38. 41. 45. 49. 51. 52. 54. 56. 63. 66. 69. 72. 79. 81. 83. 84. 89. 90. 91. 96. 98. 99. 100. 101. 103. 109. 112. 114. 117. 121. 136. 139.

*To the* Tune *of the* Pater noster *at end of the old* Psalmebooke, *may be sung these. Psal.* 5. 9. 17. 33. 39. 40. 48. 57. 87. 94. 118. 105. 122. 123. 233. 137. 149.

*To the* Tune *of the* 25. Psalme *heretofore: sing these.* 25. 36. 67. 82. 115. 126.

*To the* Tune *of the* 50. Psalme *heretofore: sing these* 16. 68. 78. 104. 106. 107. 132. 140. 141. 143. 144.

*To the* Tune *of the* 113. Psalme *heretofore, sing these.* 12. 58. 60. 80. 108. 113.

*To the* Tune *of the* 122. Psalme *heretofore: sing these.* 13. 55.

*To the* Tune *of the* 124. Psa. *heretofore: sing these* 71. 74. 91. 124. 129. 138.

*To the* Tune *of the* 130. Psalme *heretofore:* sing *these*, 39. 100. 127. 150.

*To the* Tune *of the* 148 *heretofore: sing these.* 113. 146. 147. 148. *The* Psalmes *that are* Aphabeticall *are doubly translated, & some few other: One of which* translations *is to be sung to* French Tunes.

## *For the Fourth Year* 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

## *For the Fifth Year* 1871–2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

## *For the Sixth Year* 1872–3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

## *For the Seventh Year* 1873–4.

15. Flovvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

## *For the Eighth Year* 1874–5.

17. Belvedére; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

## *For the Ninth Year* 1875-6.

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## *For the Tenth Year* 1876–7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

### *For the Eleventh Year*, 1877-8.

*Issue*

23. Thule, or Vertues Historie. By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

### *For the Twelfth Year*, 1878-9.

26. Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer (1641.) By George Wither. *Part I.*
27. Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer. *Parts II. and III.*

### *For the Thirteenth Year*, 1879-80.

28. Britain's Remembrancer. By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. Britain's Remembrancer. *Part II.*

### *For the Fourteenth Year*, 1880-1.

30. The Hymnes and Songs of the Church. By George Wither.
31. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part I.*

### *For the Fifteenth Year*, 1881-2.

32. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part II.*

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